

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1918

Vol. LXIV

NUMBER 3

Woman's Fight for Freedom

THE LONG STRUGGLE TO ASSERT THE PRINCIPLE THAT ONE SEX IS NOT, AS
NAPOLEON DECLARED, THE "PROPERTY" OF THE OTHER

By Richard Le Gallienne

IT can only be a matter of a few years, probably a very few, before the title of this article will need an explanation. Even already, for very young people, "woman's fight for freedom," can have but a dim, far-away meaning, hardly as realizable as the Wars of the Roses. That women were not always free, could ever have been anything else but free, will be a conception hard indeed for our very much emancipated granddaughters to grasp.

"Freedom"—from whom? "Fight"—against whom? It will seem laughable indeed to them—with, as the phrase is, the boot so much on the other leg as it is likely then to be—that the tyrant in question was—man. They will come upon old, fiery pamphlets on "woman suffrage," yellowing on library shelves, with the same sense of preposterous incredibility as overtakes us now when, in the advertising columns of early nineteenth-century newspapers, we come upon announcements of sales by auction of slaves, newly consigned from

Africa, or part and parcel of some gentleman's estate.

To most of us it is inconceivable that, within the memory of thousands yet far from dead, traffic in human beings was as ordinary a matter of business as traffic in motor-cars is to-day. Walter Pater, writing of the gladiatorial shows, suggests that "each age, perhaps, has its great point of blindness, with its consequent great sin—the touchstone, these, of an unfailing conscience in the select few."

On the subject of women, this "great point of blindness," seems to have characterized all known ages and races of human history, with occasional local and temporary modifications. Mrs. Cady Stanton and her friends were logical in realizing that the emancipation of the negro and the emancipation of woman hang together; for, as August Bebel has forcibly said:

Woman was the first human being that tasted bondage. Woman was a slave before the slave existed.

Of course, in all times and among all peoples, there have been women either exceptionally gifted, or exceptionally circumstanced, or both, who have transcended this general condition of their sex—women of ruling families who have become queens, for example.

"If there is any one function," it has been said, "for which women have shown a decided vocation, it is that of reigning."

Zenobia, Semiramis, Cleopatra, Elizabeth, Isabella of Castile, Catherine of Russia, Maria Theresa, are queens whose names rank with the greatest of kings. Highly placed wives have often ruled indirectly, too, through their influence on devoted husbands, as witness the well-known and charming anecdote of Themistocles in Athens.

"My little boy rules Greece," said he, "for the Athenians command the Greeks, I command the Athenians, his mother commands me, and he commands his mother."

Another type of woman exercised no little ruling influence in Greece, owing to the Greek love of beauty—courtezans such as Lais or Phryne, who had nothing but beauty, or those who combined beauty with talent—such *hetairai* as Aspasia, whose name is inseparable from that of Pericles. Mere wives, however, in Greece, had no influence, "no say in the government."

"Mute and companionless," as Mrs. Beatrice Hale has said, they were "strictly set aside for house service and child-bearing."

WOMAN'S HIGH PLACE IN ANCIENT EGYPT

But it had been different in Egypt. There her function as the mother of men gave woman a mystic importance. Emil Reich writes:

Women with the Egyptians occupied a well-defined, important, and high position. Religion largely influenced their home life; for since their goddesses shared with the gods supreme power, so the women were held to have the same equality with men in human affairs. Religion illustrated the union of love and strength producing life. The woman, as the producer, was placed first, not as a superior, but as an equal; and the child inherited and took the rank of its mother, irrespective of the status of the father. The mother also gave her name to the child. . . . She was the protectress, by her insight, of her husband and her home, as she was supposed to be endowed with the gift of seeing and hearing things invisible to him.

It would seem that the position of woman was more favorable in ancient Egypt

than in any other age of the world till we come to our own times.

Among the Romans, the status of woman, while less favorable than among the Egyptians, was far more honorable and independent than among the Greeks. With the Romans, again, the respect for woman as mother and priestess of the home was the chief factor in her position, a position the significance of which has been crystallized in the phrase "a Roman matron." It is true that she was legally under the guardianship of her father or her husband, but the birth of three children freed her from this nominal subjection, and generally the law tended to become a dead letter. To quote Reich again:

The political influence wielded by women was as great during the first three centuries after Christ as it has ever been at any period in the world's history; and the powers of a Livia, an Agrippina, a Plotina, did not fail to show pointedly what a woman could do. Of course, no woman ever had a right to vote; but neither did anybody else, since the Roman government had become an absolute despotism.

But the suffragette seems to have already made her appearance in ancient Rome, with methods still more drastically militant. Two separate rebellions of women, as far apart as 331 B.C. and 180 B.C., are on record, the "petitioners" poisoning their male tyrants as a part of their propaganda. And one eminent suffragette, Hortensia, speaks with the very words of Mrs. Pankhurst—"no taxation without representation."

"Why," she exclaims, "should we pay taxes when we have no part in the honors, the commands, the statecraft for which you contend against one another with such baneful results?"

Unpalatable as the statement may be to many, the historical truth is that the position of woman was at least as favorable among the pagan races of antiquity as it was to become under the Christian régime. In fact, under the scourge of Christian asceticism, that conception of the sacredness of woman which in Egypt and Rome was the religious basis of the home was to be replaced by the conception of woman as an antispiritual influence, a vessel of sensual temptation, an alluring decoy of the devil. As Adam's fall was attributed to Eve, so all his descendants were in a like danger from the feminine principle in things. Thus arose the unsavory mental

diseases of celibacy and that puritanical pruriency which has infected the Christian world to this day—"abhorring to be hale and glad and free."

ST. PAUL AND THE SUBJECTION OF WOMAN

Christ's own comradely attitude toward women—though, of course, it was not without its followers in the early church—was, for the most part, lost sight of in the anti-feminine fanaticism of Pauline theology. St. Paul, indeed, responsible as he has been for the perversion of the humanity of Christ's teaching throughout the Christian era, is peculiarly responsible for that dogma of "the subjection of woman," which, supported as it has thus been by biblical authority, has proved the most difficult obstacle to the course of woman's progress, even to this late day.

"Be obedient to your husbands," he wrote, "for the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church." And again: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection; but I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence."

Thus the least Christian of all Christian teachers not only armed the tyranny of man with the formidable ferule of scriptural authority, but also made it scripturally unlawful for woman to develop her own intellect and to attempt the acquisition of any knowledge or culture other than that which her masculine "head" considered desirable for her.

It is to the emasculated fanaticism of St. Paul that the modern woman owes the length and bitterness of her fight for self-expression. Catholicism, and still more Protestantism, have been infected from the beginning by his antifeminine superstition. It is owing to the long arm of his authority through the Christian ages that it has been possible for religious teachers to give vent to such ravings as these of a divine named Knox Little, in Philadelphia, as late as 1880:

Wifehood is the crowning glory of a woman. In it she is bound for all time. To her husband she owes the duty of unqualified obedience. There is no crime which a man can commit which justifies his wife in leaving him or applying for that monstrous thing, divorce. It is her duty to subject herself to him always, and no crime that he can commit can justify her lack of obedience. If he be a bad or wicked man, she may gently remonstrate with him, but refuse him

never. Let divorce be anathema; curse it; curse this accursed thing, divorce; curse it, curse it!

It is almost impossible to believe that it is but thirty-eight years ago that such an egregious utterance could not only be made, but could find an audience. It may be taken as a type of the insulting nonsense with which women have so long been ecclesiastically browbeaten. Though it is to be feared that there remain backwaters of intelligence where it might still be matched, such opinions are already relegated to the curiosities of literature, and those who hold them would find their proper place in a historical museum.

In this connection, I cannot refrain from quoting parenthetically certain amusing amenities of a suffrage debate in Congress as late as 1913 referred to in W. Eugene Hecker's admirable "Short History of Women's Rights." Congressman Heflin—representing an Alabama constituency and paleolithic ideas—spoke thus:

I do not believe that there is a red-blooded man in the world who in his heart really believes in woman suffrage. I think that every man who advocates it ought to be made to wear a dress. Talk about taxation without representation! Do you say that the young man who is of age does not represent his mother? Do you say that the young man who pledges at the altar to love, cherish, and protect his wife does not represent her and his children when he votes? . . . These little feminine fellows are crawling around here talking about woman suffrage. I have seen them here in this Capitol—the suffragette and a little henpecked fellow crawling along beside her; that is her husband.

The reply to this, by Mr. Falconer, of Washington, is deliciously reminiscent of the proceedings of Bret Harte's "Society Upon the Stanislaus":

I want to observe that the mental operation of the average woman in the State of Washington, as compared to the ossified brain operation of the gentleman from Alabama, would make him look like a mangy kitten in a tiger-fight. The average woman in the State of Washington knows more about social economics and political economy in one minute than the gentleman from Alabama has demonstrated to the members of this House that he knows in five minutes.

Of course, during Christian times, as during pagan times, the exceptional woman has won her own dominant place in the community. She has ruled as a recognized queen, or as the mistress of a king. She has been allowed to be a saint, and to practise good works. She has been allowed to institute certain social reforms, to hu-

manize prisons, to organize charities, to institute various agencies of mercy, such as the Red Cross. All these things were more or less extensions of her traditional activities, a sort of public housekeeping and house-cleaning, and have thus—when the house-cleaning has not gone too far—been indulgently regarded by men.

In the Middle Ages she became the center of a sort of sentimental religion, which was not without salutary influence on the roughness and coarseness of the times—the religion of chivalry. But throughout all, whatever woman has been or achieved, has been by the sufferance of her Pauline "head." It has come of the chivalry of the exceptional man or the kindly, half-amused tolerance of the lordly male. Privileges she has won, but few rights. At least, such was her status until comparatively recent years.

THE HERALD OF WOMAN'S REVOLT

But toward the end of the eighteenth century women began to be impatient of this auxiliary, dependent position. They were tired of having to gain their ends by the arts of the harem. From coaxing they began to demand. They had had enough of chivalry. They preferred rights instead. And so from the rebellious smolder there sprang at length, in 1792, Mary Wollstonecraft's famous "Vindication of the Rights of Women"—a book which, as always happens in great movements, though it was not the earliest challenge of the kind, has come to be regarded as the first classic of feminine revolt.

So far back as 1622 a lone stormy petrel, Mlle. de Gournay, Montaigne's adopted daughter, had published an essay on "The Equality of Men and Women," and later she wrote her "Woman's Grievance"; but the seed fell on stony ground. It was too early yet to sow. The same was the case with Mary Askell's book published in England in 1696. It was not till the prophetic wind of democracy began to blow in France that woman's rights had any chance of becoming a live issue. Some of the thinkers of the "Encyclopedia" were on woman's side. Holbach, in 1778, proclaimed himself a feminist, and in 1792 Condorcet followed him.

"Is it not in his quality of sensible being," he asked, "having moral ideas, that man has rights? Women, then, should have absolutely the same."

Before this, in 1766, Mme. Doyen had written "The Triumph of Woman," in refutation of a book which "attempted to prove that woman did not belong to the human species"! Mme. Roland and Mme. de Staël, it goes without saying, were ardent women's-righters; but the book which probably had immediate influence on Mary Wollstonecraft was "The Declaration of the Rights of Women," by Olympe de Gouges, published in the same year (1789) as the National Assembly's historic Declaration of the Rights of Man—in which, characteristically, nothing was said about the rights of woman. Mme. de Gouges dedicated her book to Marie Antoinette, and, revolutionist though she was, she had the courage to plead for Louis XVI—for which she went to the guillotine.

Though women had worked shoulder to shoulder with men for the Revolution, it was early shown that *liberté, égalité, and fraternité* were for men only. The National Assembly recognized only male voters, and refused the petition of October 28, 1789, in which a number of Parisian women demanded universal suffrage in the election of representatives. Women's clubs were closed in 1793, because they disturbed the public peace!

"Nothing," Dr. Kaethe Schirmacher may well add, in her book on "The Modern Woman's Rights Movement," "is more peculiar than the attitude of the men advocates of liberty toward the women advocates of liberty. . . . The men of freedom still thought that the home offered their wives all the freedom they needed. . . . In fact, the Revolution even withdrew rights that the women formerly possessed."

It remained for Napoleon to shackle them more heavily with his iron Code, and to insult them with such sentiments as these:

Woman is given us that she may bear children. Woman is our property, we are not hers, because she produces children for us; we do not yield any to her. She is therefore our possession, as the fruit-tree is that of the gardener.

It is not unamusing to note that the champions of freedom in America had already been taking the same peculiar attitude toward their sisters in the fight as did their brothers in France. Among the earlier colonists of America, women had voted side by side with men, but in 1699 Virginia withdrew this privilege—or rather this right—from them. In 1777 New York followed

suit, Massachusetts in 1780, New Hampshire in 1784, the other States following in due course.

WOMEN PIONEERS IN AMERICA

Anne Hutchinson and Mary Brent, in the first half of the seventeenth century, had put up a good fight for woman's independence. Though Anne Hutchinson founded the first woman's club in America, and was banished by Massachusetts for her active propaganda, to be hospitably received in Rhode Island by the broad-minded Roger Williams, it can scarcely have been charged against her that she had neglected her "woman's sphere," for, in addition to her other activities, she was the mother of fifteen children.

Though the women worked enthusiastically for the Revolution, with their anti-tea leagues and their Daughters of Liberty organizations, nevertheless, when the Revolution had been won, and the new Constitution came to be formed, they found themselves left out in the cold just as their sisters had been left in France. Of course, they were taxed all the same, and we find Hannah Lee Corbin, of Virginia, protesting to her brother, General Richard Henry Lee, that "to tax women without votes was just as wrong as for England to tax the men without votes." Even such pillars of American independence as John Adams, whose wife, like many wives of legislators at that time, had worked stanchly with him for the cause, was deaf to all her clever coaxing on the question of woman's share in the new glorious freedom.

"I long to hear," she writes to him, "you have declared an independency. . . . I desire you to remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. . . . Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular attention and care are not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound to obey any laws in which we have no voice nor representation."

To return to Mary Wollstonecraft, there is nothing in her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman" which, to us of to-day, seems in any more need of argument than a simple proposition of Euclid. She urged that women are reasonable beings no less than men, that there is no essential difference between the minds of men and women, that the sexual distinctions between men and women

have been unduly exaggerated by generations of specialized training, that the same education for both sexes would rapidly cause the merely arbitrary and superficial distinctions between them to disappear, that women are equal sharers with men in the human commonwealth, and are not limited to housewifery and child-bearing, but are as able to do the work of the world in its various branches as men themselves. All such propositions have long since been accepted and put into practice, and one good result of the present tragic war is that the many-sided part played in it by woman will have placed her definitely beyond the need of any further "Vindication" forever.

But, as we have seen, notwithstanding all the freedom in the air in 1792, such propositions remained merely academic. Five years later, the idea of woman suffrage seems to Charles James Fox nothing short of unthinkable.

"It has never been suggested," says he, "in all the theories and projects of the most absurd speculation, that it would be advisable to extend the elective suffrage to the female sex."

And, of course, that greatest of all obstacles to woman's freedom, which still continues to block the way—the apathy of so many women—was immeasurably greater when the pure-souled, pure-living, spiritually minded, but unspeakably slandered Mary Wollstonecraft dared to raise her lonely protest. She had her own sex to fight as well as the other.

But, after all, what woman reformer has not? Ask Mrs. Pankhurst or Dr. Anna Shaw. Indeed, the present age presents an anomaly more preposterous than feminine apathy toward feminine freedom. It has developed feminine opposition and given us a woman's antisuffrage movement—perhaps the most curious paradox of history.

WOMEN BARRED BY THE REFORM BILL

Actually, in spite of Fox's view of woman suffrage as an unthinkable absurdity, it is held by some authorities that not only in his day, but throughout English history, the Englishwoman—the lady of taxable property, at all events—possessed the right of voting for "parliament men," but that the right was seldom exercised and had practically perished from desuetude. It was an evident fear of its revival which caused the promoters of the Reform Bill of 1832 to substitute "male person" for

"man" in the electoral clause—"man" being construable as "human being."

This change immediately set thinking women on the *qui vive*. They were not without men to help them, such men as Cobden and Lord Brougham, who in 1853 carried through an act providing that "words imparting the masculine gender shall be deemed to include females, unless the contrary is expressly provided." The change, however, was not made in the Suffrage Act till 1867, and when five thousand women of Manchester—the home of Mrs. Pankhurst's subsequent movement—headed by Miss Lydia Becker, claimed the right to vote on the strength of it, some legal quibbling once more shut them out.

From the beginning, the wit shown by women as campaigners for their rights has been a striking and entertaining feature of their tactics in both England and America. If brilliant and humorous statement could win a cause, women would have had the vote long since. After Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication," the other and more influential classic of the woman's movement is John Stuart Mill's essay on "The Subjection of Women" (1869). A mere mention of the book must here suffice, with this indorsement of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, that Mill's "was the hand that unlocked the door of woman's emancipation."

Eighteen years before this a woman, Mrs. Taylor—whom, fitly enough, John Stuart Mill was afterward to marry—wrote an article in the *Westminster Review* which deserves to be printed side by side with her husband's famous masterpiece. Here are some of her pungent thrusts:

In the present closeness of association between the sexes, men cannot retain manliness unless women acquire it.

We deny the right of any portion of the species to decide for another portion, or any individual for another individual, what is or what is not their proper sphere.

It is no valid argument to say that women do not want suffrage. Neither do the people of Asia wish emancipation from heathen customs.

Rationality, not declamation, is what is needed.

Men as influential as Disraeli were on the woman's side.

"In a country," said he, "in which a woman can be ruler, peer, church trustee, owner of estates, and guardian of the poor, I do not see in the name of what principle the right to vote can be withheld from her."

His great rival, Gladstone, however, was a persistent and powerful "anti." Huxley

was on the winning side, though he made a proviso, of which women are apt unfairly to lose sight.

"Let them become merchants, barristers, politicians. Let them have a fair field," he said; "but," he added significantly, "let them understand, as the necessary correlation, that they are to have no favor."

Meanwhile, though the whole cake was denied to women, crumbs and portions of it were granted here and there grudgingly and incongruously enough. Single women and widows received municipal suffrage in 1869, and in 1870 the Education Act gave women the same rights as men, as electors and elected. In such matters the English colonies, as well as America, had been ahead of the mother country. The Isle of Man was the first, through its House of Keys, to give woman full suffrage in 1881.

Woman, meanwhile, had been slowly fighting her way into the professions and the universities; but space is lacking here to follow the zigzag course of the struggle, in which Englishmen illogically granted one right here and withheld another there. It is time to glance at the course of the struggle in America—a struggle which influenced and was influenced by that in England.

DAYS OF IGNORANCE AND PREJUDICE

The ludicrous prejudices against which American women had to fight may be gathered from the fact that, according to the well-known story, "when a girl for the first time took a public examination in geometry, in 1829, men wagged their heads gravely and prophesied the speedy dissolution of family and state." In England, in Mary Wollstonecraft's day, the study of botany was considered impossible for modest girls, and in America, thirty years after, it was still thought improper for them to attend lectures on the subject! One reads that in 1844, when Paulina Wright gave lectures here on physiology, and uncovered a "manikin," ladies dropped their veils, ran from the room, and even fainted! It was the day of trouserettes for piano-legs.

It was a Scotswoman, Frances Wright, who, visiting America in 1820, began the modern campaign for woman's freedom. She linked it with negro emancipation, and attacked the vested interests of superstition with such brilliance of mind and speech that pulpit and press outvied each other in that denunciation which in all reforms is

the preliminary of success. Books of Lydia Child, Margaret Fuller, and Eliza Woodson Farnham kept the ball rolling. A notable recruit was Ernestine Rose, exiled from Poland for her opinions.

In 1832 the cause of the woman and the negro became definitely linked together by the foundation in Boston of the first anti-slavery society, which was immediately joined by twelve Quaker women, it being one of the tenets of their sect that men and women are equal in the government of church and home. But the rest of the community not being of that way of thinking, the attempts of various brave women to speak in public subjected them to disgraceful insult and even danger inconceivable in our day. Abby Kelly was preached against as "Jezebel" and called a "hyena," and when her friend, Angelina Grimké, spoke at an antislavery meeting in Philadelphia (1837), the hall was set on fire. A year later, when she spoke in the House of Representatives in Boston, a mob threatened to take her life.

"The mob howled, the press hissed, and the pulpit thundered," wrote Lucy Stone.

When one reads of such cowardly and unspeakable persecution of gentle women as we find in the early chapters—and not the early ones exclusively—of the woman movement, not only are we astonished at their courage, but we can well understand that expression of bitterness against men which some of the pioneers who still survive cannot quite keep out of their strong yet sweet old faces.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON AND HER WORK

The English "militants" deem themselves not treated overgenerally, and they are right, but their lot may be said to have fallen in pleasant places compared with the Grand Old Guard of the eighteen-forties. Of these the redoubtable captain was Elizabeth Cady Stanton, ably supported by Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, and other brilliant and courageous women. Mrs. Stanton's story is typical of the stories of all thinking women in her day. When she was four years old, a sister was born into the family.

"What a pity the baby is a girl!" she heard some one exclaim.

The remark perplexed and haunted her child mind, and as she grew older she determined to show that a girl could be as worth while as a boy, aiming, too, to console her father for the loss of his only son. To

this end she surreptitiously took lessons in Greek, and won the prize of a Greek testament against the boys of her school. Now, poor child, she thought her father would see at last that she was as good as a boy; but alas, according to the well-known story, he only patted her on the head and sighed:

"Ah, you should have been a boy!"

At the age of twenty-five, and just married to a young antislavery orator, Henry B. Stanton, the difference between being a boy and being a girl was once more brought home to her ardent young womanhood by a trip which the newly married pair made to London, to attend the World's Antislavery Convention held there in 1840. Her husband was welcomed, but she and other women delegates from America were refused admittance. They could sit shrouded in a curtained loft and listen to the masculine oratory which, "while eloquently defending the natural rights of slaves, denied freedom of speech to one-half the people of their own race," but they could take no part in the proceedings.

This absurd insult proved fortunate, however, for the cause which Mrs. Stanton had most at heart. As she and her friend, Lucretia Mott, walked to their hotel from the convention, furious with their treatment, yet, we may be sure, full of ironic mockery of their male tyrants, they came to a momentous resolution. They determined that so soon as they were back in America they would hold a woman's-rights convention of their own.

The outcome of this resolution was the famous convention held at Seneca Falls, New York, on July 19 and 20, 1848. Here once more the ironic wit of the women reformers was evidenced in their famous "Declaration of Sentiments," which adapts the formulas of the Declaration of Independence with great skill to embody the grievances of "one portion of the family of man." After the well-known preamble, "When, in the course of human events," and so forth, cleverly varied here and there to suit the case in hand, the declaration goes on to state that—

The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward women, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise.

He has compelled her to submit to laws in the formation of which she had no voice.

He has withheld from her rights which are given to the most ignorant and degraded men, both natives and foreigners.

Though the convention was fatuously scoffed at as being composed of "divorced wives, childless women, and some old maids"—Mrs. Stanton was to bring up a family of eleven—it was far from ineffective. It bore rapid fruit in other conventions, and in such important legislation in New York State as the Property Bill (1848) by which, with its amendments in 1860, woman gained absolute control of her own property, was made joint guardian of her children, and won other valuable rights.

The Civil War temporarily interrupted the movement, but as in the case of the present war, it proved a blessing in disguise to the cause of woman's freedom, for Clara Barton and numberless other heroic women had made such a noble record for themselves that their claims as citizens could no longer be ignored, though they were still resisted, with ever-diminishing success.

The first act of the government, indeed, showed little recognition of woman's part in the recent struggle, for, when the franchise was given to the negro by the Fourteenth Amendment, the insertion of the word "male"—as in the English Reform Bill—once more shut women out. So the earliest result of negro emancipation was but one more insult to womanhood—an insult which some States have still to wipe out.

The Woman's Rights Convention of May 10, 1866, presented an address to Congress with but negative result, and Mrs. Stanton ran for Congress, receiving twenty-four votes. In 1872, Miss Susan B. Anthony went to the polls and succeeded in registering, as did a number of women in Rochester. All were prosecuted, and fined, together with the inspectors; but the inspectors were pardoned, while Miss Anthony was compelled to pay her fine of twenty-five dollars, though she appealed the case to Congress.

WOMAN'S FINAL TRIUMPH

For all that, the woman's cause was marching on. To-day women have full suffrage in twelve States; and in most of the others, with some form of partial suffrage, they are engaged with unquestioned success in great civic and educational tasks. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's dream has come true, and the girl has not only proved her-

self "as good as a boy," but even promises to go one better.

The situation is much the same in England, owing chiefly to the last dramatic chapter in woman's fight for freedom, over which are inscribed the names of Emmeline Pankhurst and her daughters, Christabel and Sylvia; but the militant suffragette campaign is too recent to need recital here. The British government is pledged to give British women the suffrage after the war, and the United States government has at least partially committed itself to a Federal amendment—also "after the war."

Will the history of after the war in 1866 repeat itself? It seems hardly possible, for the old absurd arguments against the suffrage have been so completely riddled that even gentlemen with "the ossified brain operation of the gentleman from Alabama," already cited, will scarcely have the courage to tell after-the-war audiences that "the home is woman's sphere," that politics "degrade" her, and so forth. Their only resource will be in pig-headed obstinacy, founded on the realization that, as Laboulaye said, "our empire is at an end when man is found out."

That realization no doubt accounts for the comparatively backward state of the movement in France. Paradoxically enough, the suffrage cause flourishes among the Czechs of Bohemia, but in Paris woman is still *la femme*.

Nor is it unnatural that the old Adam in man should quake a little as he beholds the waxing of this feminine *Frankenstein* in his midst. Woman has many old scores to pay off, and it is possible that before very long he may come to know the bitter taste of that bread of "subjection" with which he has fed woman for generations. It can only be hoped that women will remember that men have been their friends as well as their tyrants, that, as Englishwomen have had their Mill, their Cobden, their John Bright, their Meredith, and their Grant Allen, so American women have had their Channing, their Higginson, their Garrison, their Tilton, and their Beecher. May they in their hour of triumph remember that the male sex included these and other powerful champions, without whose aid their cause could scarcely have been won. With man at last in their power, as they were once in his, may they remember these names, and

Be to his virtues very kind,
Be to his faults a little blind!

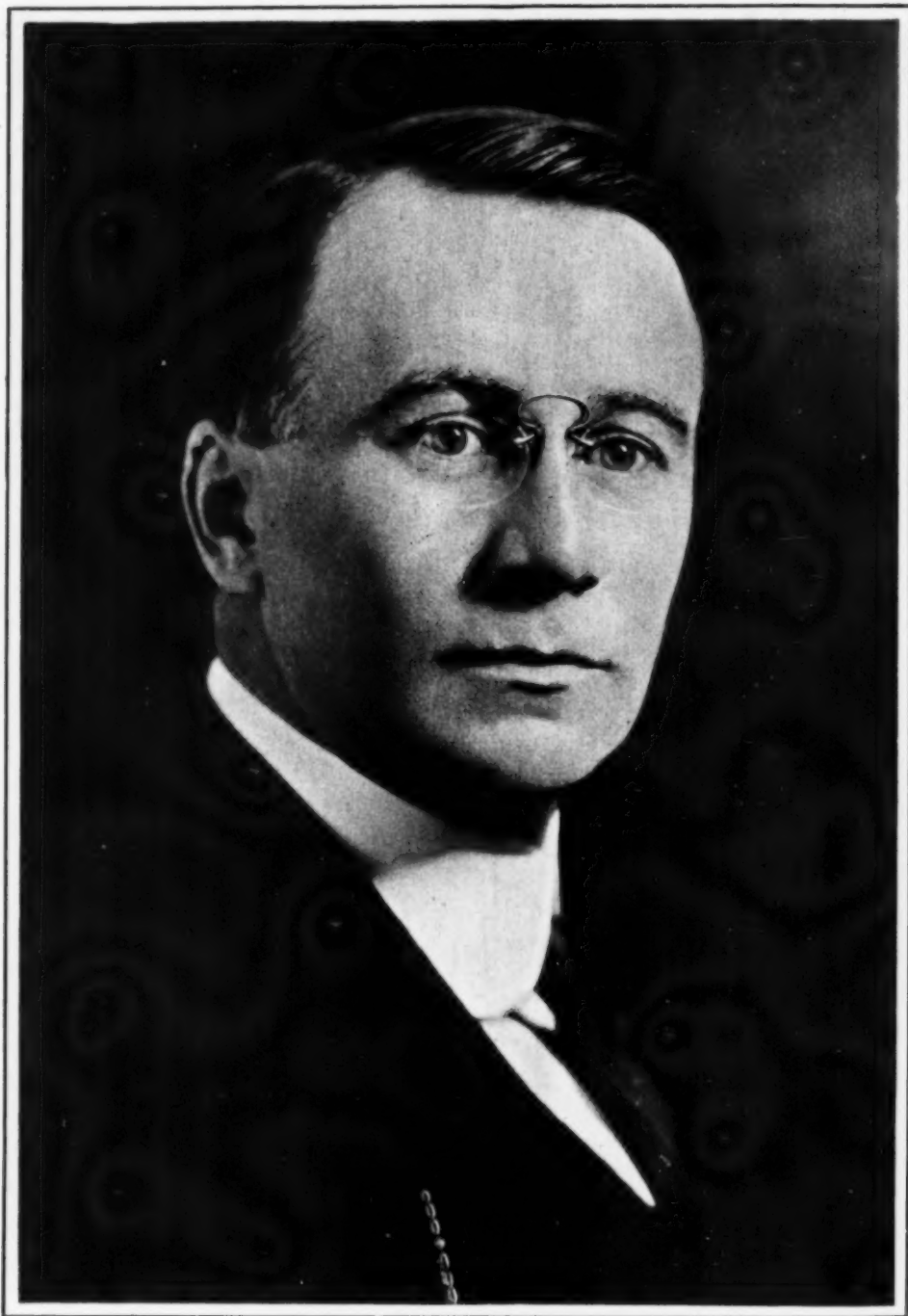
In the Public Eye



A. MITCHELL PALMER, ALIEN PROPERTY CUSTODIAN

Mr. Palmer has taken over about four hundred million dollars' worth of enemy property in the United States—He gave interesting particulars of the work of his bureau in an article published in this magazine last month

Copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



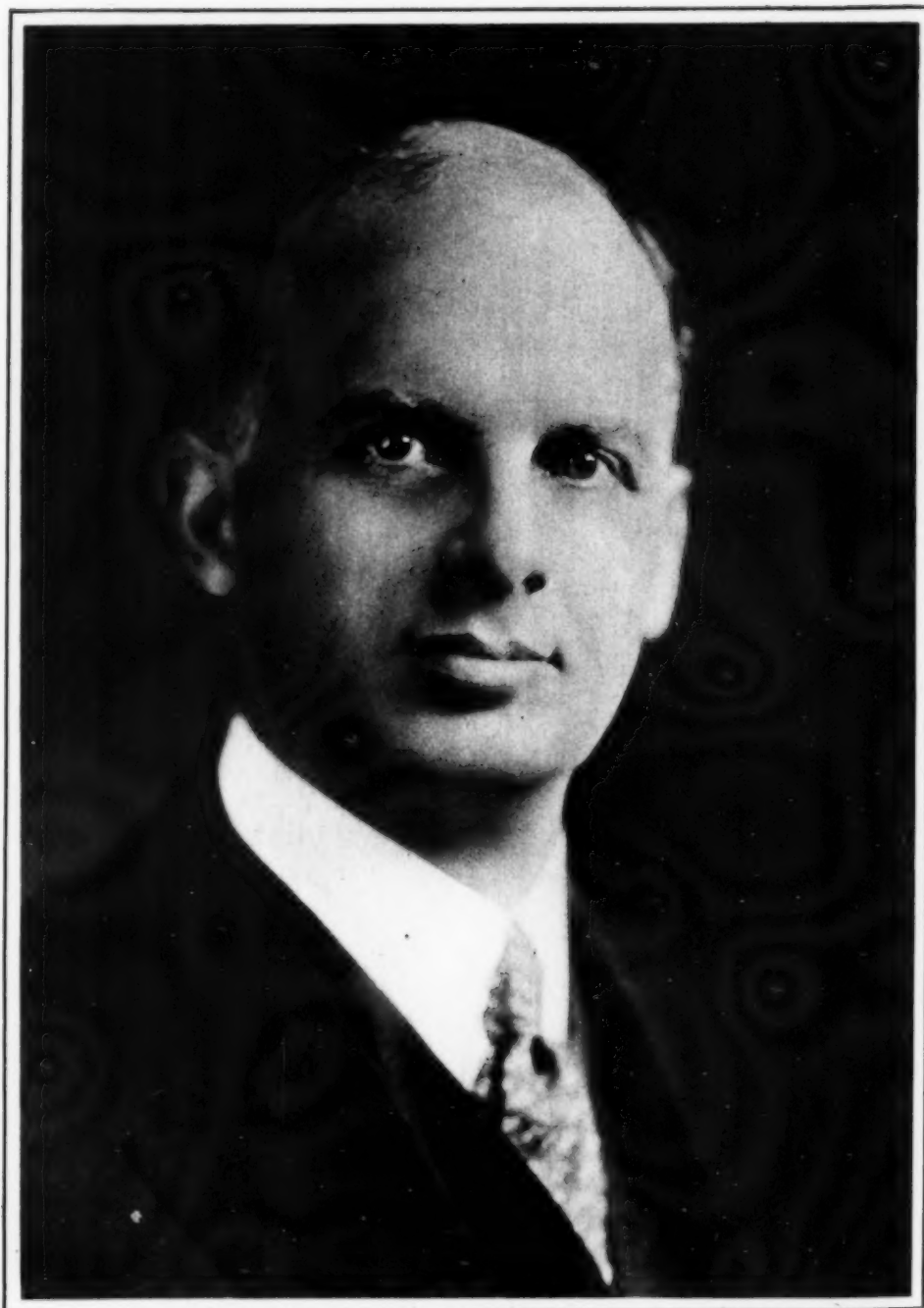
FRANCIS P. GARVAN, CHIEF SEARCHER FOR ENEMY PROPERTY IN THE UNITED STATES
Mr. Garvan, formerly assistant district-attorney of New York, is now director of the Bureau of Investigation, which has unearthed large amounts of enemy property concealed by the owners

From a photograph by Pirie MacDonald, New York



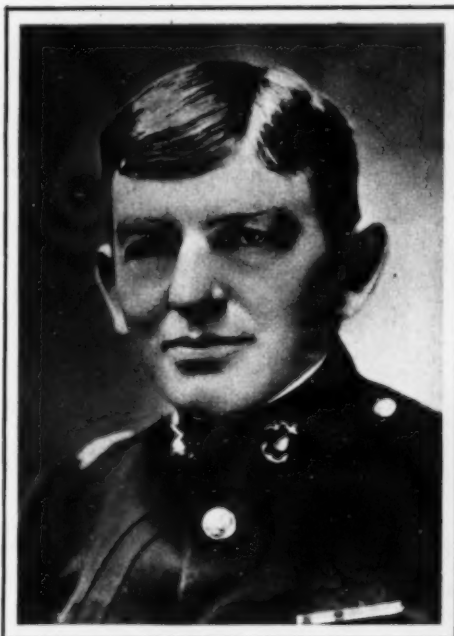
MR. AND MRS. RAY T. BAKER, MARRIED AT LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, ON JUNE 12
Mr. Baker is Director of the United States Mint—Mrs. Baker is the daughter of Colonel Isaac E. Emerson,
of Baltimore, and widow of the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt

From a copyrighted photograph taken on their wedding-day by Underwood & Underwood, New York



HOWARD COONLEY, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE EMERGENCY FLEET CORPORATION
Mr. Coonley, a prominent Boston manufacturer, has taken control of the financial and executive business of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, Mr. Piez, the other vice-president, being in charge of the construction work

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN LEJEUNE

Who has gone to France to take command of the brigade of United States marines at the front

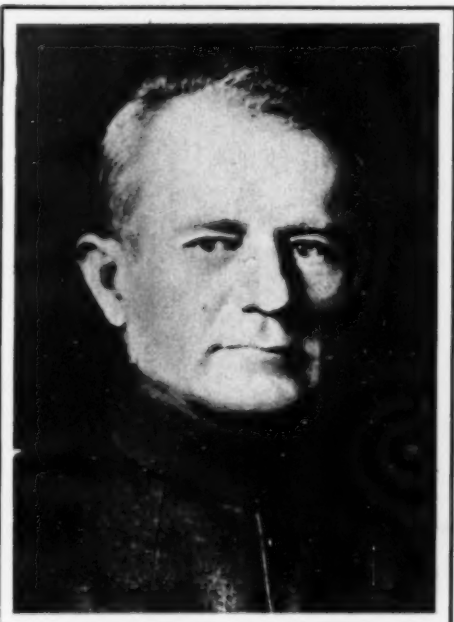
Copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES A. DOYEN

Who has been recalled from France to take command of the marines in training at Quantico, Virginia

Copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



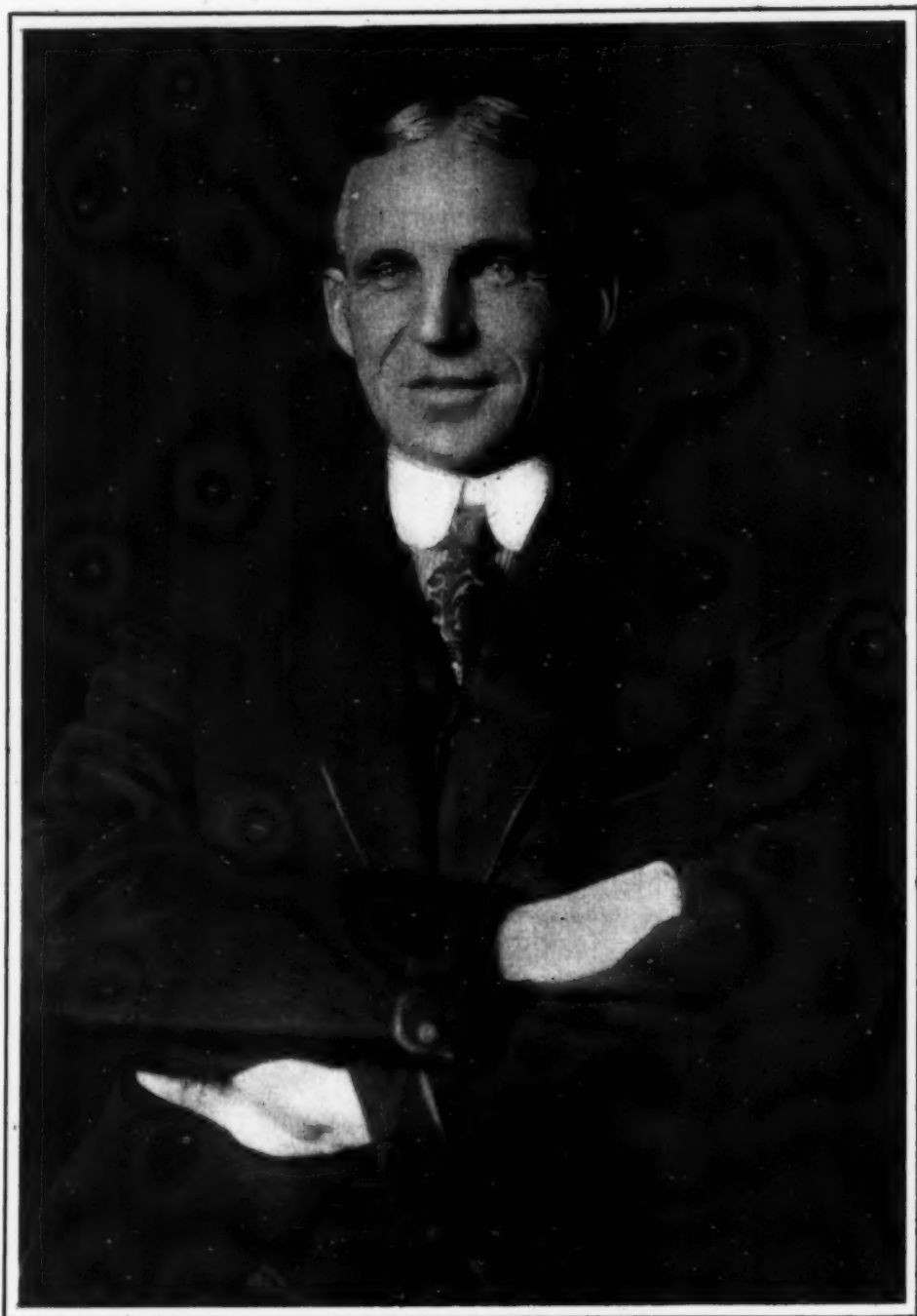
BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM L. KENLY

Chief of the new division of military aeronautics, which is in charge of aviation work for the army



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES W. McANDREW

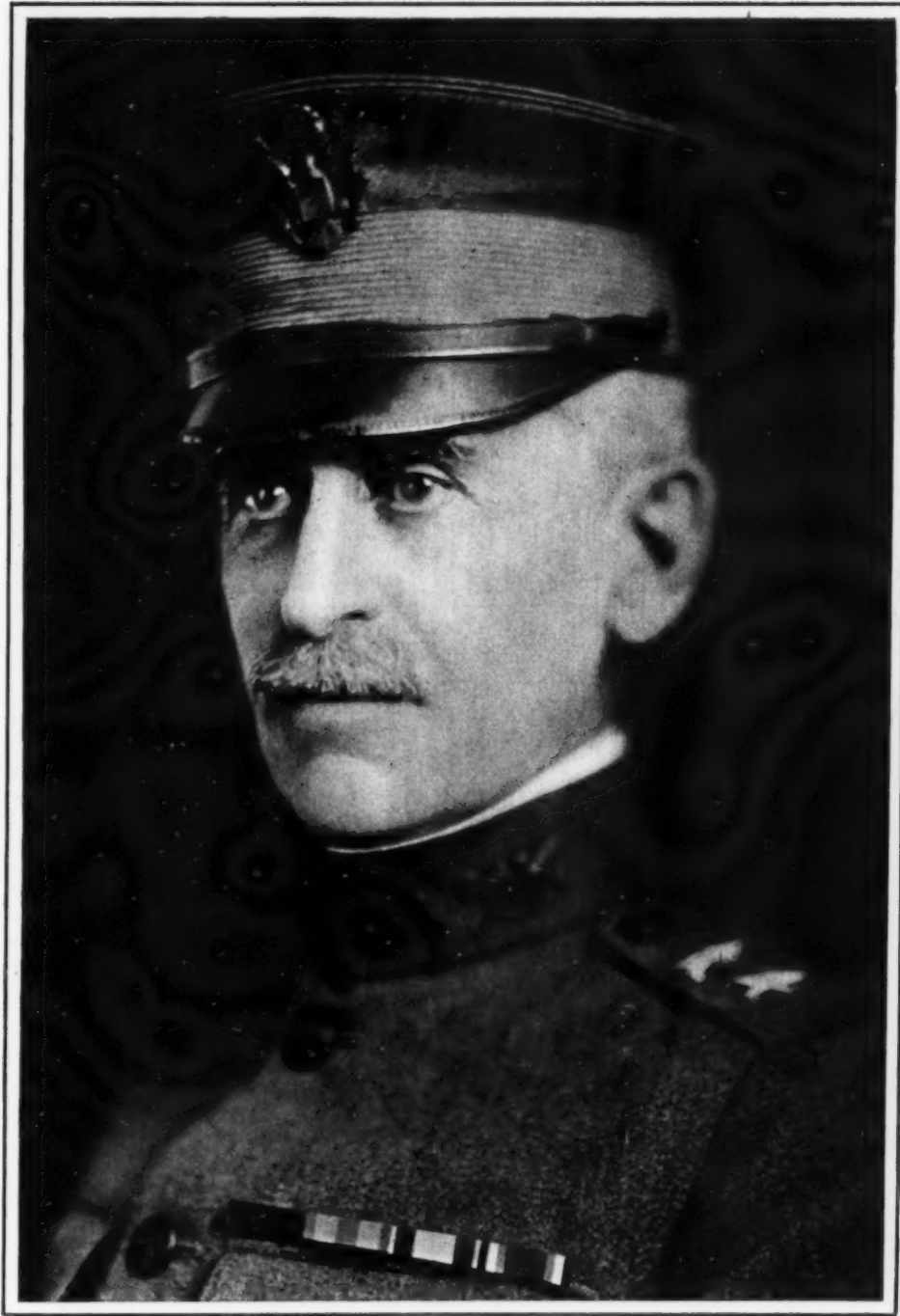
Recently appointed chief of staff for the American expeditionary forces at the front in France



HENRY FORD, WHO MAY GO TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE

At the time of going to press it is understood that the famous Detroit captain of industry is likely to become a candidate for a United States Senatorship from Michigan

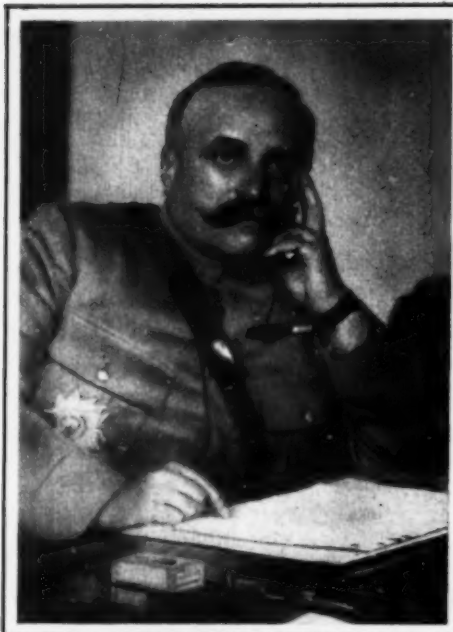
From a copyrighted photograph by Paul Thompson, New York



MAJOR-GENERAL ENOCH H. CROWDER

As provost-marshal-general, General Crowder is in charge of the operation of the draft, a task in which he has shown conspicuous ability—See the note at the foot of page 504

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



GENERAL GUILLAUMAT

Formerly commander of the Allied forces in Macedonia, now Military Governor of Paris



GENERAL FRANCHET D'ESPEREY

Appointed to command the Allied forces in Macedonia in succession to General Guillaumat



PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

Only son of the Duke of Connaught, and first cousin to King George V, of England

From a photograph by Downey, London



FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT FRENCH

Formerly commander of the British forces in France, now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland

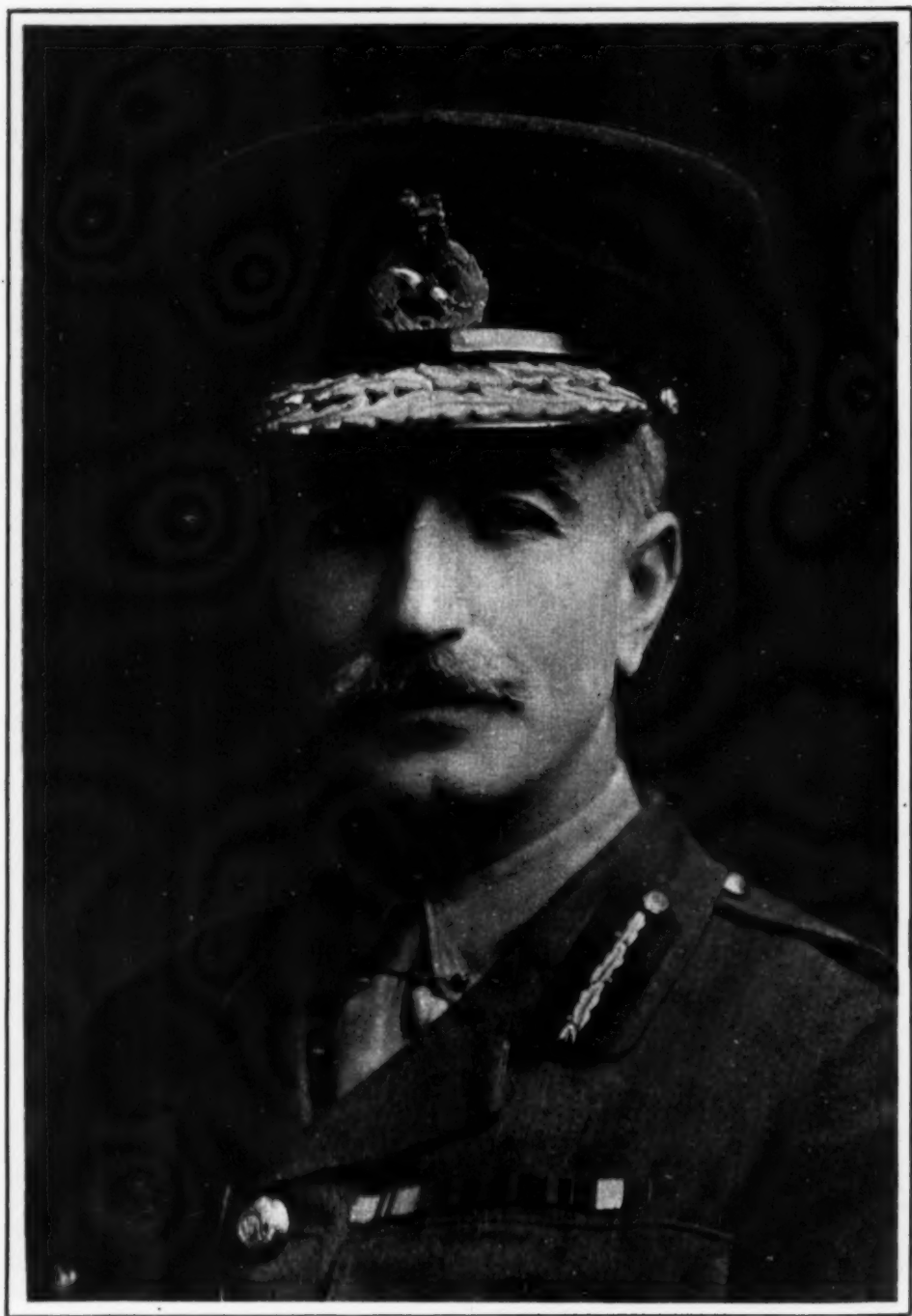
Copyrighted by the Press Illustrating Service



MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST

The famous writer, lecturer, and agitator for woman suffrage, whose work and personality are well known both in America and in England

From a copyrighted photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR W. R. MARSHALL, K. C. B.

Who has been in command of the British forces in Mesopotamia since General Maude died of cholera at Bagdad in November last

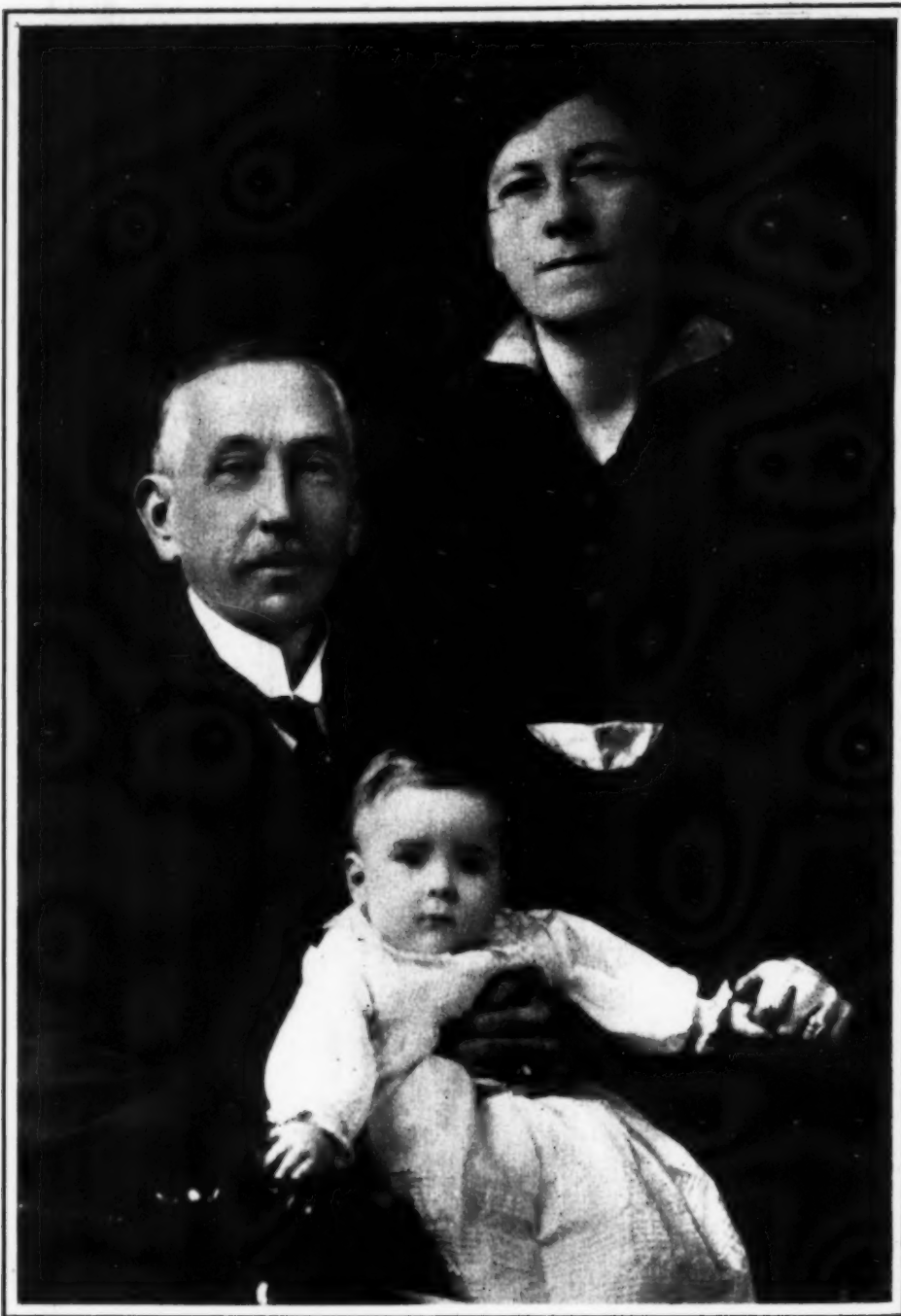
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London



THE LATE VISCOUNT RHONDDA, BRITISH FOOD-CONTROLLER

As David Thomas, Lord Rhondda made a large fortune in the Welsh coal trade—He died July 3, shortly after being made a viscount for "conspicuous public services as food-controller"

From a copyrighted photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



WILLIAM M. HUGHES, PREMIER OF AUSTRALIA, WITH MRS. HUGHES AND THEIR BABY

Mr. Hughes has long been a leader of the Australian labor party—He was born in Wales in 1864, and has several times visited America

From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

The New Washington

THE WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION OF THE CITY ON THE POTOMAC, WHICH HAS
BECOME THE WAR-TIME CAPITAL OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD

By A. R. Pinci

"ON to Washington!" That is the slogan which the leaders of German autocracy dare not utter so long as the American people, united and indivisible, continues to respond to the calls voiced by a government of its own making—a sovereign force beyond the reach of Teutonic enmity and ambition. It begins to seem, however, that almost everybody else under the sun is marching on to Washington. The city is growing so rapidly that its present population is fully double the figure at which it stood when the new century was ushered in.

To realize the wonderful transformation of our national capital one must have lived in it for at least ten years. If one has lived in it for twenty years, then the change takes on the aspect of something magical. But to the writer, with a vivid recollection of what Washington was in 1895 and its difference from his native Rome—of the contrast that he then noted between the animation and picturesqueness of the city on the Tiber and the somnolent capital on the Potomac—the present metamorphosis appears nothing less than a miracle.

Even after the shock of the Spanish-American War was over, and Washington had relapsed into its civic coma, there was no sign that the city's characteristics would ever change. Beginning with the first cry that the Maine had been sunk, and ending with the peace-jubilee parade, its residents were aware that something unusual was going on; but they looked on with a prevailing apathy from which not even the most patriotic outbursts could wholly arouse them. The District of Columbia was a civic monotone.

It seemed as if some occult retarding influence checked the city's development. It slumbered on and on. New streets, of course, were added from time to time, new

blocks of houses arose, and the biennial police census showed a steady though not very large increase in the population. But its inhabitants scarcely seemed aware that geography included other places beyond the District's boundary-line, and even beyond the nation's borders and coasts. Congress would awaken it every session with some local law and an accompanying appropriation. Municipally it had no place in American affairs, for it did not enjoy the right of suffrage.

To-day, however, Washington has emerged from its past as from a chrysalis. Martiallly, financially, and diplomatically, it is the capital of the world. If Washington fails, the rest of civilization must fail. In two buildings, seven thousand feet apart, the President and the national legislature are constantly endeavoring, by grace of the American people, to solve the tangle which has no precedent in the world's history. Modern democracy was born in Philadelphia; but for a century and a quarter it has grown here, nourished by successive administrations according to the régime established by the immortal Constitution. And by the same measure, Washington will be the fitting scene of the funeral of dynastic and autocratic government.

The sleepy town of yesterday has become a busy and rapidly growing city. Temporary structures are conjured up on vacant ground in a few weeks. Permanent buildings, of marble, of granite, or of cement and steel, are erected in half a year.

WASHINGTON'S CROWDED STREETS

The crowd on the streets never diminishes. Leisure is conspicuous by its absence; everybody is on the go. It is not possible to walk anywhere within the city limits without being elbowed or jostled, and almost every one is too busy even to notice



VIEW OF THE WESTERN PART OF WASHINGTON FROM THE TOP OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT—
IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE PAN-AMERICAN BUILDING AND THE D. A. R. HALL; ALL
THE OTHER LARGE STRUCTURES ARE NEW BUILDINGS ERRECTED FOR
GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS AND BUREAUS

The engravings accompanying this article are from photographs by Harris & Ewing, Washington

this physical contact. Nearly every passer-by has so much of his own business to attend to that he seems to reach his destination without knowing how he got there. This self-centered mood has been so prevalent that on occasions when the President has gone abroad in the streets, walking from the White House to a government department, or to his bank or a shop, he has often been unrecognized. Ex-President Taft has frequently gone afoot unnoticed by individuals who, in normal times, would feel mortified not to show some deference to so high a personage.

The crowd is a cosmopolitan one. It suggests the human stream that constantly flows along the Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris, the Strand in London, or the Corso in Rome. That is, it resembles those other crowds in the brotherhood of man, in the higher aspects of humanitarian motives. It does not merely reflect American life; it typifies the bond that holds together the greatest league of nations that the world has ever seen allied for a common purpose.

Washington to-day is a military city, but

not a martial city. That is a difference with a distinction. No arms are visible anywhere, as was the case in European countries before the war. The only visible weapon of offense or defense is the policeman's billy; and as the wielder of it is likewise the owner of a smiling Irish countenance, the stick inspires no fear.

There are no swords in polished scabbards, no sabers clanging against the pavement, no bayoneted rifles, no revolvers. The few armed guards assigned to protect the more vulnerable points are far from the center of things. One sees hundreds and thousands of officers, of soldiers and sailors, of representatives of other branches of the army or the navy, a few idling, some waiting for orders, the majority on duty. Not a few are not and never will be fighting men; they wear the uniform of the United States in recognition of their knowledge and skill, which Uncle Sam is using to the utmost.

Washington may be regarded in three distinct phases—political, military, and municipal. The first comprises all that pertains to the execution of the war—the

legislative, the diplomatic, and the political aspects of matters concerning the United States and the governments of the Allies, individually as well as jointly.

The second involves the more sordid business of the war, such as the formation of armies, their equipment, the purchases of a million different things, day in and day out, the huge task of putting hundreds of thousands of raw recruits through their training and sending them to the front; the furnishing of the necessary funds for this great national task, and the systematizing of all its vast and scattered responsibilities.

The third has to do with the city itself; with its population, its housing situation, the proper distribution of the people, and the change—the inevitable change—which the assimilation, no matter how temporary, of so many individuals will bring about. For it is not only the government clerks and the drafted men, forming together a large wage-earning class, which has pounced upon an unprepared city; there are scores, if not hundreds, of business men, professional men, financiers, and even philanthropists, who have gravitated to the capital so that each might find his or her own nook. In many cases that nook may be

an unpretentious desk in an old and rickety building, once a residence, now an "office" by virtue of some paint, a few nails, some very new office furniture, and a sign over the doorway indicating the nature of the government's activities within. For convenience, many of these subordinate offices are called by their initials, and it is not unusual for a passer-by to overhear a group of government officials interjecting in their discussion a cabalistic sequence of letters, as if they were playing a game.

Washington is the fiscal and diplomatic center of the world that is leagued together against Germany. It is here that measures are enacted to organize the energies of an inexhaustibly rich country and an ultra-generous people. It is here that the best minds of the country unite to decide just what business must be done, and how it shall be done; a problem of gravest importance, because upon its solution depends the well-being of forty millions of wage-workers. It is here that the great leaders of industry and finance make their frequent pilgrimages, each to contribute his share, in his own way, to a cause which encompasses the home life of every thoroughbred American.



WASHINGTON IS NOW A GREAT MILITARY CENTER—SOLDIERS ON ARMY TRUCKS PASSING THE WHITE HOUSE

To what extent Washington influences the military movements on the warring front is problematical, but to the well-informed it appears that even of the strategical military responsibility, a portion is falling westward. And Bagdad—not the Bagdad of to-day, the lost goal of German statesmanship, but the Bagdad of old, the famed and fabled market-place of the Eastern world—sinks into insignificance when one compares it with Washington, a cosmopolitan auction-house where one may buy anything and everything, except peace. All of the earth's visible or extractable wealth, actual and prospective, agricultural or mineral, is quoted at Washington. Here, too, a veto power is exercised, to see that no extravagance may be indulged, that no purchases are made which might benefit the enemy, or which might unfavorably affect the welfare of the people.

The buyers here are true cosmopolites. Chinese mingle with Spaniards, Norwegians elbow Japanese, Italians contract with South Americans; but the purchases of all, and the sales of all, are equalized and stabilized by means of a system put in force by the administration to see that everybody shares alike, with favoritism to none. Needles and airplanes, cannon and cotton bandages, shoes and food, steel and chemicals, ships and copper wire—they are all in the Washington market.

WASHINGTON AS A DIPLOMATIC CENTER

Washington as the international business center may be a temporary institution, but as the diplomatic center it is destined to surpass even London. I remember a few years ago, sitting in the study of a great foreign ambassador, still in service in another part of the world, who was bewailing his fate because his government did not transfer him to a European capital. It was during the first flush of the Roosevelt administration, too, when local society rather began to anticipate a new and brighter era. The foreign diplomats thought Washington slow, dull, and uninteresting. With a few exceptions, they regarded themselves like so many naughty schoolboys under punishment—kept here in the United States, "a place too far from anywhere to be of use to any one," they said in effect, against their own wishes. One embassy secretary, unable to get an assignment elsewhere, resigned rather than come here from Madrid.

This mental attitude began to be less evident about ten years ago. A little before that time the peace negotiations between Russia and Japan projected Washington to the fore, but the change was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible. Washington was still an anomaly to every foreigner who came here officially or out of mere curiosity. There was something forbiddingly severe about American life which choked the more spontaneous, though perhaps more sophisticated, visitors from Europe and even from South America. They wanted tinsel and pomp, not so much because they really cared for it, but because they had been accustomed to it.

On the other hand, they had been educated in an atmosphere where to be on their guard all the time was their first duty, and the frank and friendly American manner of personal intercourse disconcerted them. While the majority of these foreign diplomats—and the writer has known most of them—began to adapt themselves and to like the new conditions as soon as the novelty wore off, there have been a few instances where others flatly refused to stay.

During the four years since the great war began, the change has progressed rapidly. At first Washington itself scarcely realized it—partly, perhaps, owing to the fact that European governments sent over a number of officials who had already been here in some official capacity during the two preceding decades. Attachés have come back as secretaries, ministers have become ambassadors. It was like seeing old friends.

With the appointment of special commissions to the United States, however, the trajectory of world diplomacy from London to Washington was lightninglike. Berlin and Petrograd were conspicuous, a few years ago, for their autocratic, secretive, and aggressive diplomacy, just as Paris and London were the school of another kind of international statesmanship; but no sooner was Berlin isolated, Petrograd practically eliminated, and Paris unified with the sphere of British influence, than all Europe recognized the importance of America's attitude toward the great issue that divided the world. At first our official position was one of aloofness; but when the United States decided to make common cause with the Allies, the momentous decision naturally resulted in the transfer of the court of last resort, as it were, from London to the city

which wielded such vast resources in men, funds, and all things necessary for victory.

My own first impression on American soil—as seems to be the case with most other foreigners—was the lack of color in the streets. Not only were military or naval uniforms absent, but not even the

old-fashioned, lurid posters of cheap melodramas and burlesques.

A CITY OF FLAGS AND UNIFORMS

To-day the scene is different. There are flags and more flags everywhere, of all kinds and sizes. It is almost a study to identify



PARADES ARE AN EVERY-DAY SIGHT IN WASHINGTON—THE ESCORT OF THE FRENCH COMMISSIONERS PASSING UP SIXTEENTH STREET

American flag was to be seen except on special occasions—limited, in Washington, to the birthday of the Father of His Country, Flag Day, Decoration Day, Independence Day, and the day on which Congress assembled. The only uniforms to be seen were hardly noticeable; whether worn by policemen, firemen, postmen, conductors, or hotel porters, they were severe and drab. The only bright vestments were the liveries of some millionaire's men servants; the only high colors visible were the

all the banners that flutter on high against the sky, or are draped over doors, or fall in folds from a window—the flag of the Union, the service flag, the Red Cross flag, the Liberty Loan flag. And in addition one must not forget the patriotic signs which the government has authorized at all available corners, where the eye of the passer-by cannot miss the latest message.

The city presents, as has been said, not a martial aspect, but a military one. Aside from the flags and the pennants, the soldiers

themselves form the most conspicuous background. One may see them everywhere; the rumble of heavy army or navy motor-trucks, speeding past in the performance of their duty, is always to be heard. The signs forbidding entrance, "except by pass," to this place or that, or the warnings against many of the privileges that once were an inalienable part of American

measure which amply makes up for the years during which nothing seemed to concern them except to live in ease and prosperity.

Only a few months before the war one of the Washington theaters refused admission to two soldiers of the regular army because they were in uniform. It was not a case typical of the capital alone; similar inci-



IN THE CENTRAL PART OF THE CITY THE STREETS ARE CONSTANTLY THROGGED WITH TRAFFIC—
A TYPICAL SCENE ON FIFTEENTH STREET

citizenship, are each and all a part of the new Washington.

There is nothing gay about the khaki uniforms, and on the palette their color is one of the least pleasing to the eye. But the people's attitude has likewise changed; they do not look for mere beauty, something to feast the senses. One realizes that the uniform has been the regeneration of many young men, and of not a few older ones, because the training-camps have been mills, that ground fine. Indolence, indifference, obesity, have been lost in the melting-pot, and many a man has gone among his friends almost unrecognizable. Everywhere there is a more serious and thoughtful air—as indeed is only natural. The American people have been given something to think about, and it has been given to them in a

dents happened in many parts of the country, and frequently enough to disturb the officials of the War and Navy Departments. That was the only time that I ever saw the otherwise calm and smiling face of the Secretary of the Navy depicting resentment and anger.

To-day, instead, the man in uniform has become the public favorite, almost the public idol. The fact that soldiers or sailors are present adds both interest and character to any gathering. The other extreme, in fact, seems to threaten; for every civilian who looks as if he might be of draft age is subjected to questioning glances on the part of a suspicious public.

No one can say with certainty how many soldiers and sailors there are in Washington. They come and they go. By the time one



THE SLEEPY TOWN OF YESTERDAY HAS BECOME A BUSY CITY WITH CROWDED STREETS THAT SEEM MORE LIKE THOSE OF NEW YORK OR CHICAGO THAN THE QUIET THOROUGHFARES OF OLD-TIME WASHINGTON



WASHINGTON'S PLACES OF AMUSEMENT HAVE BEEN WELL ATTENDED DURING THE WAR—A SCENE IN FRONT OF THE BELASCO THEATER ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH COMMISSIONERS

misses a familiar face, the inquiry is met with the information that "So-and-So has been over there ten days." Another explanation which does not explain at all is the phrase "away on government business." The nature of the mission usually remains a secret.

Experts have estimated that for each soldier there must be six workmen behind the lines to equip him and maintain him.

will go back to their homes when the war is over and their services are no longer needed—a day some of them will not welcome, while others will, for the situation has not been without its tragic side.

The emotions that have moved them, both men and women, have a single source—their duty to their country. The men have accepted their places in the ranks, the women in the offices; but regardless of their



THE WHITE HOUSE EXECUTIVE OFFICES, WITH A GUARD STATIONED AT THE WEST GATE

One of these individuals is a government employee—a civilian worker. There are nearly one hundred and fifty thousand such workers in Washington to-day—a veritable army of both sexes, of which quite or nearly two-thirds has been recruited from the country at large within the past year.

A HOST OF STRANGERS IN WASHINGTON

All these people have gathered into a city which most of them knew only by hearsay, and because it is the seat of the government. To all intents and purposes they are strangers in a strange land. They are in it, but they do not seem to be of it. It is almost as easy to pick out the newly arrived American in Washington as it is for an American to pick out the visiting foreigner in his own town. Most of them

present task, and whatever the future holds in store for them, these embryonic Washingtonians are "away from home." It is possible sometimes to detect a fugitive wistfulness in their lineaments, a familiar yearning which old residents generally fail to understand.

The churches, the fraternal and beneficial organizations, the non-sectarian associations, and many emergency bodies are doing their very best to make up in some way for the void in the hearts of these strangers in Washington; but with all their well-meant endeavors they scarcely seem equal to the task. The visitors, as a rule, appear to regard such efforts in their behalf as something which may help to while away the time, but which leaves them as so many outsiders.



AN OFFICERS' TRAINING-CAMP AT FORT MYER, JUST ACROSS THE POTOMAC FROM WASHINGTON, WITH THE GOVERNMENT WIRELESS STATION IN THE BACKGROUND

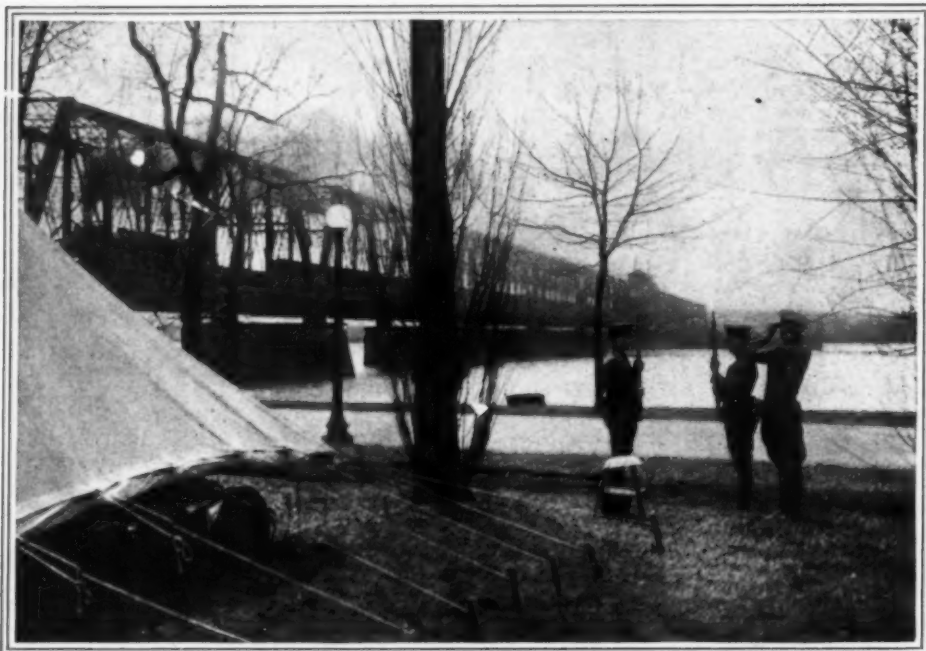
Young men, young women, and young married couples may be seen every morning and evening, before and after office hours, with a list of places for rent, whether a bed in a double room, or a room, or an apartment. Sometimes they carry the entire newspaper page. It requires courage to apply at so many strange doors for a "home." That they will pay, and pay well, for value received is neither here nor there. If they are fortunate at all in finding available any sort of accommodation, they are likely to ask questions about the family and

any other lodgers, hoping to find some one who may prove to be congenial. Lucky indeed is the newcomer who finds under the same roof a companion hailing from his own State; to find some one from his home town would be almost a miracle. Loneliness, the loss of home ties—there is a price to be paid by those who flock to Washington to serve the government.

The same may be said about the well-to-do—the business men, the professional men, the higher staff-officers—people who have been obliged to give up their homes else-



IN POTOMAC PARK, WITH THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT IN THE BACKGROUND—HERE ARRIVING OR DEPARTING AIRPLANES ARE A COMMON SIGHT



SOLDIERS GUARDING THE POTOMAC BRIDGE, THE CHIEF LINK OF COMMUNICATION BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND THE SOUTH

where to remain in Washington as long as the war continues. The big hotels have no rooms; they have had no rooms to let for more than a year. Being a friend of the manager will procure one—when a vacancy occurs. Apartments cannot be obtained, and several handsome buildings in the course of construction have been taken over by the government for office purposes. Houses, too, practically cannot be had. A recent census showed about four hundred dwellings on the agents' lists, but less than half of them were available for white tenants, and most of these were in bad repair. Many people have been obliged to buy homes on some partial-payment plan, at a high premium, and when they leave the city they may find their bargain a losing one.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM IS SERIOUS

There has been much talk, and there will probably be legislation, about the housing problem. There is in preparation, at the time of writing the present article, an antiprofitteering bill by which landlords and householders will be forbidden to charge more than a certain amount for the accommodations they wish to let. This legislation was very likely inspired by a few cases of actual profiteering, to use a

term which seems to have become fashionable in war-time philology, and which has placed the property-holders of Washington under something of a cloud. It is only fair to remember that landlords have found their expenses skyrocketing. Janitors, if any can be found, are asking exorbitant wages; repairs, when artisans can be induced to make them, cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. The complaint is heard, too, that many of the newcomers have proved to be careless tenants.

The best solution is the one which the government has advanced, and which by summer will be in operation, under an act known as the Housing Bill. This measure, however, is at least a year late. It should have gone through in conjunction with the bill authorizing the cantonments. Moreover, so much feeling has been aroused against the proposed homes for government employees that many are vowing not to live there. Some of the speeches in Congress have led prospective tenants to declare that they are above living in civilian cantonments, dormitories, barracks—terms which have nothing in common with what the housing experts actually have in mind.

Of course, the official buildings will not be, and no one can expect them to be,

architecturally beautiful structures fashioned after the expensive apartments where to-day people of limited means go hungry in order to enjoy the pleasure of a fashionable address. The government's idea is to provide solid comfort at a minimum of expense. Keeping up with one's neighbors is quite a problem in Washington these days, where even the wealthy are often unable to buy what they want, simply because it cannot be had.

Ordinary building operations are practically at a standstill. All buildings in process of construction, with the exception of two or three theaters, where work progresses in spurts, have been taken over by the government as fast as completed. The only other construction is that which is done for the government. Most of this is of the temporary type, designated so by law. Much of it is being erected in the Mall and adjoining Potomac Park. Twenty-five million feet of floor-space must be provided by buildings of this type, which are to be removed as soon as the war is over.

As fast as a building is ready for occupancy it is taken over by this or that bureau, which probably has already changed its quarters four or five times since its organization. Nothing is more unstable than a war-time bureau; it is here to-day, somewhere else to-morrow. It is a task to keep up with the constant changes.

OTHER ASPECTS OF THE NEW WASHINGTON

The problem of street-car traffic is almost as bad as the housing question. All sorts of suggestions have been made for improving conditions, but even the latest "skip-stop" plan seems inadequate, and it is inconvenient for those who were accustomed to board or leave the cars at the stations which have been eliminated. It is impossible to get a public conveyance of any kind except after a long delay; and in rainy weather, or during special occasions like balls, great receptions, special meetings, and even during the theater hour, there is none to be had.

Walking is far from pleasant if one is obliged to traverse the down-town streets. Washingtonians who liked New York for its crowds begin to realize what the poor New Yorker has long had to endure. The "walk to office and walk home" movement can scarcely be successful. Shoes are expensive and soles are thin, and Washington is a city of magnificent distances. The greater the

distance, the less the magnificence of walking.

Washington has been a saloonless city for many months, but those whom the restriction inconveniences are the poorer people, who cannot afford to go to the trouble and expense of getting shipments according to the formalities of a complicated law. For others, there seems to be enough to drink—and there are always obliging friends. It is a current saying that the man who has a quart need never be lonely.

With the passing of alcoholic beverages, substitutes have taken their place. The intoxication may have been eliminated, but the bar drinking—the loafing habit—is still there. Some have been converted to the questionable mixtures of the soda-fountain, or to coffee and pie. Lunch-rooms are doing an unprecedented business. All this chiefly concerns the man who earns less than thirty dollars a week. The well-to-do still have the fat of the land to feast upon, so far as the Food Administration and their own consciences permit.

A fair percentage of the newcomers to Washington will probably remain there. The number will largely depend upon the duration of the war.

No Washingtonian can be ignorant of the change going on about him. The city has lost its old provincialism, though older residents may be slow in parting from provincial habits. The interchange of ideas between residents and visitors cannot be put off; there is a certain level where both meet, and each takes from the other in more or less the same proportion.

Furthermore, everybody is united in a kinship of purpose. "Abroad" is very near, and almost everybody is now, or will soon be, represented by some relative or friend in the trenches.

This is a period of construction, or reconstruction, which marks the beginning of a new era. The coming years will bring many further changes, engineered by the young men who will return to this country imbued with European ideas of life, which will influence them when they get home.

The Washington of to-day is a busy city. Only one spot—the very center of the mighty struggle—least suggests what is going on. That is the White House. Except that the gates are closed and a policeman guards each entrance, there is no evidence that it has become the very center of world history.

Mrs. Anthony Becomes a Military Mother

BY MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

Illustrated by Arthur Little

"THERE'S more to this war than Chris," said Mr. Anthony oracularly. "Not that anybody has a finer boy than ours, but you really ought to look at it from a less personal point of view."

"Christopher wouldn't be in it now if you had been firmer," sighed Mrs. Anthony. "Just twenty-one, and a senior at college, and snatched away into a training camp—"

"He wasn't exactly snatched," argued Mr. Anthony, for he was immensely proud of his only son. "I think for a boy who was twenty-five pounds overweight to diet and exercise as Chris did until he came within the requirements shows pretty steady determination. By the way, I met Betty Ellis on the street this morning, and she said her brother had written that Tubby was such a Slim Jim none of us would recognize him."

The color rose in Mrs. Anthony's placid face. She had long since passed the place where the most loyal friend could call her plump; she was solidly, stolidly, comfortably fat. She was sensitive about Christopher's tendency toward flesh because it was an inheritance from her side of the family. She showed her annoyance by objecting:



"I'M ENGAGED"

"I wish you wouldn't use that disgusting nickname for your son, Henry."

"I didn't. I was quoting Betty."

"It's odd for her to speak of Christopher so familiarly, for he has never exchanged a dozen words with her in his life."

"Or any other girl," remarked Mr. Anthony gloomily. "It's a mistake to encourage it in him, mother, though you're so proud of it."

"He inherits his indifference from my side of the family," Mrs. Anthony returned contentedly.

"Brother Charles was thirty-one and eight months old when he married, and brother Mike was thirty-two and three weeks. You can hardly expect Christopher to notice girls for many a year yet. That's what I say about this war—they make a fixed age-limit without regard to the individual case. Christopher is really more undeveloped than plenty of boys who haven't had such a care-free, sheltered life, yet the government feels privileged to snatch that inexperienced boy and thrust him into the trenches, or"—Mrs. Anthony quivered at the thought of the most dreaded terror of all—"or to send him sailing up in an airplane! They think a mother has no rights over the child she brought through whoop-

ing-cough when he was only eleven months old, and—"

Mr. Anthony surreptitiously read his evening paper. From that point on he knew the bill of indictment by heart.

"Cheer up, Milly," he comforted, when he caught an interrogative note in the plaintive monologue. "The boy will be home next week, and maybe you'll see things differently."

II

THE most "different" thing proved to be Christopher himself. His mother was as amazed as if a changeling had taken his place. The son "she hadn't raised to be a soldier" had been a lubberly fellow, somewhat inert physically, who slouched when he walked and was so indifferent to his personal appearance that he generally needed a hair-cut and a shave. He was trusting, sweet-tempered, with sound, clean principles, but he gormandized on sweets until his face was invariably covered with pimples. His eyes were blue and singularly candid, and he presented the appearance of an overgrown baby with prickly heat.

A tall, lean youngster in khaki, his hair cut very short, his skin tanned and clear, his eyes brightly blue and eager, holding himself with almost painful erectness—this was Second Lieutenant Christopher Anthony.

"They've starved you, precious!" was Mrs. Anthony's first exclamation, with a mother's resentment of any change in the well-beloved in which she has had no part.

It was only after she had been talking with him for an hour—drinking in every word, and wishing for the sake of the country that the President might talk matters over with Chris, as he had such a wonderful grasp on the whole situation—that it dawned upon her that her son had grown very handsome. He had always been the dearest child in the world, she told herself, but now—why, he looked like her brother Mike, the one woman had run after until it was enough to turn a man's head! The recollection suggested the question:

"You didn't meet any girls at Oglethorpe, son?"

Under the tanned skin the blood mounted suddenly. Their relations had always been intimate and confidential.

"I was coming to that in a minute,

mother. I'm engaged," he announced beamingly.

"Get me a glass of water," gasped Mrs. Anthony, "and a palm-leaf fan!"

When she had recovered sufficient poise to speak, she asked:

"Who? I mean, who is the girl you are engaged to? Where did you meet her?"

"Her name is Gwendolen Judkins. She's a peach, mother!" Chris looked ecstatic.

"Her hair is the color of new money."

"Green hair?" moaned the poor bewildered lady.

Chris laughed his dear, remembered boyish laugh. At least that was left.

"I mean a new copper cent, mother; but her eyes are green. Gwennie says they are malachite. She knows a poet, and he called them that—means a classy sort of green, you know. She dances like a fairy. She taught me to dance, so you know she could train an elephant. Her brother was at camp, and Juddie introduced us two weeks ago. It was a case of love at first sight, and we got engaged the night before I left Oglethorpe. You'll be keen about Gwennie, mother! What do you think about our getting married before I go to war? Of course, I don't mean to sponge on dad. A second lieutenant's pay is enough for two."

"Dinner's ready," stammered the agitated mother, parrying for time.

Her son forgot the fair sex in his zest for home food; but at dessert he took one scant saucer of his favorite peach ice-cream and declined the chocolate cake made in his honor.

"Nix on the sweets!" he said light'y. "I've cut 'em all out, so don't bother to make desserts for me, mother. Makes a man soft, you know."

Even his father caught his breath at that.

"Since 'Tubby' has gone to the scrap-heap, what are you called now, son?"

"A girl nicknamed me 'Tony'—from Anthony, you see—and all the bunch picked it up. Her name is Gwennie." He winked boldly at his mother. "Maybe you'll meet her some day, dad."

In their room that night Mrs. Anthony confided the whole grave situation to her husband. She cried a little about it.

"How can we deny him *anything* when he is going to war—even a wife? But how can we let him marry a girl he barely knows? She may be fast, and I know she has peroxid hair!"

"It 'll blow over," consoled her husband. "Why, when I was that boy's age, I thought myself in love with every skirt that came down the highroad."

"It's useless for you to slander yourself, Henry, to shield Christopher. You told me positively that I was the only girl you had ever loved, and it's too late to try to deceive me now."

III

DAILY letters from Gwennie disturbed Mrs. Anthony's soul. They were written

on rose-colored stationery and perfumed with orange-blossoms. The first three days at home Chris, who hated to write with a healthy hatred, spent the greater part of his mornings at the desk. In the afternoons he went out to the Country Club and played tennis with Betty Ellis.

The fourth day his epistolary fever registered its highest temperature—letter, long-distance call, telegram. The telephone-call had been to explain that there wouldn't be any letters for a week, as he was going off on a camping-trip and would



"WHEN SHE CAUGHT A FISH-HOOK IN HER FINGER, SHE LET ME CUT IT OUT WITHOUT MAKING A SINGLE SQUEAL"

be away from a post-office. The telegram was to explain further, because Gwennie had slammed down the receiver on being told of his plans.

He came back brimming over with details of jolly times, but especially of the doings of Betty. He had never realized before what a corking girl she was, he told his mother.

"Betty is a year younger than I am, but she has always gone with an older set; and she used to snub me to death if I came within a yard of her," he continued. "I was such an awkward lout, and she is as athletic as a boy—rides, swims, fishes, shoots, anything that's doing. She's a dead-game sport, mother; I never saw a girl with such nerve. When she caught a fish-hook in her finger, she let me cut it out without making a single squeal, though she got as white as paper. She's the real type for an army officer's wife." He sighed heavily and dragged out the question: "Any letters for me?"

"Only one. It came a day or two after you went away."

She handed him the rose-colored envelope. It did not smell of orange-blossoms, because Mrs. Anthony had sunned it. Tony tore it open with queer reluctance, read a line or two, and then waved it frantically over his head.

"Free!" he exclaimed. "Free!" With a swift realization that he was not being courteous to the copper-haired Miss Judkins, he continued, in a voice which he struggled hard to keep from being exuberant: "Mother, Gwen Judkins has broken our engagement. What do you know about that? The fickle little *femme*! Charlie Haskins has been up there to see her while I was on the camping-trip, and he has persuaded her to marry him next week. He got a captaincy, and I suppose his rank dazzled her. Well, didn't she turn me down cold?"

He picked up his cap, whistling jauntily.

"Where are you going, son?" his mother asked. "You haven't been in the house half an hour."

"Oh, I thought I'd just drop by Betty's and see how she's getting on after the trip. If I don't come back for supper, mother, you'll know I stayed there."

"I don't know how deeply the poor boy may have been wounded by that abominable little flirt," Mrs. Anthony said to her husband when he came in. She did not

want Gwendolen to marry her son, yet she thought it impertinent of her to jilt him. "But evidently he is consoling himself with Betty Ellis. Such a romp, such a tomboy! I suppose Mrs. Ellis is the worst housekeeper in town, unless it's her married daughter. I hate for Christopher to be thrown with them so intimately; yet when I suggested his calling on Lucy Grayson he said he 'couldn't play parlor snake to a lemon-pie.'"

"He certainly is thrown intimately!" chuckled her husband. "I saw the young folks riding in the Ellises' car. Chris was on the back seat with three girls, all of them pretty, and you could see his grin clear across the street. You see, mother, he has always been shy with girls, and they thought him homely and unattractive; so now that he has suddenly started going with them, and they are making a fuss over him as a young officer, he's like a kid turned loose in a candy-shop. Don't you bother—it will all come out right."

IV

MRS. ANTHONY felt less certain of this than ever when she went to the military ball the following night; for Tony Anthony, with his fair hair, bronzed skin, tall, well-knit body, and eyes as blue and clear as June skies, was the handsomest man in the room. Everybody praised him to the Anthonys. Tony himself was unaware of the comment, but felt the exhilaration of friendly, approving glances everywhere, and he was in the seventh heaven. The first part of the evening he was furiously "rushing" Betty and her house guests, but later in the evening Mrs. Anthony noticed that he was absorbed in a stranger.

"Who is that snake-charmer the boy is with now?" queried her husband in some amusement. "She looks as if she had escaped from dear old India. I hope she won't kiss the kid—she might poison him with lip-salve."

"Don't be coarse, dear," reproved his wife, but she, too, was staring with manifest disapproval at the graceful, lissom figure of a woman with midnight hair, ivory skin, and too vivid lips.

Her intimate friend, Mrs. Reed, enlightened her.

"Why, Milly, that's Alys Despard. She motored up with the Kincaids for this dance. She's just back from Reno, where she divorced her second husband, and he's



"CHRIS WAS ON THE BACK SEAT WITH THREE GIRLS, ALL OF THEM PRETTY"

the one on whose account her first husband divorced her. I know all about her, because her mother was from my town, and I remember when this girl was born, thirty-four years ago—though I must say she doesn't look it. I wonder why women like that always keep so young! She's a regular man-eater, Milly. Don't let her get her claws on Chris. She probably knows that his father has a mint of money, and she'd marry that boy in a minute if she could. She didn't get any alimony with this last divorce, you see."

"Merciful Heavens!" groaned Mrs. Anthony. "I realize more and more every day how many unnecessary women there are in this world."

After the dance was over, it seemed an interminable time to his mother before she heard Christopher's buoyant tread on the stairs.

"My, what a sport you're getting to be, Mrs. Anthony!" he greeted her gaily. "You used to nod at nine o'clock, and now you sit up for a little chat at three

o'clock in the morning!" He bent over her and kissed her. "Say, mother, did you notice Mrs. Despard?"

Relief immeasurable swept over her like a wave. Her boy still wanted to confide in her.

"Indeed I did. I noticed that her lips were painted."

"Oh, that's rather *chic* nowadays," her son patronized.

"She's thirty-four years old," said Mrs. Anthony solemnly. "Mrs. Reed knows her."

"The old cat!" flamed Tony.

"Remember you are speaking of your godmother, dear."

"I beg pardon, mother, but Alys—Mrs. Despard, I mean—told me that all the women are down on her, and that lie of Mrs. Reed's seems to prove it. As a matter of fact, Alys—Mrs. Despard—isn't quite twenty-five. She let it out accidentally, and then she tried to cover it up, because she was afraid that I might think she thought me too young. The funny part was that

she mistook me for thirty. She said I was the oldest man for my age she had ever met in her life. Mother, she's had a terrible life! She told me all about it during the long intermission. The first man she married snatched her from the nursery, almost. He was three times her age, and when she realized that she didn't love him, though it was all to her worldly advantage to stay with him, she insisted upon a divorce. The second fellow proved to be a perfect brute. She is terribly cynical now, and doesn't believe she will ever find a man whom she could trust. She said to-night that she was 'a little burnt child who dreaded the fire and yet who knew that the flame of love was the only warmth worth while in life.' Sort of pitiful, wasn't it? Makes a man feel as if he would like to smooth things out for her, and show her that all men aren't so rotten as she's been made to believe."

"Son, you—you don't feel to her as you did to Gwendolen?"

Mrs. Anthony tried to put her question indirectly. Tony thought a minute.

"No. A man's first love is different. I don't suppose I'll ever feel to anybody just as I did to Gwennie—the little scamp! There was something about it so—so bewildering."

Across the years Mrs. Anthony remembered the first boy who had ever kissed her. She was just sixteen, and they were walking through the woods in May. His brown hair curled low on his forehead, and his voice sounded like running water. Just then her husband entered the room, and, a little ashamed of her inmost thoughts, she loyally decided that a slightly bald head was more intellectual-looking than brown curls.

"You young people going to talk all night?" Mr. Anthony inquired benevolently.

"Henry," cried his wife in desperation, "you tell Christopher what you think of that Mrs. Despard!"

Mr. Anthony saw at a glance that his son looked defensive and almost sulky at this. His manner was all intimacy and comradeship as he said:

"That stunning woman in black? Reed knew her before she went to Reno the first time, and he says she doesn't look an hour older. She's close to being a beauty, if you ask me, and I'll bet a hat she's fascinating as well; but to tell you just exactly how much Chris and I would give

for that type of huntress would make us use a word we don't care to say in your presence, mother!"

Christopher's sudden grin transformed his face. It was the first time his father and himself had been linked even in imagination in a common "damn," and it gave him a new sense of comradeship.

"Got a cigarette about you, dad?" he asked.

Five minutes before he would not have asked it. His father tossed him the box carelessly.

"Come on to bed, mother. I'm dead tired. Good night, Tony."

V

THE next morning they heard him at the telephone, explaining to the alluring Alys that he would not be able to accompany her part of the way home, as they had arranged the evening before.

Mrs. Anthony felt as if her husband should have been in the diplomatic corps; and he himself wished that he were, when he had to break the news to her that Christopher's application for transfer to the aviation section of the Signal Corps had been granted.

"Milly dear," he went at it abruptly, "the boy has his orders and will leave to-day. He got his transfer, mother. You know how his heart is set on flying, and he's so pleased that we mustn't send him off weighted down with our anxieties. He has to go first to the ground school, as I think he called it."

Mrs. Anthony was silent for some time. Then she spoke solemnly:

"Maybe he'll be safer at that school than here, Henry. I've been reading that the percentage of men who get hurt is smaller than that of bachelors who marry before they go!"

Her husband beamed approbation.

"That's the way for a brave mother to feel—not to hold the youngster back. Besides, aviation isn't half so bad as it's painted. I see that Orville Wright has said that women make the best aviators, so it can't be so very dangerous."

Mrs. Anthony sank weakly into her chair.

"You mean women are going to fly? That they'll fly up into the air after my boy? I really believe that after all a trench is the only safe place for a young officer in war-time!"

Making Democracy Safe for the World

PROBLEMS TO WHICH THE WAR HAS AWAKENED US, AND CHANGES THAT MUST BE MADE IN OUR SOCIAL STRUCTURE

By Frederick M. Davenport

Professor of Law and Politics in Hamilton College

BEFORE the great war blind folly ruled much of the democratic thought of mankind. Who believed that democracy itself was in peril, and must sternly fight for its very survival? A majority of the French people probably instinctively sensed it, and it was they who gave democracy the only chance that it had in the early stages of the war. Now and then a man in England—Lord Roberts, Cramb, of the University of London, and a few others—believed it, but found no one to listen to a warning. Nobody thought of it in the United States. Providence was supposed to be taking care of us—and of fools.

We have our eyes open now. Democracy must fight against an external foe for survival. It must also fight against its own defects and vicious qualities inside, in order to be fit to survive.

Making the world safe for democracy is a supersized job; and it is not going to be much easier to make democracy safe for the world. The only difference is that if we succeed in the first vast undertaking, we shall have time on our side in dealing with the second.

And the choicest time to begin the process of making democracy safe for the world is right now. The American nation is being slowly stirred to democratic unity as it never has been since the Civil War. The finest result of the third Liberty Loan was not the amount of money invested by the people in their government. It was the exceedingly wide-spread interest to get in on it on the part of seventeen millions of subscribers. The democratic discussion and

development which went on while the loan was being sold, is the best thing that has happened to America since she entered the war.

It is a time for idealism, and there is going to be much more of it, instead of less, within the next year or two. Things can be done now for democracy which ordinarily would consume generations. The government is stumblingly learning about transportation and markets and housing and prices, to a degree until now undreamed of by the American people. Thrift and economy and self-sacrifice have become the every-day practise of millions.

THE GREAT WAR IS A DEMOCRATIZER

The same democratic tendencies are reaching down into the whole fabric of the social structure. Before the war even college athletics were aristocratized. Nine or eleven gladiators fought in the baseball or football arena, and soft, flabby, hectic scores of thousands looked on and applauded with their lily-white hands. Now the professional side of college sports has become delimited, and a more democratic system of physical training is taking its place which engages the activities of the whole college population.

We are just beginning to appreciate, also, the vast process of democratization which is going on in the cantonments and at the front. The young soldiers of the free nations are rapidly losing every false economic and social and political notion. Such an equality of merit, such an equality of sacrifice, such a sloughing off of unworthy ideals, such a mass-growth in the understanding

of what constitutes justice and right, the world has never witnessed before and may never witness again.

War waged by national armies is a great democratizer. Truman Newberry, of Michigan, was Secretary of the Navy in the Roosevelt administration. In the Spanish War he left the surroundings of luxury for the naval service. One morning, at the end of the war, the cruiser on which he had seen service was anchored in the harbor of New York. Newberry, with other sailors, was busy squeegeeing the deck, swabbing it off and cleaning it for the day. The captain of the cruiser was striding about in full uniform, more or less oblivious of the seamen, watching the craft in the harbor. Suddenly a splendid yacht came out and ran close to the cruiser—a little too familiarly, the captain evidently thought. Speaking to nobody in particular, but apparently to the circumambient atmosphere, he said:

"What yacht is that?"

Newberry stopped squeegeeing the deck for a moment, saluted the officer, and said:

"The Dawn, sir."

"How do you know that?" roared the captain.

"I own her, sir," said Newberry.

John Masfield, the English poet, has related in this country an incident of a British landowner and his shepherd, who went into the war together. The understanding was that the shepherd would be paid his wages regularly during the period of his absence from his job at home. In the keen competition which grilling warfare alone makes possible, the shepherd became an officer, while the landowner remained a private.

One day, in the course of duty, it became necessary for the shepherd officer to send the landowner private to the guard-house. Appreciating the humor of the situation, the employer could not refrain from remarking as he was led away:

"All right, but you want to understand that you don't get your wages during the ten days I'm in the guard-house!"

One of our boys at Hamilton College is in the army, now a lieutenant. He was our famous pitcher in his day, and for a while afterward was with the New York Giants. A short time ago he had occasion to go to Camp Dix, to consult an officer in the divisional intelligence office at that point. The officer was not in, but a very courteous

and competent orderly invited the lieutenant to wait for the officer's return. Inadvertently the lieutenant dropped his glove on the floor. Quick as a flash the orderly picked it up. Then he brought the lieutenant a morning paper, and in all ways made such an impression that when the intelligence officer arrived, the lieutenant could not refrain from injecting a remark upon the perfect courtesy and competency of the orderly.

"Well," said the officer, "he ought to know what he's up to—that's Kingdon Gould."

A SOLDIER'S RESENTMENT OF INJUSTICE

Not long ago, walking at dusk up Genesee Street, in my home city of Utica, I saw a group of newsboys with sheaves of papers under their arms coming toward me, rollicking and singing and pushing, letting loose the energy of their young spirits. In the center was a little fellow who appeared to be the leader, and who was a little more pert and noisy than any of the rest.

Then a grown-up individual came along—a well-dressed person with a derby hat. For some reason which I could not understand, he suddenly took umbrage at the tone or talk of the little leader and slapped the boy's face.

A little in advance of me two young soldiers, evidently home on furlough, were passing up the street. Quick as a flash one of them ran at the adult bully and struck him a blow in the face which leveled him to the sidewalk. I could hear the crunch of his derby hat as his head fell into it when he struck the flagging.

The soldier picked up the bully, set him on his feet, told him what he thought of him, and sent him on his way. Then he turned to me, calm as a May morning, and said:

"Can you tell me where to find the Y. M. C. A.?"

"My friend," I replied, "it is right across the way; and you belong there, all right. That was one of the best jobs I've seen done in this city for many a day! If you are going to be around here long, there are one or two other fellows I would like to bring around to be handled after the same fashion."

It was a simple incident, significant of the resentment against wrong which the disciplined soldier of a free nation is going to feel. Six months before, that soldier

probably would not have thought of resenting a trivial injustice to the weak; but a man disciplined to sacrifice his all, even life itself, in a great crisis, cannot abide conventions. He is apt to disregard the usual means of securing peace and order and of controlling the ordinary processes of society.

PROBLEMS THAT THE WORLD MUST FACE

The armies of the free nations, when they come marching home, will be quick to demand a finer and more democratic civilization. And they will expect us to begin to make ready while they are gone.

They will expect us and our government to do all we can to banish the paralyzing effects of fear from the world. This can be done to an enormous degree for whole well-governed populations by a proper social system of insurance against accident, disease, and death. We had begun that development before the war. We are likely to move much more rapidly after the war. It will cost millions, no doubt, but it will be the profoundest economy in view of the billions which are now being squandered because of the lack of adequate national preparation of the whole population for a crisis. Involuntary unemployment, dependent old age, bad housing, preventable industrial disease—we shall know no more of these in the better and truer democracy that is to be.

Democracy will deal in a wise way with the twin excrescences of socialism—the spirit of a false and flabby internationalism, and the unpatriotic and unnationalistic practise of the class struggle.

Socialism has its educative place in human society. It is a curb upon overweening individualism which we do not decry; but the war is disclosing two startling weaknesses in its structure. Men are dying by the million for a free, strong nationalism which shall act throughout the world as a check on imperial dominion, and which shall give civilization a chance to develop the finest qualities of the race in comparatively small units. But socialism is putting the dynamite under nationalism! Men are dying by the million for national unity and brotherhood. But socialism has

been stirring the home lands of the free nations to class struggle in the face of the common peril!

We cannot wonder that the finest leaders of the socialist faith have revolted at such practises and doctrines during the war. We cannot doubt that the democracy of the future will so adjust itself to the needs and the longings of mankind that there will be no sound social excuse for the national menace of the class struggle.

Democracy will recognize the tremendous social value of a property stake for the masses in industry, in the land, in the government. The relation of the land to the people, and the best means of getting greater and greater numbers of the population upon the soil, will be studied as never before. Productive labor, in the broadest sense, will be recognized as the chief national asset. It will have joint ownership with capital in industry, and joint control with capital in industry, as the leaders of labor become more and more intelligently worthy of representation in the councils of production.

Democracy will have a system of education suited to its needs. The only efficiently democratic thing about education, hitherto, has been the equality of access to knowledge which has been afforded by the public-school system. Two-thirds of all the children of democracy have drifted out into life at about fourteen years of age with only a blind chance at a happy career or a self-supporting livelihood. Very large numbers of them have been occupational misfits of all kinds and degrees. There has been no real training for a calling or for the social and moral duties of citizenship.

Democracy is primarily interested in a perfected system of education; for democracy can never be made to work unless it is manned by practical experts in the highest as well as in the humblest ranges of service—experts who are at once refined, moral, and free.

A government, clean, wholesome, and strong, men in places of power and trust who are wise and honest and not afraid of the snake that coils around the world—these are steps on the way to make democracy safe for the world.

EDITORIAL NOTE—There were two regrettable errors in last month's issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, due to misinformation received from the photographers whom we had previously found careful and accurate in such matters. The engraving on page 242 is not a portrait of Provost-Marshal-General Crowder, as stated in the caption under it; and the airman who appears in the picture on page 317 is not Lieutenant Allan F. Winslow, but Lieutenant Douglas Campbell.

Wanted—A Budget System for the United States

THE WASTE AND DISORGANIZATION THAT RESULT FROM OUR LACK OF ANY UNIFIED CONTROL OVER THE NATIONAL FINANCES—AN EVIL THAT IS EMPHASIZED BY THE FINANCIAL PRESSURE OF A GREAT WAR

By M. R. Ryan

"OUTSIDE of Turkey, we are the only civilized nation—if Turkey can be called civilized—that does not have a budget system of finance, and it is time that we should get out of the class of Turkey."

Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, is responsible for the above observation, in which there is food for thought.

It is not too much to say that our present national system of finance is an absurdity. Discuss our financial methods with any foreigner of average intelligence, and note the mixture of amusement and wonder that creeps into his countenance. He asks how we tolerate the haphazard fashion in which Congress appropriates the money of the people. What should we think of an ordinary business concern that had no plan for coordinating its expenditures with its income? And is not the United States government a great business concern—one that spends, even in normal times, nearly two billions of dollars a year?

In the past we used to wave away such questions with nonchalance; for did we not know that there was usually a tremendous surplus in the Treasury, accumulated there through our system of indirect taxation? With money to burn, why worry about the government's precise financial status?

But war has stripped us of our airy indifference. It has placed a heavy burden of direct taxes upon our shoulders, and has made us realize that "the glorious privilege of youth, the privilege of committing errors without suffering from their consequences," of which James Bryce wrote in his "American Commonwealth" some thirty years ago,

is no longer our own. Conservation and economy are the watchwords of the hour. And because the budget system would do much to protect the taxpayers of the country from the wasting of public moneys, its adoption by Congress at this time is specially desirable.

Properly to comprehend our existing financial system, it is necessary to review briefly the manner of its growth.

THE MULTIPLICATION OF COMMITTEES

In 1789 the House of Representatives formed the Committee of Ways and Means. For seventy-six years this committee was in control of all appropriation bills and measures for revenue; but in 1865 the Committee on Rules, after examining various suggestions as to a division of the jurisdiction of the Committee of Ways and Means, recommended that the latter committee should confine itself to revenue legislation, that a Committee on Appropriations should be created to deal with appropriation bills, and also that a Committee on Banking and Currency be established.

Seventeen years later, measures for the improvement of rivers and harbors were removed from the jurisdiction of the Appropriations Committee. Again, in 1885, because of a dispute between some members of the House and the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, other committees were put in charge of certain appropriation bills. To-day the situation is much as it became at that date—no fewer than fourteen separate and distinct committees are reporting on bills that draw upon the Treasury. In addition to this, there are

now fifteen committees in the Senate engaged upon like work.

Under our system, the legislative branch of the government prepares all financial measures. Some attempt is made by the various executive departments to compile for Congress estimates of the expenditures proposed for the coming fiscal year; but these are not invariably dependable. It sometimes happens that a department head may anticipate the cutting of his estimate by a Congressional committee, in which case he is likely to ask for an appropriation of a size that will stand reduction, rather than an exact appropriation.

NO CENTRAL FINANCIAL AUTHORITY

There is another objection in the fact that the several estimates are not revised or unified by any central authority. They are simply turned in to the Secretary of the Treasury, who orders them arranged in order and printed, after which he presents them to Congress, together with his annual report on the nation's income and expenditure and the public debt. They may form an equitable and well-considered whole, or they may not; but in either event, it is not the concern of the executive branch of the government.

In addition to the department estimates, Congress also receives from the army engineers a report as to the appropriations required for rivers and harbors, and a financial requisition from the Court of Claims.

And, after all, what are these estimates worth? It is not unusual to find some of the House committees preparing bills before the department estimates are given to Congress; and those committees that do wait for the estimates use them merely as suggestions in the building of bills.

The ordinary method for computing an appropriation is as follows:

For a basis, the previous appropriation act is taken. That basis may not be correct, for the current allowance may be far too much, or too little for the needs of the department under consideration; but no matter. Now follow the hearings of the committee, when department officials testify, in answer to questions only, as to the departmental wants. Then, after some further consideration, the committee drafts the bill and reports it out. Once in the hands of a committee of the whole in the House or Senate, the items of such a bill may be

either decreased or increased. In the latter case, an opening is made for the notorious "pork-barrel" methods.

It is evident that it is practically impossible for the Ways and Means Committee to do satisfactory work. Plans for taxation cannot be based on the department estimates, in view of the fact that these estimates are not heeded by the various appropriation committees. Any comprehensive plan of action, therefore, intelligently framed to provide for present and future needs, is completely blocked.

To one familiar with the budgetary methods of other countries, the financial procedure of the United States can seem nothing less than bizarre. Elsewhere, the budget is a thing of supreme interest to every voter. Here, eight years ago, Senator Aldrich's statement that a hundred million dollars could easily be saved by the government annually was accepted with general apathy.

However, economists have been steadily urging us to adopt a businesslike method of finance, and of late their labors appear to show some promise of bearing fruit. In Charles W. Collins's readable and illuminating little book, "The National Budget System and American Finance," a most interesting budget system, incorporating the best in the foreign systems, is outlined. It is believed that its adoption would entail no Constitutional amendment; but some radical readjustments in national affairs would be necessary.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A BUDGET SYSTEM

The proposed plan gives to the President, as an executive officer directly responsible to the people as a whole, the handling of the budget. As a party leader, he is able to direct that bills of various types shall be drafted. He can call upon members of his party to bring about new legislation demanded by conditions unforeseen when his party formulated its platform. He is in almost constant communication with the party leaders in Congress. Taking a hand, as he does, in such measures as the Farm Loan Act and the law establishing the Federal Trade Commission, there is nothing to prevent his doing likewise with financial measures. He would settle his financial policy after conferring with his party leaders—those selected by a joint party caucus—and his Cabinet.

A few months before the opening of Con-

gress, the Secretary of the Treasury, upon the President's orders, would request of the several departments of the government provisional estimates of their wants. These he would revise, and would make known the totals at a Cabinet meeting. When the President and his Cabinet arrived at an agreement as to the total expenditure to be authorized, the departments would be advised to figure their final estimates accordingly.

Of course, in the event of the Treasury entering into the proposed system, its powers would have to be enlarged, so that it could revise, reduce, or eliminate items in the budget. The pork barrel would disappear under this new régime; for all items from the departments would be examined by the Treasury, not from a local but from a national standpoint; and though, upon rejection of an item, appeal could be made to the Cabinet by the department that was ruled against, the chances are that no dispute would arise, unless the item were of real moment.

The work of estimating concluded, the Secretary of the Treasury would then write a report as to the financial condition of the nation. He would set down its current expenses, the new estimates of expenditure, and the probable amount of revenue from all sources. He would suggest additional measures of taxation if these should be necessary. This summary approved, it would be printed and bound for the members of Congress.

THE BUDGET BEFORE CONGRESS

Then, as party leader, the President would appoint a floor leader in Congress to introduce the budget there, just as if it were any other administration bill. Being made public in the early part of the Congressional session, it could be examined by every voter in the country. The people would thus know how they were to be taxed, and for what.

In regard to the action of the House and Senate upon the budget, a new point arises. These bodies would have to agree to refrain from offering amendments that would increase the budget. Indeed, if the executive is to be made responsible for the budget, a step of this kind would be imperative. Furthermore, department heads would have to have seats and the privilege of debate in Congress—though denied a vote, of course. Their presence would be essen-

tial for the purpose of explaining and defending any portion of the budget that might be objected to.

Now, it not infrequently occurs that the President does not control Congress. In such a case his budget might not prove acceptable to the opposing party. Upon a vote against it, then, he would have to bring in a revised budget that would satisfy the majority. For example, if the House were against him and the Senate with him, he might submit a budget that would meet the desires of the House, and then, as a party leader, he might force the Senate, no matter how bitter its opposition, to vote for it.

The budget finally ratified, the departments, organized much as at present, would proceed to carry it out under the supervision of the Treasury; but some important changes would have to be made to provide for the auditing of accounts. The six auditors who now take charge of this work would be placed completely under the comptroller of the currency, whereas at present they operate independent of his supervision. The comptroller's office would be considered as non-political, and its occupant would be appointed for life. It would be his duty to report upon the accounts, in detail, to Congress.

In addition, the committees of the House and Senate now controlling departmental accounts would become one joint standing Committee of Public Accounts. This committee would see to it that departments operated with efficiency and economy; it would examine officials who should faultily execute the budget; it would submit a report of its labors to Congress.

Here, then, in brief outline, is a possible budget system for the United States.

JOHN J. FITZGERALD'S SUGGESTION

It has also been suggested that the country should return to its first national plan of finance—that of giving to the Ways and Means Committee the drafting of bills for revenue and expenditure. In 1913, Mr. Fitzgerald, of New York, whose recent resignation from the chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee and from the House was so great a loss to the nation, declared that years of investigation had convinced him that one change in the methods of the House was an essential preliminary to any other reform—that change being to concentrate in one committee the control of all general appropriation bills. With re-

sponsibility thus placed upon a central body, and with the right of individual members of Congress to amend appropriation bills abolished, some gain in the government's financial system would undoubtedly be made; but this latter scheme would still lack the effectiveness and the businesslike features of the former.

In the political campaign of 1916 both the Republican and Democratic parties pledged themselves to endeavor to secure a budget system for the country. In his address to Congress on December 4, 1917, President Wilson undertook to fulfil his party's pledge by urging the House to alter its method of finance. On the Republican side, Senator Kenyon not long ago introduced in the Senate a joint resolution for the appointment of a commission to report a plan for a national budget system; and he has said that he will bring the question to the floor of the Senate, should it not receive attention from the committee to which it has been referred.

WILL THE WAR COMPEL A REFORM?

May favorable Congressional action be looked for on the subject of the budget? Some remarks uttered by Mr. Frear, of

Wisconsin, in the House during December last, furnish a partial answer:

The people will scrutinize all public expenditures. Every economy in public business that can be practised and every safeguard that can be placed around the Federal Treasury are demanded. All questions of legislative prerogatives . . . must give way before the enormous and unprecedented burdens that are to be piled upon the backs of the taxpayers. The political party that fails to grasp the full significance of this prophecy will be relegated to the background.

A budget system makes for economy; it safeguards the taxpayer. One of the Illinois Congressmen said last year that when the people began to pay their war taxes, they would be heard from. It is fair to assume, then, that the public will look with high and increasing favor on a budget system that would help to conserve the national pocketbook.

Taxpayers will have an opportunity to express themselves at the polls in November, when a new Congress will be elected, and it is likely that public finance will be a prominent subject of debate during the campaign. So perhaps political wisdom may soon make it possible for us to bid Turkey a brisk good-by.

AT THE PORT OF EMBARKATION

I SAW them marching, marching;
No sound of drum was heard;
I saw no banner waving,
And no man spoke a word.

No need of martial music—
Each heart was beating high;
No need of flag—Old Glory
Shone in each radiant eye!

Along the path of morning,
Through mists of gold, their way
Led down to where the river
Flows out into the bay.

I saw them marching, marching—
Those sturdy, stalwart men;
The tramp, tramp, tramp of Freedom
At night I hear again.

And gleaming stars of beauty
A vision then release—
On Europe's shores they're landing,
The pioneers of peace!

Frederick A. Earle

Our Airmen in France



MAJOR WILLIAM THAW

Who won fame as a member of the Escadrille Lafayette, and is now serving in the American air force

From a photograph by Paul Thompson



THE LATE MAJOR RAOUL LUFBERY

Who was regarded as the best flier in the American service, with seventeen enemy planes officially to his credit, when he was killed on May 19 last

From a photograph by the International Film Service, New York



LIEUTENANT EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER

Who went to France as General Pershing's driver, got a commission in the air service, and has already been decorated for bravery

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



LIEUTENANT AUSTEN B. CREHORE

Formerly of the Escadrille Lafayette, now of the
American air service

From a photograph by the Central News Photo Service



CAPTAIN JAMES NORMAN HALL

One of the best-known American airmen, now a
prisoner in Germany

From a copyrighted photograph by Kadel & Herbert



LIEUTENANT BERT HALL

The only survivor, except Major Thaw, of the ten original members of the Escadrille Lafayette

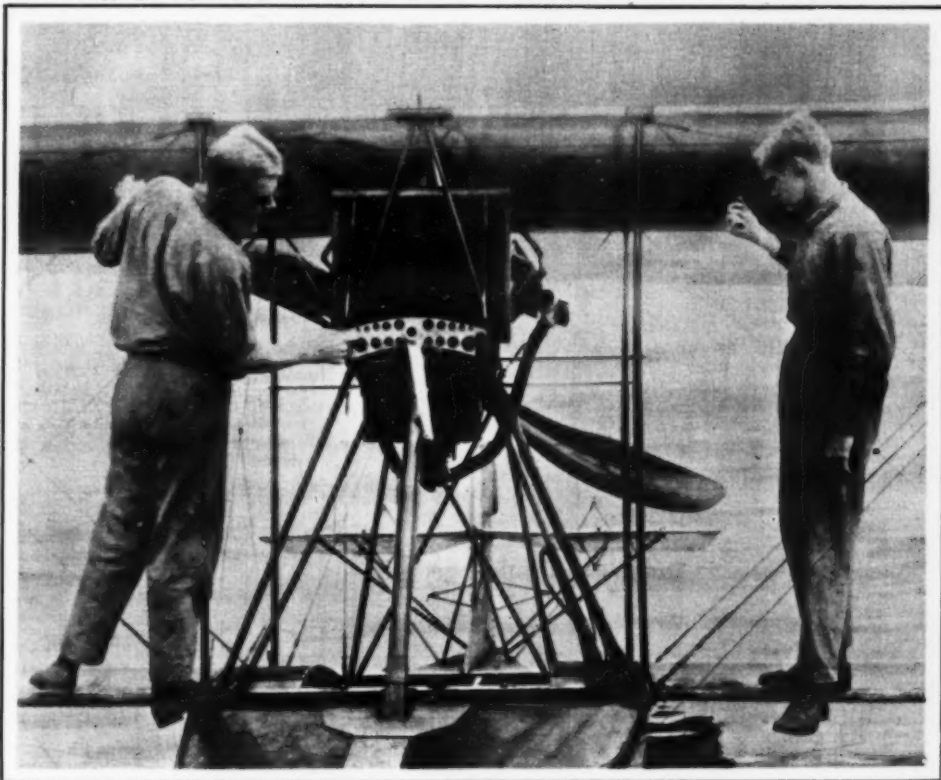
From a copyrighted photograph by Paul Thompson



LIEUTENANT FRANK L. BAYLIES

A well-known American ace in the French air service—
He was reported missing on June 21

Copyrighted by the International Film Service



ENSIGN ALBERT D. STURTEVANT (left) and CURTIS REID (right)

Two young Yale athletes who met death within the same week—Sturtevant was captain of the Yale crew in 1915

From a copyrighted photograph by the Western Newspaper Union



CAPTAIN DAVID PETERSON

Who has the remarkable record of fighting nine air battles in two hours

From a photograph by Paul Thompson



LIEUTENANT FRANK M. POST

Who has been cited for conspicuous gallantry in French army orders

Copyrighted by the Western Newspaper Union



LIEUTENANT JAMES A. MEISSNER

An American airman who has been decorated with the French Croix de Guerre

Copyrighted by the International Film Service



THREE YOUNG AMERICAN AIRMEN

Lieutenant Allan F. Winslow (left) who brought down the first enemy plane credited to an American under our colors; Lieutenant Douglas Campbell (center), and Major John Huffer (right), who were officially credited in June with five and four enemy planes respectively—See note on page 504

From a copyrighted photograph by Kadel & Herbert, New York



LIEUTENANT HOBEY BAKER

A former Princeton football star who has won at least two victories in the air

Copyrighted by the Western Newspaper Union



CAPTAIN J. E. MEREDITH

Who as Ted Meredith was a famous athlete at the University of Pennsylvania

Copyrighted by the Western Newspaper Union

Building Our Wooden Fleet

HOW A DECADENT INDUSTRY HAS BEEN REORGANIZED ON A GREAT SCALE AND
WITH NEW METHODS TO MEET THE IMPERATIVE DEMAND
FOR OCEAN-GOING SHIPS

By Robert G. Skerrett

WE are rapidly reaching our man-sized stride in ship-building. If we can hold our gait, and there is ample warrant for the belief that we can, we shall soon be able to span the Atlantic with a continuous line of cargo-carriers.

Wooden craft are going to constitute an important part of our chain of deep-sea freighters. At the time of writing this article, work was in progress at no less than three hundred and thirty-two building-slips, upon which hundreds of thousands of tons of timber craft were under construction. Assuming that a ship can be turned out every six months from each slip, then, according to the chairman of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, there is no reason why we should not produce between two and three million dead-weight tons of wooden vessels annually. This is something that has never been done before, even in the days when our wonderful clippers were the queens of the ocean.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, the yards engaged in constructing wooden craft are working under full pressure. A year ago many of these plants were nothing more substantial than potentialities, while others, though existent, were only preparing to take in hand the contracts they had signed. To-day nearly all of them are in full operation. They have been provided with all needful facilities, and they have at their command armies of labor capable of operating the machine-tools that have metamorphosed the whole industry.

Indeed, it is not overstating the case to say that the ocean-going wooden ship as we know it to-day, as a war-time product, could not have come into existence but for the special apparatus that is playing so

large a part in constructive speed and quantity output.

We all know that the croakers were loud in their gloomy predictions when they learned that a considerable part of our emergency tonnage was to be fabricated of timber. They unhesitatingly pronounced the program a mistake, and said it would mean the squandering of millions. Nevertheless, we have forged steadily ahead, and things have come to pass that were generally considered impossible a year ago. For instance, a wooden vessel of thirty-five hundred tons dead-weight has been launched in fifty-one days after the laying of her keel; and others are following at a rate that demonstrates just what can be done when we set ourselves to meet a difficult situation.

But in order to grasp with measurable understanding what has been achieved, it is needful to know something of the conditions that warranted the attitude of the doubting Thomases.

THE DECADENCE OF THE TIMBER SHIP

For some decades the sturdier steel structure had supplanted the wooden steamer, and the building of ocean-going timber craft was commonly regarded as a decadent art. Yards for wooden ships survived here only in a few places. In fact, there were but twenty-four of them in the United States, and these were decidedly out of date in their equipment.

Moreover, a wooden ship is harder to build than a steel one, and we had to consider the problem of that specialist in wood-working, the shipwright. Where, it was asked, could enough of his rare kind be found in this country to turn out the tonnage contemplated, and to do it within the time-limit set by the urgent demands of a



A WOODEN VESSEL ON THE BLOCKS IN AN AMERICAN SHIPYARD, WITH MOST OF THE FRAMEWORK FASTENED TO THE KEEL

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York

stupendous conflict carried on three thousand miles away across the Atlantic?

A glimpse at the latest census made it perfectly plain that shipwrights, or shipcarpenters, were few and far between. The majority of those in the trade were men who had clung to it as an industrial heritage, and who still pegged away at it in comfortable, easy-going fashion in small building-plants and out-of-the-way ports, where time seldom pressed.

Instead of turning out a few hundred tons in the course of a year, as these men were doing, our task was to build hundreds of thousands of tons of ocean-going ships in the shortest possible time. Trained shipwrights numerous enough to do this were not to be had. Even if legions of them had been available, it would have been impracticable to utilize them effectively, because they were wholly unused to the methods of quantity production. They could not have been set to work without hampering one another, for custom demanded that each should have plenty of elbow-room in which to attack his particular task.

Our new wooden fleet had to be constructed both well and quickly. Its units must typify sound workmanship, and yet must be fabricated faster than shipwrights

ever worked before. These are just the things that are being achieved to-day in the scores of Eastern, Southern, and Western plants now busily engaged in building wooden ships, and this productive paradox is being wrought mainly through the employment of agencies that were not considered of possible service until the stress of conflict imposed entirely new conditions.

The man in the street does not yet know how radical are the departures that are now practised in the creation of a fleet of timber cargo-carriers. The story is a worth-while one, because it illustrates American resourcefulness and ingenuity operating at their best to serve a great national cause.

ORGANIZING A NEW INDUSTRY

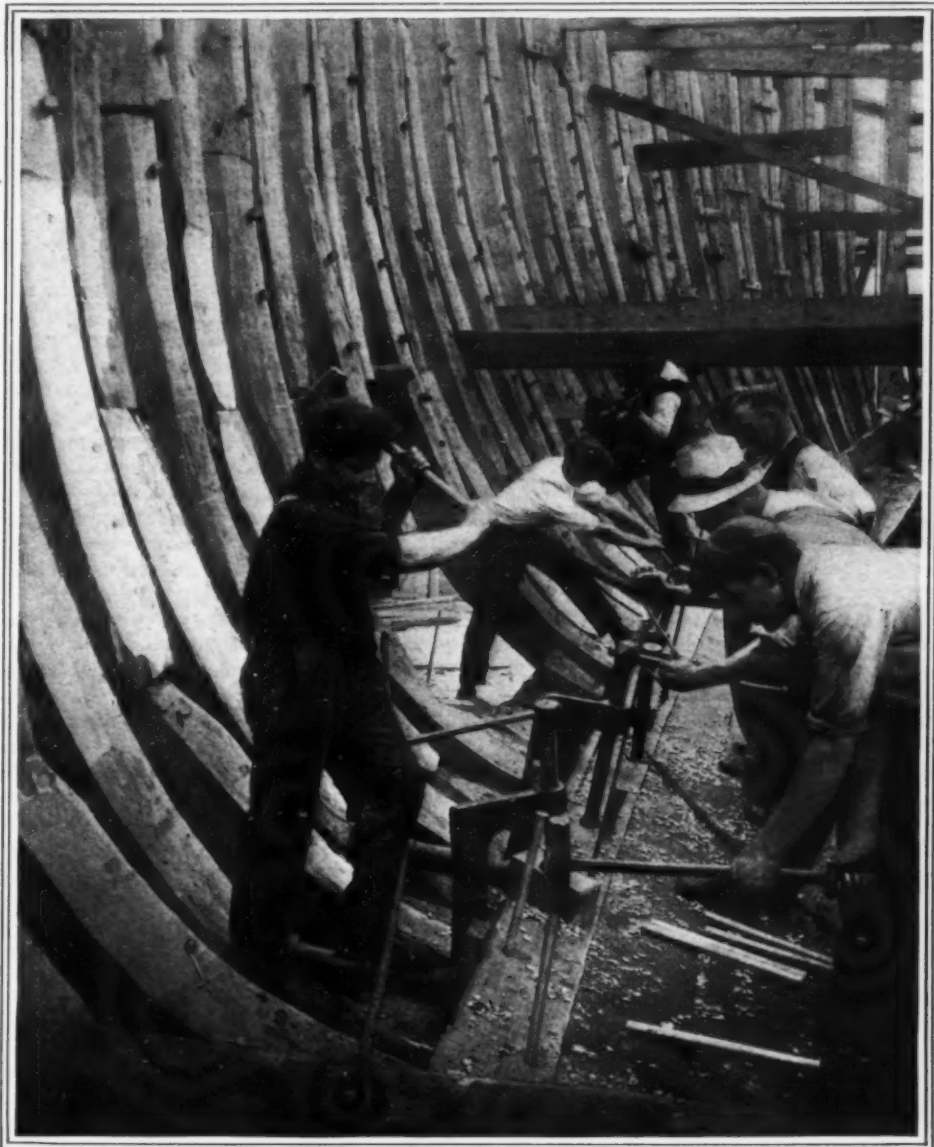
To begin with, it was necessary to call into being most of the plants now engaged in constructing wooden vessels. The speed with which these establishments have been organized is in itself astonishing. Some of those that are now producing a large tonnage were non-existent a little more than a year ago, and their sites were merely the natural meeting-places of land and tide. Several of the yards built the first of their ships within a half-year or so after the ground was cleared for the purpose. There

are auxiliary schooners afloat to-day, of two thousand tons dead-weight capacity and upward, doing splendid service, that were not represented twelve months ago by a single plan.

In fact, without going into the maze of details involved in the undertaking, this whole work has been organized and set going upon a scale undreamed of by the

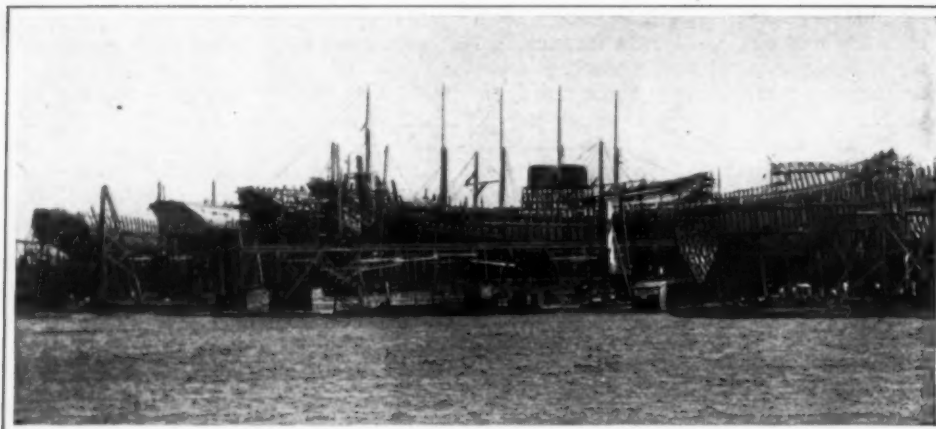
general public. Special trains are carrying the raw materials from the forest to the shipyard.

The mountain slopes of the Western States are providing the needful timber for the yards on the Pacific Coast, while the East draws its supplies both from the West and from the South. The trains engaged in this service are so speeded up that they make



SHIP-CARPENTERS AT WORK ON THE FRAME OF A WOODEN SHIP, SPIKING TIMBERS TO THE RIBS OF THE HULL

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



VIEW OF A SHIPYARD IN TEXAS WHERE NINE WOODEN VESSELS ARE UNDER CONSTRUCTION FOR UNCLE SAM'S EMERGENCY FLEET AND SIX FOR A BRITISH STEAMSHIP COMPANY—

From a copyrighted photograph—

their journeys in something like one-fifth of the time formerly required.

Several of the Southern yards lie fairly close to great growths of fine yellow pine, and there, as elsewhere, the work of providing the raw material and hastening it to the points of consumption has been systematized on a large scale.

The logging industry has mustered to its aid a variety of special facilities that greatly reduce the measure of man-power hitherto considered necessary. Efforts are directed continually toward cutting out lost motion and preserving a rapid and unbroken sequence of interrelated operations from the felling of the forest giant until the big sticks are delivered upon the floors of the sawmills.

MACHINES THAT REPLACE HAND LABOR

For instance, a picture formerly familiar was that of husky woodsmen toiling away with a big, two-handed saw in the laborious work of cutting up a fallen tree into logs of convenient length for handling in the flume for transportation from the forest to some near-by waterway, or for delivery at points where they can be loaded upon waiting cars for movement by rail. Now, however, a very common means to time-saving is the gasoline-driven portable drag-saw, which can be set up against a massive trunk and started without further to do. These saws will go through any kind of wood in any place and under any condition that prevails in lumber-camps. They work twice as rapidly as the best hand labor, and

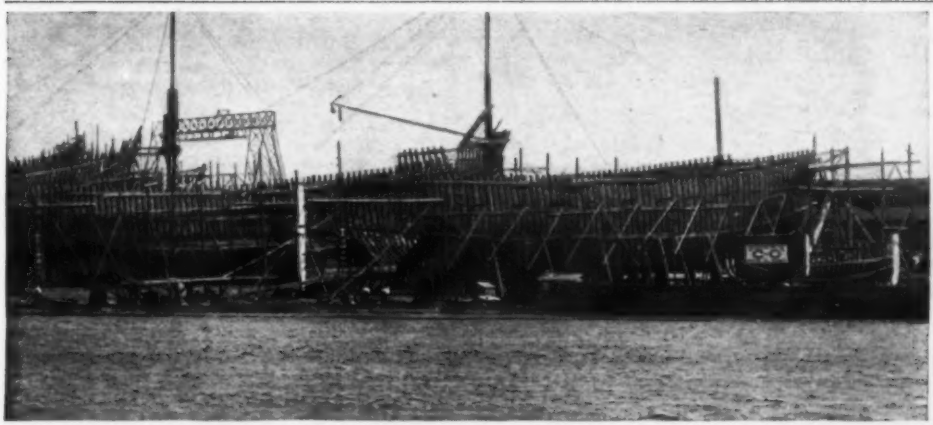
they will keep cutting away, hour in and hour out, in all sorts of weather.

Once the rafts of timber reach the yard, they are steadily fed into the sawmills, which constitute to-day a far more important part of a modern wooden ship-building plant than was formerly the case. Yesterday, so to speak, the sawmill work was practically limited to squaring up big sticks, cutting out massive planks, and finishing off some of the latter by passing them through the planing-machines. Nearly all the other operations of fashioning and shaping were left to the shipwrights, who, with broadax, adz, draw-knife, and chisel, hewed, cut, and finished the thousands of interrelated parts that enter into the make-up of a timber-built craft. Not only that, but crooked growths that would be the despair of the average carpenter could be turned to good account by these cunning artisans, who fashioned them into supporting brackets for deck-beams, knees, and the curving portions of stems and stern-posts.

To-day, the sawmill has been pitted directly against the manual dexterity of the traditional shipwright; and the preparation of substantially eighty per cent of the different structural features of the wooden ship is done in the mill.

WORKING FOR QUANTITY PRODUCTION

Starting with the floor of the mold-loft, where the lines of the vessel are developed and sections are laid down in full size, templets or patterns of thin boards are made, following the careful drawings on the



—THIS YARD IS BUILDING WOODEN STEAMERS OF FIVE THOUSAND TONS, WHICH ARE SAID TO BE THE LARGEST VESSELS OF THEIR CLASS THAT HAVE EVER BEEN CONSTRUCTED

—by the International Film Service, New York

mold-loft floor. These patterns are then laid upon planking, which may be as much as twelve inches thick, and their contours carefully penciled in duplicate, triplicate, or more, according to the number of craft in hand and the quantity of parts needed in their composition. These constructional elements are no longer left to the ship-carpenter to hew out and to finish after his wonted leisurely fashion.

Instead, the work is done by means of band-saws and jig-saws, power-operated, which can cut through the thickest timber and follow any prescribed line. Further, these saws can be set to work at chosen angles, so as to finish the pieces with any desired bevel. In brief, they do in minutes what the most expert and alert shipwright would require days to accomplish.

What is quite as important, these mechanical agencies can be utilized satisfactorily—yes, skilfully—by wood-workers who are in nowise the equals of the regular, qualified ship-carpenter. This makes it practicable to muster into service men quite unfamiliar with the niceties of naval architecture, and to recruit the needful force from trades that number hundreds of thousands of followers.

At the start there were plenty of skeptics—principally among those intimately familiar with wooden ship-building—who did not hesitate to say that the trained shipwright would sooner on later be indispensable. They did not believe that men unaccustomed to this particular industry would be able to use the special tools with

sufficient accuracy to obviate subsequent truing and surfacing by hand. In the trade this is called "dubbing," and here is where the adz, in the past, has harmonized neighboring parts and blended contiguous surfaces.

It must be remembered that frames, keelsons, keels, stems, and stern-posts are not formed from single pieces, but are purposely made up of interlapping and cunningly keyed units which make for strength and the capacity to resist shifting stresses. Joints cannot be tolerated if rough or imperfect; wood must meet wood intimately and throughout the entire length of associated areas, so that when bound together finally by bolts and pins, the whole will constitute a sturdy entity.

Notwithstanding the doubters, however, dubbing is rarely necessary to make the sawed parts set properly, and for this reason the mill work has reduced to an almost incredible extent the amount of hand work demanded in the assembling of the up-to-date wooden vessel. Even where dubbing is needful, the shipwright is not required. A mechanical dubbing-machine, driven by air, and easily handled by a single operative, does the trick in record time.

Power-functioned portable planers also blend neighboring surfaces. A modification of the regular mechanical planer of the planing-mill has been perfected within the past year. This particular tool is called a beveling side-head. Because it can be canted at different angles, it can be used to form parts much after the manner of

the beveling band-saw, and at the same time it will give a perfectly smooth finish.

PUTTING THE SHIP TOGETHER

And now, assuming that the multiple units have been cut and made ready for putting together, the next thing is to assemble these and to rear the craft.

fifty-one days, if manual effort were the only means of driving the various tools.

Since the revival of wooden ship-building within the past year or so, pneumatic and electric tools—preferably the former—have been called into service. Many of these were already in existence, but were designed primarily for steel construction, and the



THE UNCOMPLETED HULL OF A WOODEN SHIP AT A YARD ON THE ATLANTIC COAST—A VIEW THAT GIVES AN IDEA OF THE LARGE CARGO SPACE OF THESE BIG TIMBER FREIGHTERS

From a photograph by the Central News Service, New York

The work starts with her backbone, or keel. First, holes must be bored for tree-nails, spikes, bolts, and kindred fastenings. In the old yards most of these holes were drilled by augers patiently and toilsomely turned by hand. Some of them have to be made through wooden sections several feet deep, and one can easily imagine the time required to do this where man-power alone is relied upon. Thousands and thousands of holes must be bored, and they must run straight and hold to the intended centers. It would be utterly out of the question to assemble a thirty-five-hundred-ton ship in

task of their sponsors was to adapt them to the somewhat different conditions imposed by timber.

The pneumatic boring-machine burrows into yellow pine, fir, and the like with the seeming ease of a stick being forced into soft earth. With the holes ready, bolts and spikes are driven into place by pneumatic hammers that far outstrip the highest speed possible on the part of the shipwright with his sledge and swinging drive. The short, staccato strokes of the mechanical hammer start and finish the job in a jiffy. Great drift-bolts six, eight, and ten feet long are

similarly pounded home under the rapid blows of specially developed pneumatic drivers.

No matter where the hole is to be bored or the bolt, treenail, or spike driven, the workman can now assume a comfortable posture and accomplish his task quickly and without the fatigue inevitable to an awkward approach to his job. Not only that, but narrow spaces do not hamper him as of old, when sledge or hammer had to be swung freely to assure sufficient momentum to knock the bolt securely home. All these present-day facilities make for a speed of performance unthought of in the wooden ship-building plant of two or three years back. And what is more to the point, a



THE OLD METHOD OF CALKING A WOODEN SHIP
—DRIVING OAKUM INTO THE SEAMS WITH
BEETLE AND CALKING-IRON

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood &
Underwood, New York*



THE NEW METHOD OF CALKING WITH A PNEU-
MATIC TOOL THAT STRIKES FIFTEEN
HUNDRED BLOWS A MINUTE

wide variety of workers, even unskilled labor, can be utilized to advantage and in departments of construction where only the shipwright or his trained apprentice could be trusted of yore.

The really modern timber shipyard is generally provided with a wide-spread system of piping, which carries motive energy in the form of compressed air, and at hundreds of points there are valves and connections to which can be joined flexible branches of rubber hose. These, in turn, are coupled to the pneumatic tools used within and without the growing craft.

Most of these tools are so strong that they will stand pretty rough treatment, and their parts are so few and simple that the average workman soon becomes familiar with their operation and learns to adjust



THE DECK OF A FOUR-MASTED WOODEN VESSEL NEARING COMPLETION AT A TEXAS SHIPYARD WHICH HAS ALREADY PUT FOUR SIMILAR CRAFT IN SERVICE

them should they fail to function properly. It is in these particulars that the pneumatic apparatus has the better of the electrically driven appliances, as well as in the lessened risk of accident through faulty insulation and possible short-circuiting.

CALKING AND PAINTING THE SHIP

The deck of a wooden ship is an acknowledged work of art, and, like the outside planking, it must be calked with oakum and payed with pitch to make it water-tight. Heretofore, the calking was done by men long schooled in the work, who handled their special tools—beetle and iron—with consummate skill. In singsong fashion they drove the oakum into the open seams and rammed it hard and tight into place with cumulative blows that could be identified from myriads of other noises by reason of their high-pitched, resonant note. Now, instead of those measured taps, the pneumatic calking-tool raps the oakum home at the rate of fifteen hundred blows a minute.

This is another mechanical agency that can be used effectively no matter where the seam is located. It works so quickly that it appears to eat the oakum with insatiable greed, but all the while it is thrusting the packing material into place where it will effectually hold the intrusive water at bay.

Finally, the ship must be painted—but not by ship-painters, as they have been classed in the trade for many decades. The old-fashioned artisan's latter-day substitute may know next to nothing about handling a brush, and may have small claim to manual dexterity; but nevertheless he is filling the bill admirably and doing his work well and fast. To be exact, he is even doing better than his quondam rival, because he is reaching places which the other man's brush could not touch. He is making his paint go farther, measured by the area of surface covered per gallon of color; and he is saving money, because he is economizing in both time and material.

These economies are possible because this

painter paints by machine. He sprays the mixture on the various surfaces by means of a compressed-air impulse; and with his hose and tank of paint he can get at any part of the vessel, and yet avoid many of the perils to which the brush operator is of necessity exposed.

It is fortunate for us, in our struggle to make the world a safe place in which to

live, that the genius of our tool-makers has evolved these mechanical wonders by which so much can be done, and well done, by men who can be recruited from many ranks of our great army of labor. Otherwise, it would be quite out of the question to hope to produce with sufficient rapidity the great fleet of wooden craft that we need in the present national emergency.

Treenails

AN INTERESTING AND NOT UNIMPORTANT DETAIL OF THE REVIVED AMERICAN
INDUSTRY OF WOODEN SHIP-CONSTRUCTION

By L. C. Everard

WHAT would be thought of a man who proposed to build his house with wooden nails? No doubt he would be put in the same category as a woman who would deliberately choose a thorn for sewing buttons on her husband's trousers when she could just as easily get a nice, bright steel needle. If the man were going to bump his house around the world, the wooden nails would seem even more absurd. Nevertheless, both ships of the past and ships of the present have been fastened together with huge wooden nails and sent out to brave the dangers of the sea and of battle.

It might be thought that the use of wood to hold ships together was an archaism preserved in this age of steel by the conservatism of old ship-builders who have handed down their art from generation to generation. It is not so, for iron and copper have competed with wood as ship fastenings from the days of Pericles, and probably longer, and neither metal nor wood has ever won a complete victory. They have seesawed back and forth from age to age in popularity.

If there had been many magnetic mountains in the sea like that described in the story of "Sinbad the Sailor," the wooden nail would have won in a walk, for no iron-fastened ship could have stayed together; but *Sinbad's* seems to have been the only

natural marvel of its kind, and iron has gone into ship fastenings all through the ages. Long copper nails, taken from a galley which Caligula sailed on the Lake of Nemi in or about A.D. 40, may be seen in one of the museums of Rome. Nowadays a ship is likely to have both wood and iron fastenings.

Tremendous wooden nails, called tree-nails—"trunnels," in ship-builders' parlance—are still used to fasten together the planking, frames, and ceiling of wooden ships. The planking is the outer shell of the hull, the ceiling the inner, and the frames form the skeleton enclosed between inner and outer shells. The wooden nails have to be of considerable size to reach through all three thicknesses. In many instances they are as much as three feet long, and as large in diameter as one and one-half inches.

DRIVING AND WEDGING THE NAILS

A hole is bored with an auger through planking, frame, and ceiling, and the tree-nail is driven home in this with a wooden mallet. The men who do the work acquire a muscular development like a blacksmith's in the process; for the treenail is usually turned larger than the auger-hole, sometimes as much as one-sixteenth of an inch, and has to be whacked pretty hard to drive it in to the head.

Whittier, who well knew the work of the New England ship-builder, says in a familiar poem:

Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free.

Unless the nail is of the best quality, and of straight grain, it is likely to "broom," or split, under the hammering. There is danger of this even with the best material, and two ways have been suggested for minimizing the danger. The outer half of the hole is bored with one auger, and the inner half with an auger one-sixteenth of an inch smaller. The treenail is tapered one-sixteenth of an inch from head to point, or it is turned in two drifts, the half at the entering end just the size of the outer part of the auger-hole, and the half at the head one-sixteenth larger, each portion of the nail thus being one-sixteenth larger than the hole it must ultimately go into. A nail made in this form can be simply pushed in half the way and then hammered home.

After the nails are driven, the heads are sawed off even with the planking, a split is made in the middle of each head, and a wedge is inserted. Some ship-builders also

wrap the treenails, near the head, in oakum before driving them home.

The wedges used nowadays are the full width of the nail, are driven in two inches, and are about one-fourth of an inch thick where they are cut off. Wedges are driven so as to spread the nail against the end grain of the planking, because if they were driven the other way the planking might be split.

There is something else besides the drift and the wedging of the head to hold the treenail tight. When the boat is put into the water, the nail swells. The auger-hole enlarges, too; but here a curious property of wood comes into play to clamp the treenail more firmly in its place. Wood shrinks and swells, with reduction or increase in its moisture content, very slightly lengthwise of the lumber, so that the difference in the auger-hole is very slight; but it shrinks or swells considerably the other way, so that the seasoned treenail becomes appreciably enlarged when it is soaked, and by pressing against the fibers of the planking increases immensely its holding power.

If you look at the side of a wooden ship, you will see no signs of these tremendous



DRIVING TREENAILS INTO THE TIMBERS OF A WOODEN SHIP, SHOWING NAILS PARTLY AND COMPLETELY DRIVEN—THE MAN IN THE BACKGROUND IS SAWING OFF THE HEADS FLUSH WITH THE PLANKING

wooden nails. It looks all smooth, and no doubt many a landsman supposes that the planking is nailed on just like the siding of a house. The reason for this smoothness is that after the wedging has all been done, the outside of the ship is carefully adzed, and the ends of the treenails are smoothed off even with the planking; then a coat of paint makes the ship look as much like one piece as a canoe.

The smoothing-out process is called "dubbing." It is a much greater success if the treenails are of black locust or Osage orange than if they are of live oak, which dulls the edge of the adz and is difficult to cut because of its extreme hardness and locky grain.

THE BEST WOOD FOR TREENAILS

In the palmy days of the British wooden ship-building industry, the treenails were made preferably of oak; but when the industry developed in America the Yankee ship-builder discovered that there was a strictly American wood much superior to the traditional oak—namely, black locust. The special qualities which make black locust the criterion for treenail stock are density, hardness, strength, and durability.

For many years black locust was always specified for treenails, and there was enough to supply the demand. For the tremendous ship-building program now being carried out, however, the immediately available supply is inadequate, and a number of other woods are being used, such as live-oak and Osage orange. The latter—which is also called *bois-d'arc*, meaning "wood of the ark," on account of its durability—is giving special satisfaction when properly manufactured. It has all the



WEDGING TREENAILS WITH IRON OR OAKEN WEDGES, WHICH ARE DRIVEN SO AS TO SPREAD THE NAIL LENGTHWISE AND AVOID SPLITTING THE PLANKING

qualities desirable in treenails, and even if the color should run and dye the planking, the ship, like an artist in rouge, would hide the blemish under her paint.

At the beginning of the ship-building boom there was a tendency among those building ships for private owners to unscientific experiment with substitutes for locust. One ship-builder carried what may be called the "practical" method of experiment to an extreme. Without testing the qualities of the wood, he put American-grown eucalyptus treenails into a ship and sent her out. The unsuitability of the wood was demon-

strated in such conclusive fashion that the practical experiment was a success to this extent—it got a definite answer; but those on the ship did not enjoy it, for they had to hurry into the nearest port. Eucalyptus wood is porous, so that water can get through it easily; and it had continued to shrink after being put into the ship, so that the whole fabric of the vessel became loosened. The eucalyptus nails were knocked out, black locust was put in, and all was well.

Australian-grown eucalyptus is better than American, but it is so difficult to get that it cannot be considered as a substitute for locust.

To establish a basis for comparing the different species of wood for various uses, thousands of tests have been made at the Forest Products Laboratory, conducted by the Forest Service at Madison, Wisconsin. These experiments have proved very useful in the search for woods suitable for treenails, as well as for other ship-building wood. The Forest Service has drawn up specifications for treenails which have been

adopted by the Emergency Fleet Corporation for all wooden ships now being built for the government.

The reason for seeking a substitute for black locust treenails will be apparent to the reader when he puts together these two facts—that builders of wooden craft are busy all along the coast from Maine to Texas, as well as on the Pacific, and that each ship requires from twenty thousand to fifty thousand nails. Furthermore, black locust is not a large tree, and does not grow in great stands, like pine and fir and oak, but is scattered, and has to be hunted down, a tree here and a tree there. Osage orange, the best substitute found so far, has a rather small and misshapen trunk, from which it is hard to get much material of the right size and quality.

No acute shortage of treenail stock has as yet been felt, but we have learned in

the last few years that it pays to look ahead in such matters. Usually it is not simply a case of finding an article that will supply one demand; it is often advantageous to use an article perfectly adapted to one purpose for another for which it is no better suited, or to divert part of the supply to another use and find a substitute for use in the original way.

Wheat flour, for instance, may be the handiest and best material for making American bread, cake, and hot rolls; but a large proportion of it does more good in the war bread of our Allies. So it is with wood; and the Forest Service is not only seeking substitutes for species which are scarce, such as locust for treenails, but is striving to bring about the distribution of the wood supplies of all species to the uses and the industries where they will do the most good in the present emergency.

CITIES AND QUEENS AND KINGS

CITIES and queens and kings

Last but a day;
Time, like a wilful wind,
Blows them away.

There was a queen of old,
Fair as a flower;
Naught but her name remains
Into this hour.

Was it the wind that blew
Sadly and long,
Singing the name of her
Like a lost song?

Kingdoms and empires vast,
Tyrant and sword,
Yield to one king at last—
One overlord.

Sargon, Semiramis,
Babylon, Tyre—
O'er them the serpents hiss,
The winds conspire.

Under their chariot-wheel's
They crushed the proud;
Time gives the desert dust
To them for shroud.

Cities and queens and kings
All go their way,
One with a wind that blew
O'er yesterday!

Edna Valentine Trapnell

Tardieu, the Voice of France

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, HIS CAREER AND PERSONALITY,
AND HIS MESSAGE TO AMERICA

By Edwin C. Hill

IT is not easy to write about a Frenchman, for it is virtually impossible to single out one of them from his fellows. All of them have made heroism commonplace, and each one deserves a decoration of glory. The marvel of their gallantry was the first—always excepting the noble self-sacrifice of Belgium—of the great radiances which illuminated for this country the true meaning of the war.

Even in the days that one blushes now even to recall, when the United States hesitated, weighed, debated, clung to the soiled skirts of neutrality, the greatness of France blazed in the skies, holding the glances of our people. When Frenchmen came here upon their appointed business, Americans were thrilled at the sight of them, and could not but do them honor, though we strove almost pathetically to withhold word or deed which might tip the wretched balance of things. And one remembers how French officers and civilian officials walked about with a padlock upon their spirits, but with a significant look in their eyes. They were too courteous in the house of their hosts even to hint at their amazement that the land of Washington should hesitate when the land of Lafayette was bleeding under the blows of the Lucifer of tyrants, but one sensed their grief and felt ashamed.

Then came that day in April, 1917, which cut the thongs that bound the American spirit and freed it to spring to the side of France. Who can ever forget the demonstrations of admiration that have uplifted the hearts of our French visitors in the past year? Joffre, Viviani, the Blue Devils, Tardieu! They have been hailed as saviors of civilization. They have been the visible symbols here of that magnificent purpose expressed in the three words, *vogue*

la galère! They have been France in America.

Of all of them, the one who has been longest with us, who understands us best, who seems most the embodiment of his country, is M. André Tardieu, the French high commissioner. According to an ancient proverb, Tardieu should have died young, for the gods have loved him. To him they have given that facility which swiftly and brilliantly accomplishes its appointed task. If France has any one *Admirable Crichton* it is Tardieu, so much the gentleman of a nation of gentlemen, a hero among heroes, a diplomat without guile, a doer scornful of words, and always the frank eulogizer of American ideals and accomplishment.

Occasionally there comes to the United States from some other and older nation one who "belongs," as the phrase goes; one who instinctively comprehends our young and restless people; one who sees and understands and sympathizes; one who rejects certain crudities as unimportant, while keeping eye and mind centered on the big, significant facts and tendencies of our national life; one who amuses and is amused, who has a sense of humor in a land that loves to jest; one who is "fellow to a prince and brother to a beggar." That diverting Chinese, Wu Ting Fang—"Mr. Wu"—was such an one. James Bryce was a shining example. André Tardieu is distinctly another.

No representative of a foreign power in peace or war, not even the author of "The American Commonwealth," has ever been more at home in the house of Uncle Sam. It may be because, as René Viviani said of him to President Wilson:

"He is—shall I call him so?—a man of realization, no visionary—an American man!"

It may be because he palpably exhibits certain traits of character of which we Americans are notably fond—courage without boasting, frankness without indiscretion, friendliness without flattery. This, indeed, is André Tardieu, high commissioner, who arranges all the tremendous problems of aid for France from this nation.

TARDIEU'S WORK AND RESPONSIBILITIES

Reflect what that means. Painful experience requires that one mind must direct and dominate the assembling and shipping of the tremendous mass of material with which the United States of America is supporting the French Republic. One mind must seize and solve a thousand problems daily—problems having to do with shipping, with food, with munitions, with man-power, with finance; each problem vast and tremendous within its own scope. There are few busier men than Tardieu, few men who devote more hours of the day to the intense concentration their work demands; few, indeed, upon whose shoulders rests a greater responsibility.

And yet this bright-souled Frenchman finds time to go about our people and to preach with wit and sense the great central thought of the war—that dauntless courage and self-sacrifice can never be beaten down, were all the German dead to rise from their graves to join the Kaiser's living pawns. Now we hear him in New York, now in Philadelphia. Again, he is in Chicago, or it may be in the South or West; but always it is the spirit of France speaking with Tardieu's tongue:

"France is *not* bled white! France is stronger than ever! France will never surrender!"

And this is not mere high-hearted oratory, for Tardieu has facts at his tongue's end, hard facts, to prove his winged optimisms. He tells you to a company's strength how many *poilus* are holding the line; how many great guns and small are hammering the invaders, and how many are coming from those marvelous French factories of ordnance; how unalterably determined is the resolution of his people, from the old Tiger at the top of the national pyramid down to the little children toiling in the fields. Hearing Tardieu talk is like hearing the band of the Garde Républicaine crash out "La Marseillaise."

Before he came to America, a year ago, there was a good deal of pessimism abroad

as regards France's staying powers. The downfall of Russia contributed, of course, to this gloom. Unquestionably sleepless German propaganda helped to spread the fear that France was on the verge of buckling. "France is bled white," became a current phrase.

Tardieu put an end to that loose talk. His pride as a Frenchman was not the impulse that stirred him to fiery denial. The man adores the truth. He attacked this pessimism with the rapier of his eloquence, and he pierced it through and through.

A MESSAGE OF CONFIDENCE AND COURAGE

"France is not bled white," he said with flaming indignation. "France is stronger to-day than ever before! Severe was the ordeal; stronger is the national energy! When the American troops arrive in France, they will find a country which to-day, as during the last three years and more, has to meet the enemy's heaviest attack; a country which maintains, without hesitation and without weakness, her strength, her means, and her will!"

Great words these, but their truth has been proved since André Tardieu spoke them nearly a year ago. Could anything to be said by man have been more timely and more useful in reviving American cheerfulness, American belief in France? It is impossible to imagine a more important contribution to the cause of the Allies, outside of a great and sustained military effort, than Tardieu gave in this statement to the American people.

In a thousand words, which gave intimate details of French man-power, munitions, and money, there was more real information of an inspiring and helpful sort than had been contained in a million pages. One statement alone made us all feel like throwing up our hats. It is worth quoting:

Our strength in men now present in the zone of the armies—three million fighting men—exceeds by more than a million the number of men actually in that zone at the beginning; and one must add to that figure the men in the zone of the interior and in the colonies.

He went on to say, with the precision of a mathematician, that France was thoroughly well supplied with heavy ordnance, with the famous seventy-fives, and with machine guns; that the output of munitions was increasing enormously; that new industries were being created; that France completely reequipped and rearmed the



ANDRÉ TARDIEU, DIPLOMAT, AUTHOR, SOLDIER, AND STATESMAN, HIGH COMMISSIONER OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC IN THE UNITED STATES AND SECRETARY FOR FRANCO-AMERICAN WAR COOPERATION

From a copyrighted photograph by the Western Newspaper Union, New York

Belgian, Greek, and Serbian armies, and that the financial situation was splendidly reassuring. All this from André Tardieu was the finest kind of tonic for our own war effort. Americans generally realized that there was time, precious time, for America to prepare herself for an important part in the fight; that the steadfastness and genius and valor of France were equal to the savage attacks made against her. The result in this country we all know; but not everybody realizes how much the frankness and fine spirit of Tardieu had to do with it.

He has been especially appreciated in our country because of his common sense and his quick recognition of the fact that the United States is in the war to fight as France fights, with every ounce of her power and with a resolution which cannot be overcome by blows. He was one of the first of Europeans to realize that America must become a leader in the war. He saw it before Lloyd George saw it. He said not so long ago—and this gives something of the measure of the man's mentality:

America urges the adoption of the principle of one single commander for the Allied fronts, and she is right. She doesn't concern herself about our home affairs. In Washington I was told that serious accusations had been made against men in high places, and that the punishment of these men or of their accusers was still awaited. Mistakes may be made—indeed, have already been made—by America, but her general conception of war from the military and economic standpoint is better than ours, and she should be listened to.

Tardieu has seen us with keen but justly appraising eyes. He has not been too timid to point out mistakes committed by a young, inexperienced nation struggling desperately to make up for so much time thrown away; but he sees far beyond the blunders and the temporary confusion to the day when the United States will have arrayed her millions of trained troops to support the line of France.

"France knew she could count upon the United States," said Tardieu, "but all our hopes have been surpassed."

DIPLOMAT, JOURNALIST, AND SOLDIER

Although the most democratic of men, Tardieu is an aristocrat, of an old family of France. Although he is only forty-two years of age, he has been a newspaperman, a teacher of the theory of war, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a staff-officer under Foch, and an officer on the field of battle; and in each capacity he has taken

front rank without apparently having had to serve an apprenticeship or to pass through any preliminary stages. For him there has always been room at the top in any field of endeavor. For Tardieu, indeed, only the top has been possible. It is as if all lower degrees of activity had been non-existent.

He was born on September 22, 1876, was educated at the Condorcet High School in Paris and entered the Higher Normal School in 1895, ranking first among the entering class. When he graduated, he found an opening in the diplomatic service, becoming an attaché of the French Embassy in Berlin. That experience taught him a good deal about Germany and the Germans. Among other things it convinced him that when war came between France and Germany—he knew that the conflict was inevitable—that the German would be a terrible enemy to combat. In 1898 he was transferred to the Foreign Office in Paris, but presently he left diplomacy for journalism, becoming foreign editor of the *Temps* and a lecturer in the School of Political Sciences and the Higher School of War. For some fifteen years he wrote the editorials of his paper when these concerned foreign politics.

He first visited the United States in 1908, to lecture at Harvard on the foreign policy of the Third Republic. Subsequently he published his "Notes on the United States," a study of the policy, diplomacy, and movement of ideas in this country, marked by a shrewd understanding and sympathetic comprehension of American purposes, methods, and practises.

Then the war exploded. Tardieu, whose rank in the reserve was that of second lieutenant, could have obtained any safe and interesting appointment he might have asked for; but he never thought of evading the plain and simple duty of a soldier. He requested infantry service at the front, and they put him in an infantry regiment which saw the hardest kind of fighting during the first five months of the war, in the Ardennes, at Fère-Champenoise, and on the Yser. Then he was assigned to general headquarters, where he first came into contact with his especial hero, Ferdinand Foch, generalissimo of the Allied armies. He remained at general headquarters from December, 1914, until May, 1915, and at that time might have accepted an appointment as the official historian of the war;

but Tardieu's energy revolted against a staff appointment. He was and is a fighting man—a doer. He made a special plea to be sent back to the front, to real fighting. Eventually he became a major in command of a battalion of dismounted chasseurs. He commanded Blue Devils, and all Americans know now what that means.

In December, 1915, Major Tardieu was severely wounded in the trenches of Neuville-Saint Vaast, but he insisted on going back to his men on New Year's Day. Then he was persuaded to quit the front in order to put at the service of the nation the knowledge he had acquired on the fighting-line. As a member of a commission of inquiry, he wrote a report which changed manufacturing and distributing methods.

Before he left the firing-line, army citations had exhibited the quality of Tardieu's courage. One of these mentions that he displayed "the greatest bravery on the night of February 8 and 9, 1916, by leading his company (Blue Devils), under a violent bombardment by heavy artillery, to attack a trench which had been temporarily lost, and which he succeeded in retaking after a hand-grenade struggle of several hours."

TARDIEU'S ENTRY INTO POLITICS

In 1914 Tardieu had been chosen a member of the Chamber of Deputies, securing his election from Versailles. This caused many to speculate whether the brilliant writer on foreign affairs would be successful in the practical world of politics. The war made it impossible to settle that question until June, 1916, when Tardieu returned to the chamber and at once assumed a commanding position, not only as a speaker, but in the direction of committee work.

After campaigning with his Blue Devils he devoted himself entirely to parliamentary work, his experiences at the front having proved to him that he could serve his country more effectively in her council-chamber than upon the field of battle. To him was entrusted the control of the nation's heavy artillery, the production and distribution of which he greatly increased and facilitated.

On March 30, 1917, he interpellated the ministry, then headed by M. Briand, whom he disliked, in regard to the blockade of Germany, and frankly declared that "if the blockade is to be considered a net, it

is a net with meshes so large that many fish pass through it." His resolution calling upon the government to tighten the blockade was adopted unanimously. Always a critic of Briand, Tardieu's attitude was undoubtedly a factor in the difficulty that M. Briand had in trying to reform his cabinet after General Lyautey's resignation as minister of war.

Very shortly afterward Tardieu was appointed high commissioner in the United States—a new office which the then Premier Ribot, in proposing it to President Poincaré, said "has proved indispensable to give the maximum of unity to Franco-American cooperation." Missions previously sent to this country by France lacked coordination. Tardieu came here and centralized and systematized the work. He has brought about that "maximum of unity" of which M. Ribot spoke.

Stephane Lauzanne, the famous editor of the *Matin*, describes Tardieu as "scholar, wit, diplomatist, executive, and soldier"—a pretty wide and sweeping generalization of definite merits. Lauzanne tells how Tardieu was explained to President Wilson by M. René Viviani, on the occasion when Joffre and Viviani called on the President to point out the needs of their country. It appears that Mr. Wilson said to Viviani:

"We are able to help you with what you need; but you must tell us at once what you need first, whether coal, wheat, munitions, or other supplies, or men."

"M. Tardieu will make the decision," Viviani said to the President. "He is not like many men, who see that a decision is to be made, but hesitate to take the responsibility of making it. He will decide what supplies shall go to France, and, with the representatives of the other Allies, will arrange the difficult problem of shipping."

No foreign envoy to the United States has ever excelled Tardieu for results accomplished in the pleasantest possible ways. No envoy has ever been more graciously received by the people. His personal merits, his intellectual capacity, his spiritual force, his downrightness, his unfaltering spirit, all seem the embodiment in one man of the soul of the French nation.

There are many in America who confidently expect to see André Tardieu at the head of the government of France before many years pass. Certainly when that time shall come no event could occasion more general approval in this country.

Back to the Ancients in War

CONTRARY TO THE POPULAR IDEA, THE PRESENT STRUGGLE HAS DEVELOPED NO
NOVEL PRINCIPLE IN STRATEGY OR TACTICS, AND NOTHING
REALLY NEW IN WEAPONS

By Captain Charles A. King, Jr., United States Army

Instructor in History at the United States Military Academy

THE old saying that "there's nothing new under the sun" is peculiarly applicable to the present war. If we study closely the record of the past four years of conflict we perceive that it differs from other wars only in the unparalleled extent of the operations and in the vast numbers of combatants engaged. Neither principles nor methods are new.

All warfare may be roughly divided into strategy and tactics. Civilians continually confuse the two, yet they are as separate and distinct as night and day. We must clearly understand the meaning of these terms, in order to see how the world war is not technically different from the lesser struggles that have preceded it.

Strategy consists in planning and executing a course of action that will defeat the enemy. A successful chess-player is a strategist. The military strategist, like the chess-player, disposes and maneuvers his forces in such a way that when the opposing army is met the foe is placed at a decided disadvantage. The object of strategy is not to achieve a local success, such as winning a pitched battle, but to involve the enemy so deeply that a victory over him shall be a decisive one.

Strategy is purely intellectual in nature; it is the *art* of war. Fine artists in any line of work have always been rare, and the military profession has been no exception to the rule. History records the names of few great strategists. And just as the principles enunciated by masters like Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo have been followed by painters and sculptors, so have the strategic principles of the great captains served as guides for later commanders.

So many factors are included in a campaign, and elements of chance are so numerous and important, that the strategic conceptions of Cæsar and Napoleon are not always successful in execution; yet their soundness has been demonstrated so repeatedly that they are recognized as truths by all military students. Nor is Alexander of Macedon out of date as a strategist.

NO NEW PRINCIPLE OF STRATEGY

Not a single new strategic principle has been developed in the present war. The general strategic plan of the Germans at the beginning of hostilities was to strike swiftly at France, and, having crushed their nearest and most formidable enemy, to throw their entire strength against the Russians. Their faith in their ability to carry out this plan was undoubtedly influenced by the great success with which it had been attended in the past. An almost identical course of action was successfully followed out by Frederick the Great against the Saxons and Austrians at the outbreak of the Seven Years' War, and by Napoleon against the Sardinians and Austrians in his first Italian campaign.

But the German general staff had not taken into consideration the resistance of the Belgians—an unforeseen factor in the situation—or the strategy of Joffre, who had also learned the Napoleonic lessons. The French general, in falling back before superior forces until he reached a position where he could turn and defeat his enemy, was but duplicating Napoleon's action at Austerlitz. It was almost a hundred years after Waterloo that the Little Corporal won his greatest victory for France.

The Germans having "dug in" after their defeat at the Marne, their opponents purposed to exert pressure against the Central Powers simultaneously upon all fronts, and to keep their armies engaged at widely separated points. The Allies made no claim of originality for this plan; it is as old as war itself, and when carried out by sufficiently large forces it has seldom failed. For instance, it was successful in bringing about the downfall of the Southern Confederacy, and the defeat of Bulgaria by Greece, Serbia, and Rumania in the second Balkan War. Had it not been for the collapse of Russia—another unforeseen element—there is every reason to believe that it would have been equally successful in the present instance.

The same lack of novelty is apparent in the various strategic moves on the different fronts. The plan followed by Hindenburg in his East Prussian campaign, which culminated at the great battle of Tannenberg, is one of the best conceptions of the ancients. The Prussian general drew back his center and extended his flanks; the Russians followed the retreating center and walked full into the trap. Before Samsonoff was aware of his danger, the great jaws of the pincers had closed; the flanks of the Russians were completely enveloped, and a German army was in their rear. Polybius tells us that precisely the same plan was followed by Hannibal at the battle of Cannæ, in 216 B.C.

Equally classic was Mackensen's strategy in Rumania and in Italy—to allow the enemy to advance until his forces were scattered over a difficult terrain, then by a rapid flank movement to threaten his flank and rear. This was a favorite device of the great Carthaginian captain, and in modern times it was repeatedly used by such masters as Prince Eugène, Marlborough, and Napoleon.

It is evident that we shall search the history of the war in vain for new strategic ideas. The reason is not far to seek. Every strategic plan is founded upon certain vital principles, the observance of which is so necessary to success that it would be criminal folly on the part of any military commander to disregard them.

Tactics, broadly defined, is the handling of troops on the battle-field. Having brought the enemy to battle under favorable conditions, the supreme commander temporarily abandons strategy and enters

the domain of tactics; and if he is to reap the full benefit of his strategic success he must employ every man and every weapon in his army so as to secure their maximum offensive and defensive value.

From time immemorial certain tactical principles have been regarded by professional soldiers as self-evident truths. For example, no one thinks of disputing the tactical rules that in order to dislodge entrenched infantry the attacking force must be able to deliver a greater volume of accurate fire than the defenders, and that constant communication must be maintained between the various elements of a command. Such rules are so clearly defined and so axiomatic that tactics may be considered as the *science* of war.

NO NEW PRINCIPLE OF TACTICS

Tactics are influenced primarily by troop arrangements and weapons. Other considerations—such as training, numbers, morale, the supply system, and the terrain—must be carefully weighed by the tactician, yet their influence is negligible when compared to the all-important factors of formations and arms. A scrutiny of these two determining elements shows us that the tactics of this war are as stereotyped as is its strategy.

Troop arrangements depend largely upon the kind of warfare being waged. In contradistinction to the more familiar type—the war of maneuver—the world struggle, up to the present time, has been largely a war of position. This fact has probably given rise to the oft-repeated and generally believed statement that the tactics employed in this war are new. In reality it proves just the opposite.

A war of position is nothing more or less than siege warfare, and the tactical arrangements best suited to this kind of fighting have long been familiar to military men. Since the time of Cyrus the Great the attack and the defense of fortified positions have constituted an important phase of military science.

From the Bible we learn that the cities of the ancient Jews were fortified. Nineveh, the capital of the Assyrian Empire, was surrounded by a great defensive rampart, built supposedly about 2000 B.C. Every one knows of the antiquity of the Great Wall of China.

In the second century of the Christian era the Romans built a wall across the

north of England, as a defense against the wild tribes of the Scottish hills. They constructed a still more extensive one between the Rhine and the Danube, as a defensive barrier against the formidable barbarians of northern Germany. Here we see a historic parallel to the carefully organized and elaborately defended system of trenches, shell-holes, field-forts, and ruined farm-houses and villages, which has during most of the present war resisted the attacks of the Teutonic barbarians of the twentieth century. And unless open warfare shall be resumed, the problems of attack and defense that will confront our American commanders in France will be strikingly similar to those that were met pretty nearly two thousand years ago by the lieutenants of Trajan and Hadrian.

At the outbreak of the war the Germans believed firmly in the efficacy of the mass attack. This formation consists in employing great numbers of infantry arranged in close ranks one behind the other. The German tacticians allowed for heavy losses, but they believed that the sheer weight of the assaulting troops would overwhelm the defenders. Their theory was fortified by their experience in the war of 1870-1871 with France; but the terrible costliness of the mass attack against positions defended by modern artillery was demonstrated in 1914 at Liège, and still more strikingly in 1916 at Verdun. There is nothing new in this method of attack. As the Macedonian phalanx it conquered the world for Alexander the Great, and as the Roman legion it proved equally effective in the hands of Marius and Cæsar.

Ordinarily the infantry attack is made with deployed lines, the men in each rank being two or three paces apart, and the ranks following one another at distances of about fifty yards. This was the formation in which the Huns of Attila advanced to the attack, and it was also the favorite method of the wild Tatar warriors of Genghis Khan. Our American forefathers learned this style of fighting from the Indians, and, during the French and Indian War, General Braddock, the British commander, lost his life and his army by refusing to adopt it in his march through the wilderness of western Pennsylvania.

NOTHING NEW IN MODERN WEAPONS

Weapons, the other great determining factor in tactics, are as striking in their

lack of originality as are the formations employed. Arms of all kinds are being constantly improved and elaborated, yet the basic principles governing their construction and use remain unchanged.

Firearms constitute the most numerous and most deadly class of weapons. The date of the discovery of gunpowder and of its first use as a propelling agent is lost in the mists of antiquity. During the Crusades the Saracens used primitive cannon in the form of round shafts bored into rocks. The excavation of such a "gun" may still be seen in the Rock of Gibraltar. The early portable cannon were constructed of strips of metal bound together with leather thongs. Sometimes they were made double, with the barrels pointing in opposite directions.

The first European cannon—bombards—were breech-loaders. They were merely short, hollow tubes. The stone missile and the powder charge were inserted in the breech, which was then blocked up with wood. This type was quickly replaced by muzzle-loading ordnance, and the modern breech-loader did not appear until the nineteenth century.

During the Hundred Years' War types of artillery for special uses began to be differentiated, and from that time it is easy to trace the evolution of modern firearms. The culverin has become the great sixteen-inch gun of to-day, and the arquebus of the Black Prince has developed into the Springfield rifle. Even the machine gun is old. In the imperial collection at Vienna is its prototype, a weapon with forty barrels, dating from the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The ungainly trench-mortar, which creates such havoc in front-line positions, is almost identical in principle and construction with the catapult employed by Cæsar against the walled towns of the Gauls and Britons.

Grenades were used in the sixteenth century. They were made of coarse glass or pottery. Under Louis XIV and Frederick the Great the grenadiers were the élite of the infantry.

The bayonet developed by successive stages from the javelin of the Carthaginians, the lance of the medieval knight, and the pike of the French revolutionists.

The liquid flame of German frightfulness is practically identical with Greek fire. The burning liquid is thrown by a compressed-

air device. The Saracens sometimes used a "bellows gun," working on the same principle, for propelling their terrible weapon against the cavaliers of Richard of the Lion Heart.

The use of poisonous gas is commonly regarded as an innovation in war, yet it immediately calls to mind the stink-pots of the Chinese.

Trench helmets are merely the "latest European style" of the Crusader's familiar head-gear.

The great tanks which proved so destructive to the German defenses on the Somme, and which have since been copied by the Kaiser's engineers, were widely hailed as an invention of our gallant Allies; yet the man who first suggested their use undoubtedly had in mind the war-chariot

of the Assyrians. These iron-clad battle monsters are also reminiscent of the armored elephants used by the Hindus against the army of Lord Clive at the battle of Plassey.

It is thus evident that, in spite of the modified troop arrangements and the elaborate weapons now in use, both formations and arms remain unchanged in principle. The tactics of this war are no more novel or original than are their two determining factors.

If, then, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon could return to earth to-day, they would be amazed at the range of projectiles and the power of explosives, yet they would have little difficulty in recognizing the same strategic and tactical principles and methods by which they won their victories.

The Golden Horoscope

BY R. K. CULVER

Author of "The Eureka Rancho Lottery," "The Fighting Chinese," etc.

"HEY, bo! Buy a Liberty Bond! Read about 'em! Do your bit!" Accompanying the words, a twisted newspaper, tossed from the window of a train rumbling across a bridge above a dry creek-bed, tumbled through the air. Happy Yeggens looked up and dodged. The train was gone, but the mild sarcasm of the voice lingered in his ears.

"All right, guy," he grinned. "I'll glance the proposition over!"

He picked up the paper, untwisted it, and spread it on the sand beside him.

Happy Yeggens was on his uppers; but a can of sardines and a plentiful supply of coffee, boiled black on the embers of a small fire, and now this mental manna from the air to top it all, served to stimulate a waning interest in life. In the newspaper's account of the latest Liberty Loan drive was evidence of the existence of more money than he had thought the world contained—billions of dollars! In his present circumstances it was pleasant reading.

Moreover, in common with other superstitious pilgrims of the dusty road of

chance, Happy Yeggens believed in signs and omens by the way. The voice from out of the air and the accompanying newspaper with its mention of vast sums of money, seemed auspicious of a change of luck.

He soon discovered further indications of prosperity's approach. Down in one corner of an inside page of the paper appeared "Professor Zeeno's Daily Horoscope"—printed for the benefit of any one who might be desirous of information regarding the friendly or adverse collusion of the heavenly spheres. Among these astrological predictions appeared the following paragraph:

Saturn's influence wanes slightly, and the beneficent heavenly spheres graciously conspire to aid the needy and perplexed. Those who suffer from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune will find this a day of great prosperity. A pleasing change of circumstances looms large for those who do not spend the day in idle reveries.

More followed, but this was sufficient. With an alacrity befitting a belief in "hunches," Yeggens arose, clambered up

a steep embankment, worked his way along a faint trail through a tangled thicket, and finally stepped from this by-path of chance out upon its main highway. He was ready for adventure.

As he hesitated, undecided for the moment as to which way fortune lay, a wagon creakingly approached, driven by a figure with whiskers of the *Rip Van Winkle* type.

"Howdy, stranger? Have a lift?" asked the ancient driver.

In the wagon was a load of wood. Suspicious of this latest augury, the fortune-hunter eyed the contents of the waiting vehicle of opportunity with caution; but perceiving that the wood was sawed and split, he nodded and climbed nimbly to the seat.

"Might I inquire where you're intending to deliver this harmless product of the forest at?" he asked.

"Haulin' it in to old Dodd Bassett's place," replied the driver. "He generally buys the four-foot kind and cuts it up to save the difference in price; but he's feebleed up consid'able of late. Meanest man in town—got lots of cash, but he's a kind of miser. Folks say he's got scads of money hid out all around his place in old ter-matter-cans. I seen him hobblin' back toward the house with a pick and shovel last time I was there."

Here was a bearded oracle ably seconding Professor Zeeno's forecast of the day! Happy Yeggers took a fresh grip on the seat.

"Any hunches emanating from your stock of information as to how much canned gold there is scattered round this place we're travelin' toward?" he asked.

"Why, no," replied the guileless oracle; "but I'll say this much—if I had what that old miser's got, I'd live easy for the balance of my days!"

"I've heard about gold-mines before," said Yeggers, who had salted several of them in his day; "but I never did hear of a tin gold-mine where the formations was made up of canned auriferous deposits. Buried all around the place, you say?"

"That's the idee—less'n it's stowed away inside the house somewheres. The old miser's got a pile of money laid by—that's dead certain sure. Yonder's the house now; you can see it through them trees off to the right. I'm leavin' the main road at the next turn, but I reckon you'll be wantin' to go on to town."

"Not me!" replied the wily son of chance. "There ain't nothing to prevent me helpin' you unload this wood. It's only fair—you're accommodatin' me a whole lot more than what you realize."

Here he adroitly changed the subject, commenting glibly on the weather and the general outlook for a prosperous season.

The fields of chance were teeming. A golden harvest promised, and though the conversation bore no hint of ripening opportunity, Happy Yeggers was a harvest-hand of large experience and wise to the blighting weevil of delay.

II

INTO the dooryard of the Bassett home rode the ready-witted Yeggers, crafty-eyed and not averse to lending such assistance, in the rôle of an accomplice, as Professor Zeeno's astrological predictions for the day might need in their fulfilment. Somewhere on the premises was hidden gold. All doubt upon this point was speedily dispelled by a high-pitched, querulous voice coming from an inner room.

"I tell ye *no*!" it quavered. "I ain't tellin' nobody where that money is—not till my dyin' day. That 'll be time enough for you to know. You'll git it all then—all of it—all that gold I've—"

But here an intervening door was slammed shut, and the voice dropped to an unintelligible whine. With a motion as of one engaged in soothing an irritated scalp, Happy Yeggers had hastily cupped one hand behind an itching ear.

"It's only old Dodd Bassett arguin' money matters with his wife," remarked his aged guide. "I see the hoss and buggy's hitched up and waitin' out in front. She's probably goin' to town, and wants a leetle spendin' money. She'll be lucky if she gits half a dollar out of old Dodd. He's that way—never gives her more'n a quarter, or maybe half a dollar, at a time. Ain't it a pity, now?"

With feigned sympathy the predatory Yeggers murmured that it was.

"A guy as mean as that," said he, "ain't got no right to money." His restless eyes roved furtively about the premises. "And I wouldn't be surprised if he was to lose it all some day," he added; "but of course it ain't none of my business. Where at are you goin' to unload this wood? That's the main idea."

"I reckon I better haul it back toward

the shed," replied the driver. "Old Dodd 'll be out directly, growlin' about everythin' in general and high prices in particular. Yonder's the old skinflint now.

"Howdy, Dodd?" he called. "Well, I managed to git around with that stove-wood at last. Where 'll you hev it throwed out—in the shed, the same as usual?"

Old Dodd Bassett nodded sourly from the kitchen doorway.

"Looks to me like it's a mighty slim load fer the money, though," he grumbled. "'Count of the war, I s'pose you'll claim. That's what they all say these days. Never seen such times! Everything's went up. Can't buy nothin' 'thout payin' forty prices. Folks jest use the war as an excuse; but I ain't squanderin' no more money 'n what is necessary. I'm livin' pretty clost this year. Times is goin' to be worse later on!"

"Right-o!" chimed Happy Yegggers cheerily. "You said it then! Times is gettin' fiercer right along. How's the price of *aqua pura* this A.M.? Could you trust a total stranger for a dipperful?"

He clambered from his seat beside the driver. "I'm just off the wagon, but still on the H-two-O," he grinned. "Any objections to my samplin' your kitchen brand of Adam's ale? Without disturbin' you at all I'd be glad to sift right in and help myself."

There was method in his gladness. Kitchen entrances had often netted Happy Yegggers rich returns; but in the present instance he was reckoning without his host. The latter eyed him coldly and suspiciously.

"I never laid eyes on you before," said he. "Stay where you be—I'll fetch you out a drink."

Through the half-open doorway the prying eyes of Yegggers noticed a shotgun leaning in one corner of the room. His gaze rested on it thoughtfully. It was an ancient weapon, but as welcome in his present quandary as was *Crusoe's* rusty fowling-piece on the occasion of the puzzling footprint on the coast of chance. To the solving of the mystery before him it lent grim assurance.

But the returning dipper-bearer gathered no hint of the plan that had hastily been formulated in the crafty mind of Yegggers. The suspicious miser found his garrulous and dusty visitor apparently intent on nothing more expensive to the Bassett household than a drink of water.

"Much obliged," purred Yegggers, as he took the dripping dipper. "Here's hopin' Fortune smiles!"

Hovering Fortune chuckled, but inaudibly. Here, surely, was a situation offering ample opportunity for a fickle dispensation of her favors! She would decide the matter presently; but just now, fancy free, she would wave her golden wand and whimsically guide the further action of the little drama she was staging. In her mood almost anything might happen, and that swiftly and most unexpectedly.

Consider then the wily Yegggers malingerer near the kitchen door with a sudden and convenient case of cramps—an old trick of his kind—while his late guide to El Dorado unloads the wood alone and drives away, advising rest and ginger tea for his recent passenger. Consider also the good Mrs. Bassett's sudden appearance on the scene; picture her dangling bonnet-strings, her anxiety and agitation as she flits in and out of the doorway, and finally climbs into the waiting buggy. With whip in hand behind old Dobbin, she promises a swift return from town with an infallible remedy for spasms, fits, and cramps. Urged by a sense of duty, the good soul makes her exit hastily, and already Yegggers feels relieved.

And now, with old Dodd Bassett fuming and dismayed at the turn that affairs had taken, and with Yegggers's interest centered on the reassuring shotgun—not to mention Professor Zeeno's reassuring astral presence in the wings as prompter—portent and prediction clear the way for swifter action in the little drama of "Happy Yegggers and the Golden Horoscope."

III

"STAND where you are! I guess you'll tell somebody where that gold is now!"

It was Yegggers speaking. To the great astonishment of old Dodd Bassett, his groaning visitor had suddenly recovered, and, jostling him aside, had rushed past him and secured the shotgun from the corner of the kitchen. The old man in his bewilderment had grasped the kitchen broom. He now stood ludicrously wielding it about his head, like one accustomed to dependence on it as a weapon of defense. Yegggers grinned.

"So the old lady sometimes shies a skillet or a stove-lid at your miserly old carcass durin' them daily arguments about

that money! Fair enough," said he. "I heard you rowin' around when I drove up. But this ain't no family row—it's just goin' to be a pleasant little party. I heard you tellin' the old girl nobody was ever goin' to find out where that gold of yours was hid—not till your dyin' day, and I'm pickin' this day as the one, unless you get busy mighty quick. So come out of your trance and drop that broom. I'll do whatever cleanin' up is necessary around the place. I don't want to have to sweep up no remains. That gold is all I'm after—lead me to it."

The broom-handle rattled on the kitchen floor. The victim, pale and trembling, wrung his hands and stammeringly pleaded for mercy. It was his gold—he had toiled and slaved to save it—wouldn't Yeggers be satisfied with a part of it? Wouldn't he leave a little of it for a feeble, helpless old man? He would rather die than part with all of it!

But Yeggers was relentless.

"This ain't no time for talk," said he. "If you've got that hidden treasure buried all around the place in old termatter-cans, like *Mr. Rip Van Winkle* tells me while I'm ridin' out this way, just back out o' that door and dig it up before you're ready to be buried alongside of it. And if it ain't in the shade of the old apple-tree, but somewheres in the house, then step this way lively and don't waste no more time whinin' around."

Put to the choice of a charge of bird-shot or immediate compliance, old Dodd Bassett led the way into an inner room, protesting helplessly at each reluctant step. A kitten playing with a tangled hank of worsted on the rag rug arched its back and gazed wide-eyed at the strange procession entering. At one side of the room was an old-fashioned fireplace with a blackened kettle hanging on the crane. A half-completed Red Cross sweater and a

pair of heavy trench socks lay on a knitting-bag upon the center-table. The good Mrs. Bassett's gingham apron dangled from one arm of a rocking-chair, where the kindly soul had evidently tossed it during the hasty preparations for her trip to town.

In spite of this atmosphere of aid and mercy, no restraining qualms troubled Yeggers.

"Get busy!" he commanded. "Lead me to the money quick!"

By way of emphasis, he jabbed the muzzle of the shotgun into the old miser's back. With a last appealing whine, his cringing victim shuffled feebly toward the fireplace. There he thrust a heavy poker into a crevice near the andirons and pried up the middle hearthstone. Then, with a wailing shriek, he crumpled to his knees and began clawing frantically at the bottom of the opening in the hearth.

"It's gone! It's gone!" he moaned.

Muttering hysterically, he finally drew a folded newspaper from the mysterious cavity. Yeggers snatched it from his trembling hand and glanced at it eagerly. Scrawled below its head-lines—which announced in large type the progress of the latest Liberty Loan drive—was the following message:

I'll send the constable right out to 'tend to that sick tramp. The money's safe. For a week I've known where it was. This morning I gave you the last chance to let me have it of your own free will to invest in—

There a guiding pencil-line extended upward to the newspaper's head-line and encircled the words "Liberty Loan Bonds, safest investment in the world."

"And besides," the note ran on—and these last words were underscored—"I know everything will be all right, because inside—on the next page—*Professor Zee-no's Daily Horoscope* says it is a good day for investments."

IMMORTALITY

THE great and mighty things of life
I know will fade and die—
The crowns that are the prize of strife,
The wealth for which men sigh.

I wonder if the things they scorn—
The smile of love, the kiss—
Will not in other worlds be born
When they have died in this?

W. W. Whitelock

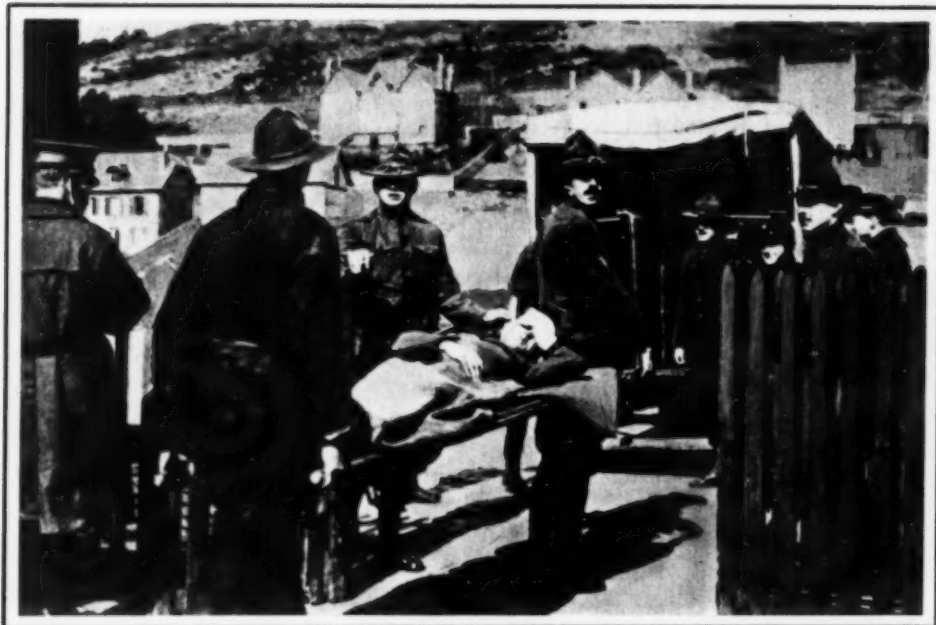
Told by the Camera



LIEUTENANT FONCK, THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACE

Credited with forty-two enemy planes, six of which were brought down in a single day, Lieutenant Fonck stood, when this magazine went to press, at the head of all the French aces, a position long held by the late Captain Guynemer

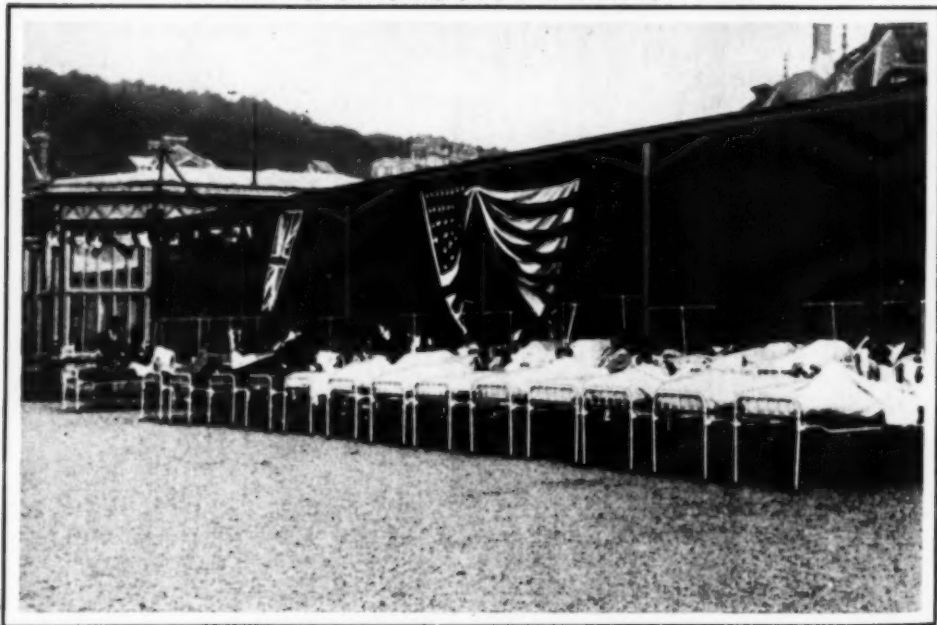
From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



BRINGING IN A WOUNDED AMERICAN SOLDIER

Stretcher-bearers are carrying the wounded man to a Red Cross ambulance, which will at once take him to a hospital

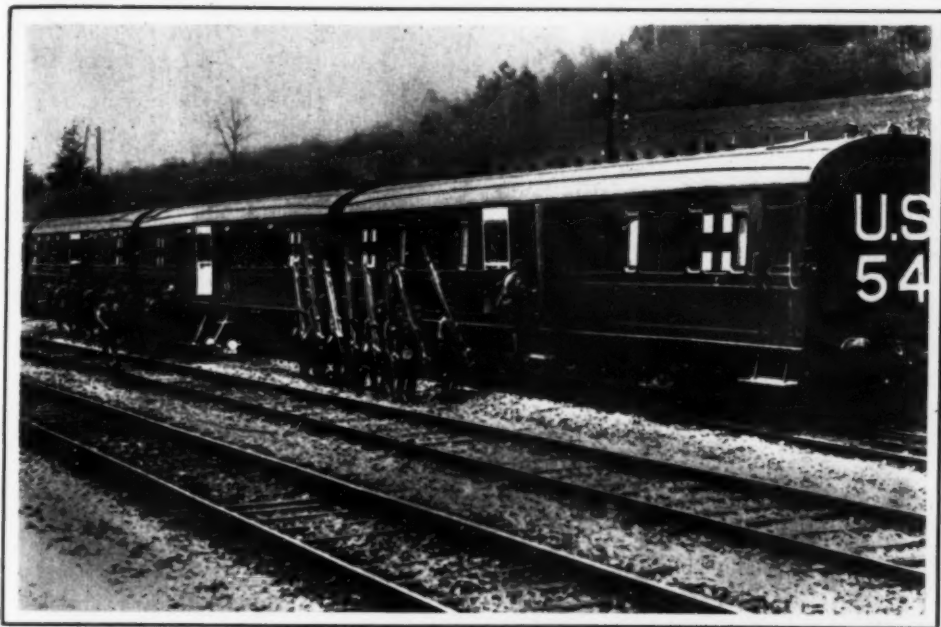
From a copyrighted photograph by Kadel & Herbert, New York



A HOSPITAL FOR AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN A FRENCH CITY

Here, on fine days, the cots are placed out of doors, to give the wounded men the benefit of fresh air and sunshine

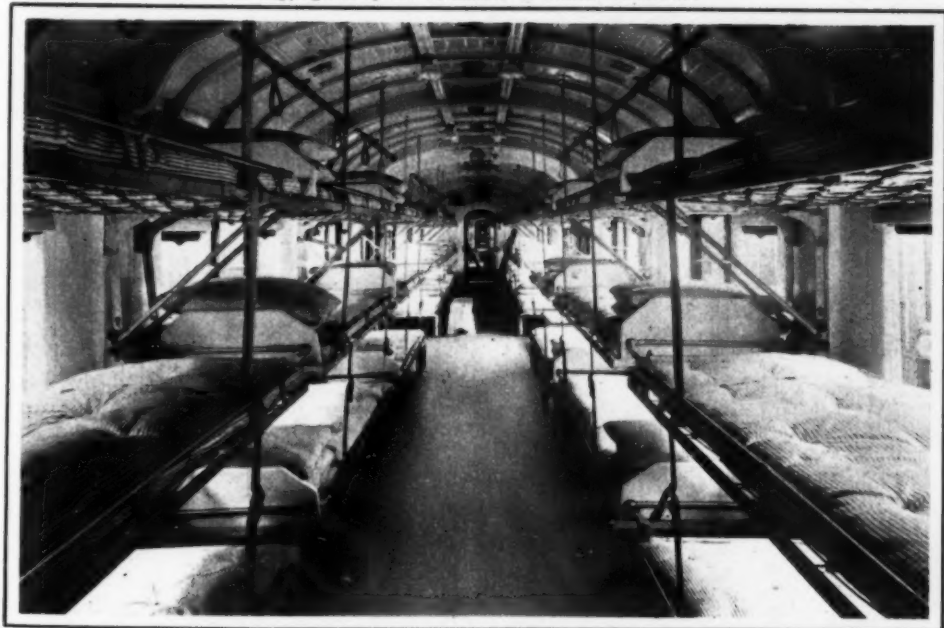
From a copyrighted photograph by Kadel & Herbert, New York



AN AMERICAN HOSPITAL TRAIN IN FRANCE

In use for taking sick and wounded men to the base hospitals—Beside the train is a squad of men with empty stretchers

Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information



THE INTERIOR OF AN AMERICAN HOSPITAL CAR

The folding berths, known as Glennan bunks, are here shown in open position, ready to accommodate wounded men

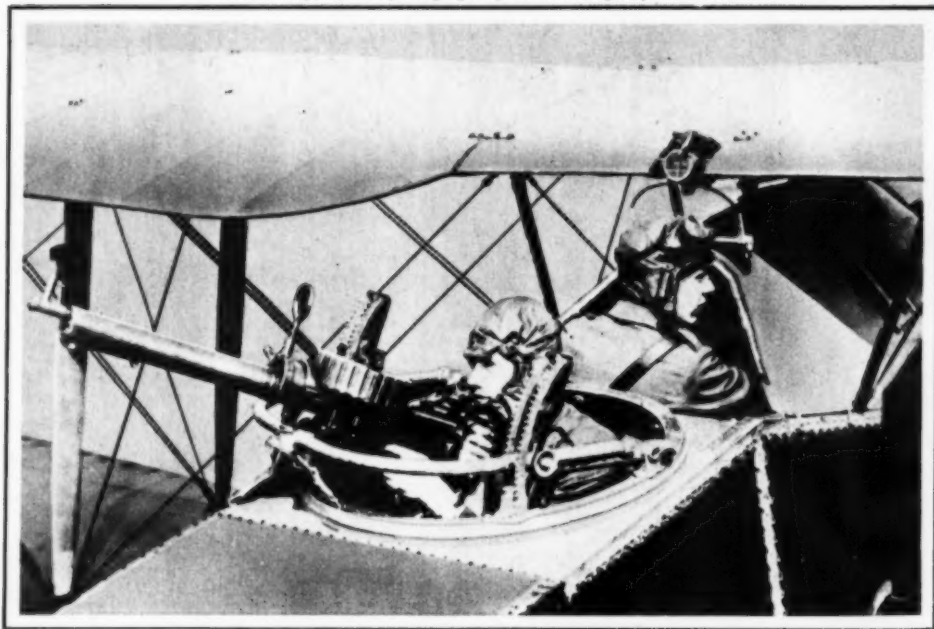
Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information



TRANSFERRING A WOUNDED MAN TO A NAVY HOSPITAL SHIP

The patient is being lifted from a boat or tug to the upper deck of the Mercy in a form-fitting Stokes stretcher

From a copyrighted photograph by Paul Thompson, New York



AT A TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR BRITISH AND AMERICAN AIRMEN

In front of the hangars at the Observers' School of Aerial Gunners—A pilot and his observer ready to start for a flight

From a copyrighted photograph by the Western Newspaper Union, New York



LAYING A TELEPHONE-LINE AT THE FRONT

Men of the French Signal Corps laying a telephone-wire in a shallow trench, and wearing masks as a precaution against gas

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



AMERICAN SOLDIERS GOING TO THE FRONT

Our boys are here shown traveling cheerfully, if not too comfortably, in a train of French box cars, each of which bears the regulation military sign "Men, thirty-six to forty; horses, eight."

Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information



TURNING ON SMOKE TO FORM A SCREEN AT SEA

The photograph of which this is an engraving was taken on board the British naval auxiliary Iris, formerly a Liverpool ferry-boat, which played an important part in the attack on Zeebrugge



SEARCH-LIGHTS IN READINESS FOR USE AGAINST A POSSIBLE AIR RAID

These twenty-four-inch search-lights, mounted on movable trucks, are ready to aid in the defense of Washington from airplane attack at night

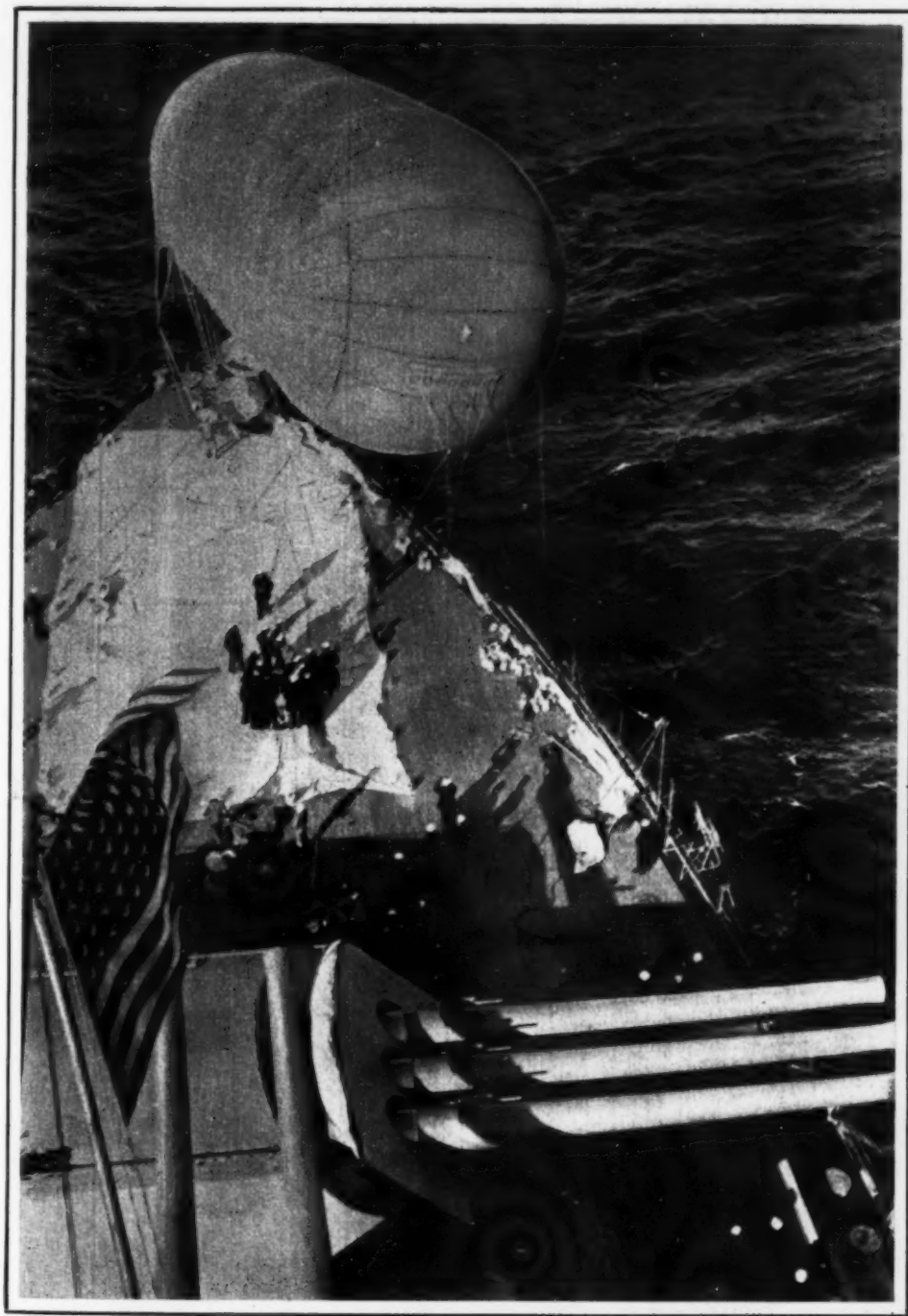
Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information



A TORPEDO-DEFENSE GUN ON THE BATTLE-SHIP OKLAHOMA

The gun-crew is at practise, to be ready for the day when an opportunity may come for a shot at a German submarine—The gun is a five-inch rapid-fire weapon

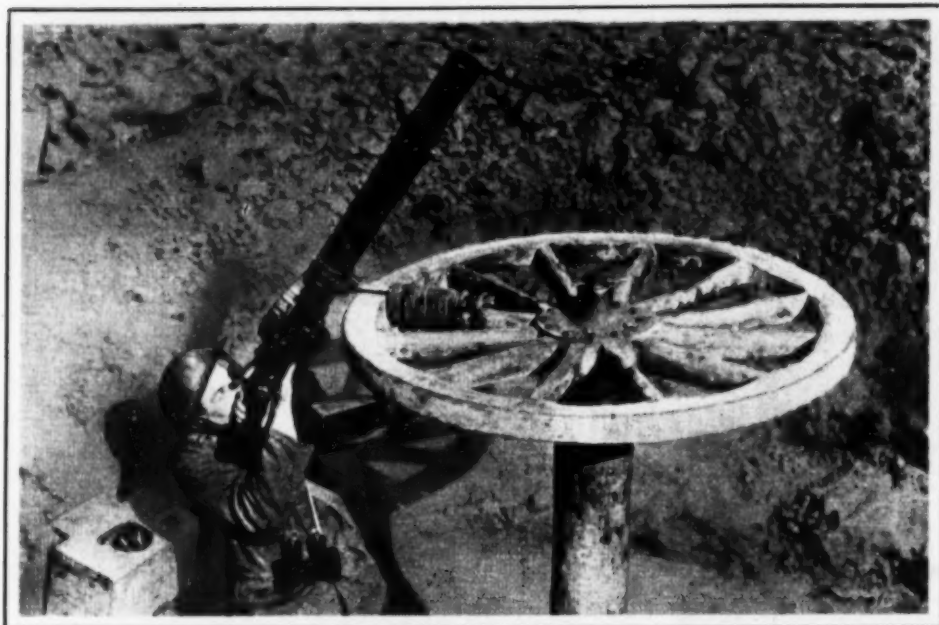
From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



THE WATCH FOR ENEMY SUBMARINES OR RAIDERS

An observation balloon being sent aloft from the after-deck of an American battle-ship—A submerged submarine can often be detected by an observer at a considerable height above the sea

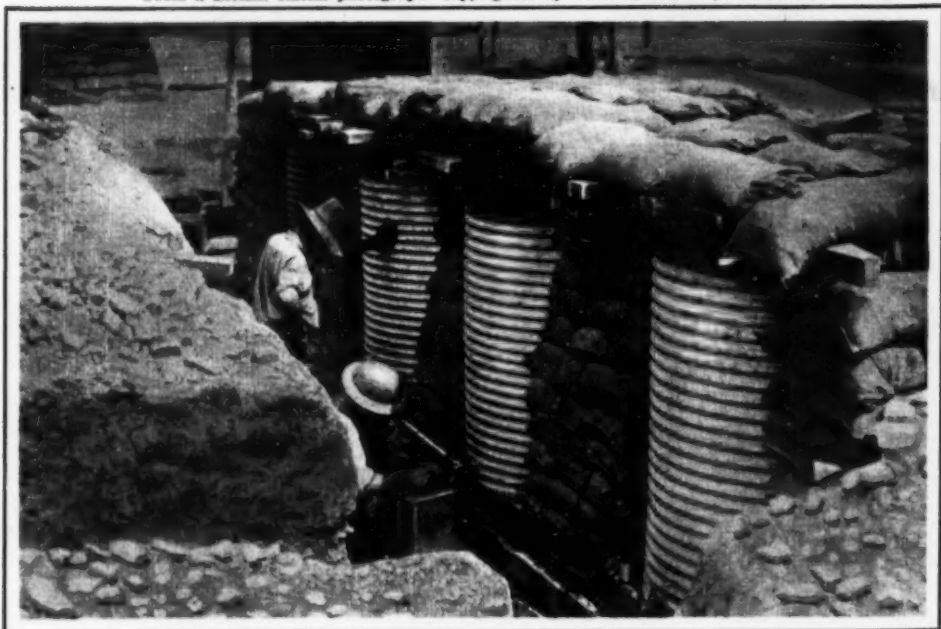
From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



AN IMPROVISED ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN

A British soldier in the trenches has mounted a Lewis gun on a wheel revolving on a post, so that he can fire in any direction

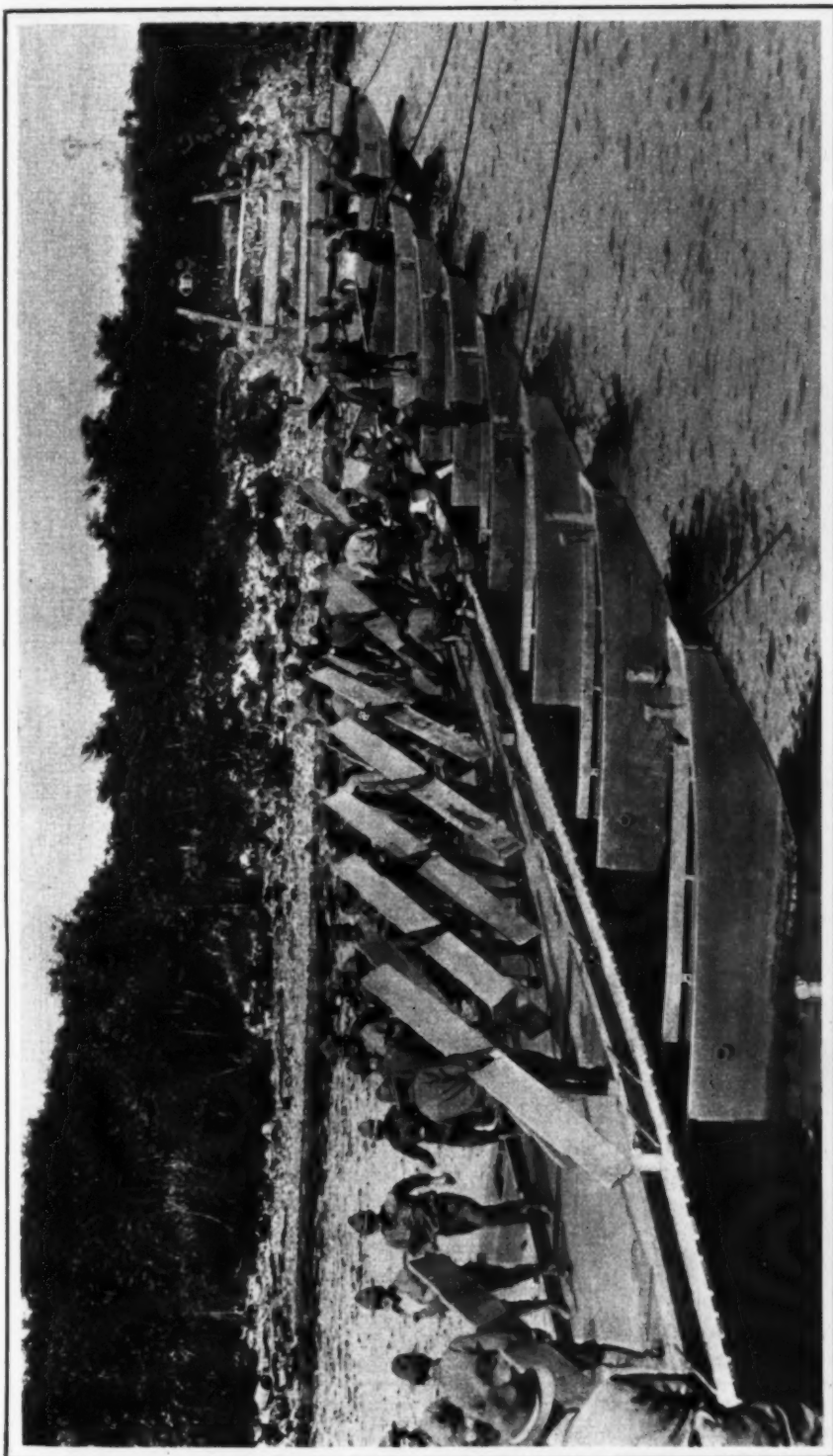
From a British official photograph—Copyrighted by Kadel & Herbert, New York



WATER-BUTTS BEHIND THE FIRING-LINE

This engraving shows how water, which is even more necessary than food to the soldier in the field, is stored near the front line

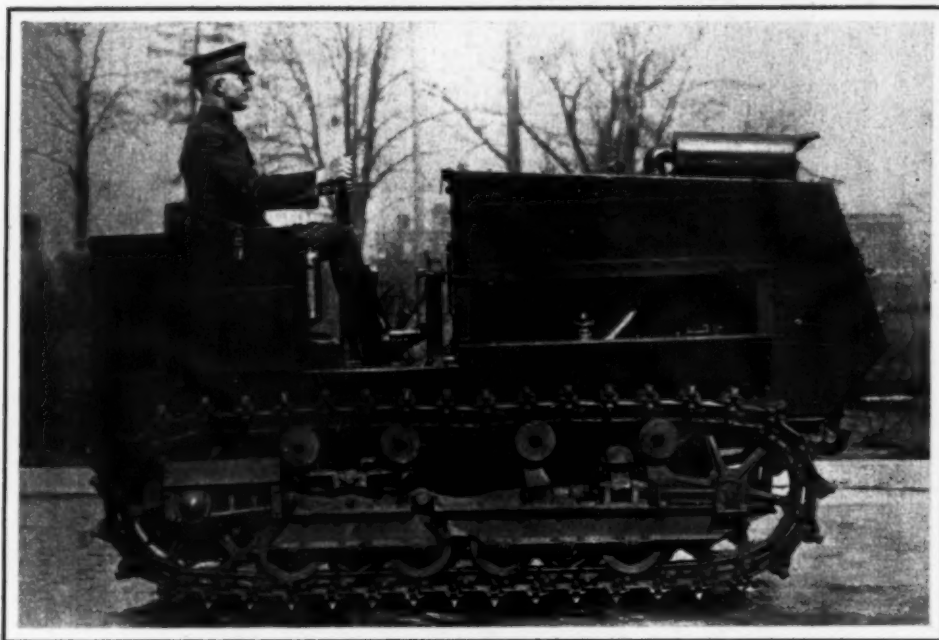
From a British official photograph



AMERICAN SOLDIERS BUILDING A PONTOON BRIDGE IN RECORD TIME

This engraving shows a feat recently performed at Washington Barracks, where one hundred and fifty men of the Engineer Corps constructed a pontoon bridge three hundred and fifty feet long in forty minutes

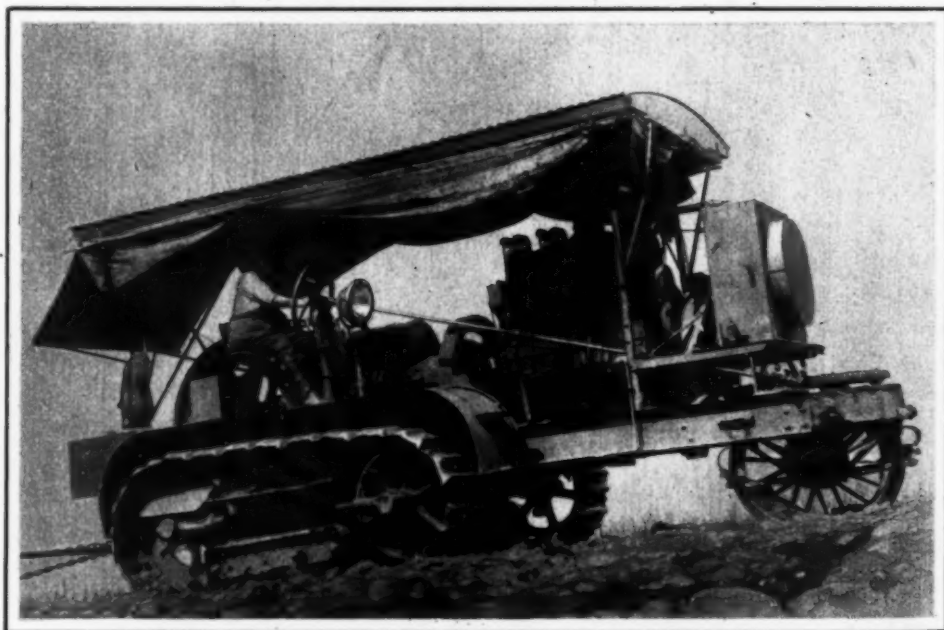
From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



OUR NEW MOTOR ARTILLERY TRACTOR

This sturdy and serviceable machine has been designed by the Ordnance Department to haul artillery in the fighting-field

Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information



THE MIGHTY TRACTOR OBEYS A WOMAN'S HAND

The photograph of which this is an engraving was taken in southern California, and shows a member of the Los Angeles Women's Land Army driving a powerful farm tractor

War and the Ballad-Writers

WILL THE GREAT CONFLICT HELP THE AMERICAN NATION TO FIND THE SINGING VOICE THAT IT HAS LACKED SO LONG?

By John E. Bechdolt

ORPHEUS is the legendary hero of music, but Mars is the divinity of the popular ballad-writers. When America girds on her armor she starts to sing, and the present time finds the ballad-writers working hard to discover just what sort of sentimental appeal will express the popular attitude toward life in 1918.

In time of peace, most of our singing is done in the privacy of the home. It is confided blushing and falteringly to the ears of those who think well enough of us for other reasons to overlook an occasional lapse into melody. Now, the god of war has become our national music-master.

The association of music with such a world tragedy as the present conflict may seem strange at first thought, but it is not illogical. In the smooth course of the prosperous years we became too sophisticated to laugh or cry in public. The great upheaval brought us back to bed-rock conditions and primitive emotions. With tears and laughter comes the desire to shout, and from shouting to song is an easy step upward.

The Civil War inundated the United States with music of the popular sort—ballads, marches, and hymns. The brief Spanish-American conflict gave a great impetus to rag-time, and made the fortunes of a few song-writers. Our entry into the world war sees the music market crowded with marches designed to inspire patriotism and with ballads to remind those who are separated of their sentimental bonds.

The value of singing in maintaining the morale of an army is generally recognized. The United States army at the present time has a large number of music-masters—workers employed by social organizations that cooperate with the government. Their talents combine some knowledge of music

and choral work with the enthusiastic energy of the college "yell-leader."

In civil life, without this artificial inspiration, we are making more use of our voices than formerly, if the sales of popular sheet-music are any index. Many Americans who never could learn the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner," have succeeded in mastering them, and aren't afraid to sing them in a crowd.

All over the land pianos and parlor-organs are trying the simple harmonies of ballads whose theme is soldier, mother, and sweetheart.

Cultured musicians cannot find much to say in praise of the popular taste in music, but the more far-seeing welcome our first rusty notes with joy. "Better to sing almost anything than to remain silent," they declare, and prophesy brighter things for our musical future.

When the North and the South disagreed and drew the sword, both sides began singing lustily. Then sprang to everlasting fame one of our most typically American songs—"Dixie," once an obscure minstrel tune, which has become unforgettably associated with a lost cause. The solemnity of the time that saw the nation divided in fratricidal strife called forth a number of hymns and popular songs of religious theme, but most of all the Civil War seems to have produced ballads.

In the contents-page of an old song-book one can get many glimpses of the politics, the campaigns, and the home life of America in those dark years. Ballads of the period are full of references to disloyalty and treachery at home. "The Old Cabin Home," "Poor Old Slave," "De Day of Liberty's Comin'," and many other negro melodies testify to the Northern sympathy for the enslaved.



GEORGE M. COHAN, AUTHOR OF THE MOST POPULAR OF RECENT WAR-SONGS, "OVER THERE,"
THE CHORUS OF WHICH IS BASED ON A BUGLE-CALL

The campaigns of that war furnished plenty of inspiration for the ballad-writers, and the military heroes came in for many glowing tributes, but perhaps the most widely sung of all were the sentimental narratives of which "The Vacant Chair," by George F. Root, is a shining example. There are many homes where to-day "We shall meet, but we shall miss him," is held in the same dear regard as "Rock of Ages."

"Dixie" was not a war-song, but it will ever be associated with the Civil War. Similarly, in 1898, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," written without thought of war, was on the lips of all the American army and remains linked with memories of the sailing and the return of our troops.

In 1914 "Tipperary" had enjoyed a very mild fame until the British army

moved into Belgium to its strains, to meet an invading horde of Germans which was whistling, as it marched: "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning of Its Own"—neither one a war-song.

Just before the Spanish War a young American ballad-writer, who had already made a hit with "After the Ball," tried a

story ballad suggested by a scene in the well-known play, "Secret Service." Charles K. Harris composed "Break the News to Mother," because the idea of the boy who ran away to become a soldier, and died defending the flag, struck him as suitable for a sentimental ballad. The second time the song was tried before an audience was on



IRVING BERLIN, A POPULAR BALLAD-WRITER WHO IS NOW A SOLDIER IN THE NATIONAL ARMY

From a photograph by Aseda, New York

the night after the destruction of the Maine, and the soldier story took instant hold on popular fancy.

A few months ago a New York vaudeville manager held a contest to decide the popularity of war-ballads—and "Break the News to Mother," after twenty years, won first place.

Mr. Harris, who is the veteran of the sentimental ballad-writers, is of the opinion that the song-writers of the Civil War did better than their successors.

"There never will be a ballad with the same appeal as 'The Vacant Chair,'" he declares. "Crude? Surely it's crude, but that's just what makes it great. A ballad must have that little touch of crudeness—that homely laxity of grammar—that James Whitcomb Riley flavor, as one might call it. I don't give a hang for any other kind. The world will never outgrow the ballad. Just so long as there are a man, a woman, and their family—husband, wife, children, sweethearts—there will be ballads. They touch the simplest emotions—the emotions that people never outgrow. I don't believe that the great song of this war has yet been written. When it comes, mark my word, it will be the work of some unknown."

George M. Cohan, who has been writing and singing songs about the flag ever since he was a youngster in vaudeville, produced what is the most popular song of the war up to the present. "Over There" was composed to fit an occasion, and during at least the first year of the great conflict the fit was admirable.

"The need of a new war-song, and a desire to do my share, caused me to write 'Over There,'" Mr. Cohan explains. "I think 'The Star-Spangled Banner' the greatest of all war-songs, and I don't believe it will ever be superseded; but there is need of another type of song for our soldiers—something that they can sing and march to, something that will make the road a little shorter and ease their weariness on a long hike. The chorus of 'Over There' is based on the bugle-call. I chose that for its patriotic note. It seems to inspire duty. That was what I tried to do with the song—to write something that would make the boys feel like going over the top with a yell."

Irving Berlin is an American still in the twenties, who is credited with having made a million dollars out of a few popular

songs. He produced "Alexander's Rag-Time Band," and woke to find himself rich and famous. Since then he has written a great deal, including some ballads and patriotic numbers.

Mr. Berlin, who is now a soldier in the National Army, is a harsh critic of our present war music.

"With the possible exception of George Cohan's 'Over There,' I don't believe there has been any war-song published so far that will live," he remarked just before donning the uniform and leaving his music-publishing business for the drill-ground.

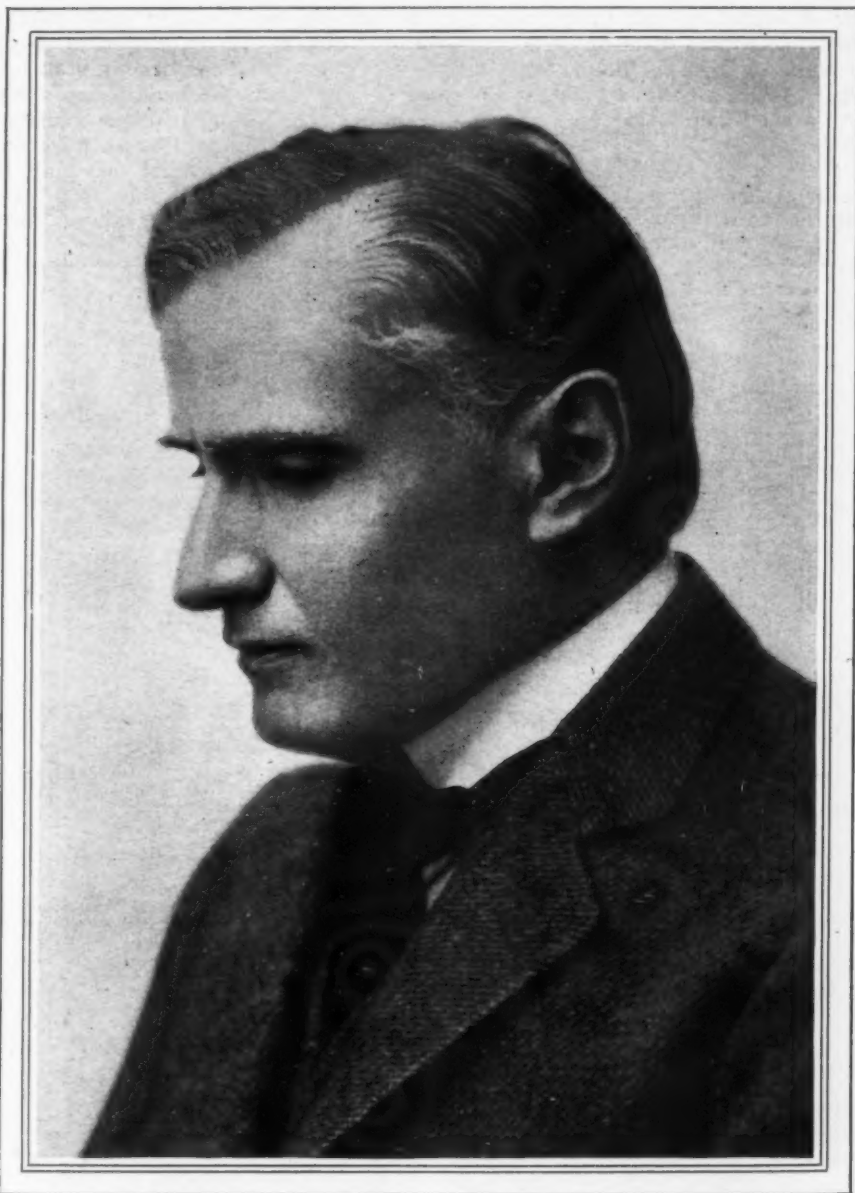
"'Over There' is by all odds the best of the war-songs. The proof of that is that everybody whistles and sings it—including the soldiers. It is good because it's really patriotic, it has a happy phrase in 'over there,' and in the last line of the chorus there is a clever play upon that phrase that gives it additional punch.

"I'm in the music-publishing business, and I write ballads, but I don't think much of those produced so far in this war. For one thing, I think the ballad-writers are on the wrong track if they are trying to please our soldiers. From what I have seen, I don't believe our boys in France want to sing sad, tearful things about dying on the battle-field, or patriotic discourses about it being our duty to go and lick the Kaiser."

"Why not?" I inquired.

"Because the boys are doing those things in their day's work. They don't want songs to inspire them to patriotic acts, because they are already performing the most patriotic act a man can do—risking their lives for their country. Our soldiers would rather sing something happy. That's the sort of song they do sing—something to make them forget about the day's work. Or, when they want sentiment, it is the sort of song that tells about the folks at home, and how they'll get back to them again—not really sadness, but anticipated happiness.

"The trouble with most of our sentimental war-ballads is that they haven't any real connection with war. They are just tearful songs about absent loved ones, who might just as well be in Milwaukee or Hong-Kong as far as any real connection with the war is concerned. I hope that before long we shall see some better things written—some big, genuine, smashing, inspiring, patriotic war-songs such as the Civil War produced."



WALTER DAMROSCH, WELL KNOWN AS CONDUCTOR AND COMPOSER, WHO THINKS THAT THE WAR WILL DO MUCH TO POPULARIZE SINGING IN AMERICA

From a photograph by Mishkin, New York

Mr. Berlin had a suggestion to offer on the value of songs in propaganda.

"Show a man a motion-picture of German atrocities," said he, "and the man will be impressed and remember it a little while. Teach him a song about the war, and he'll keep on singing and whistling it

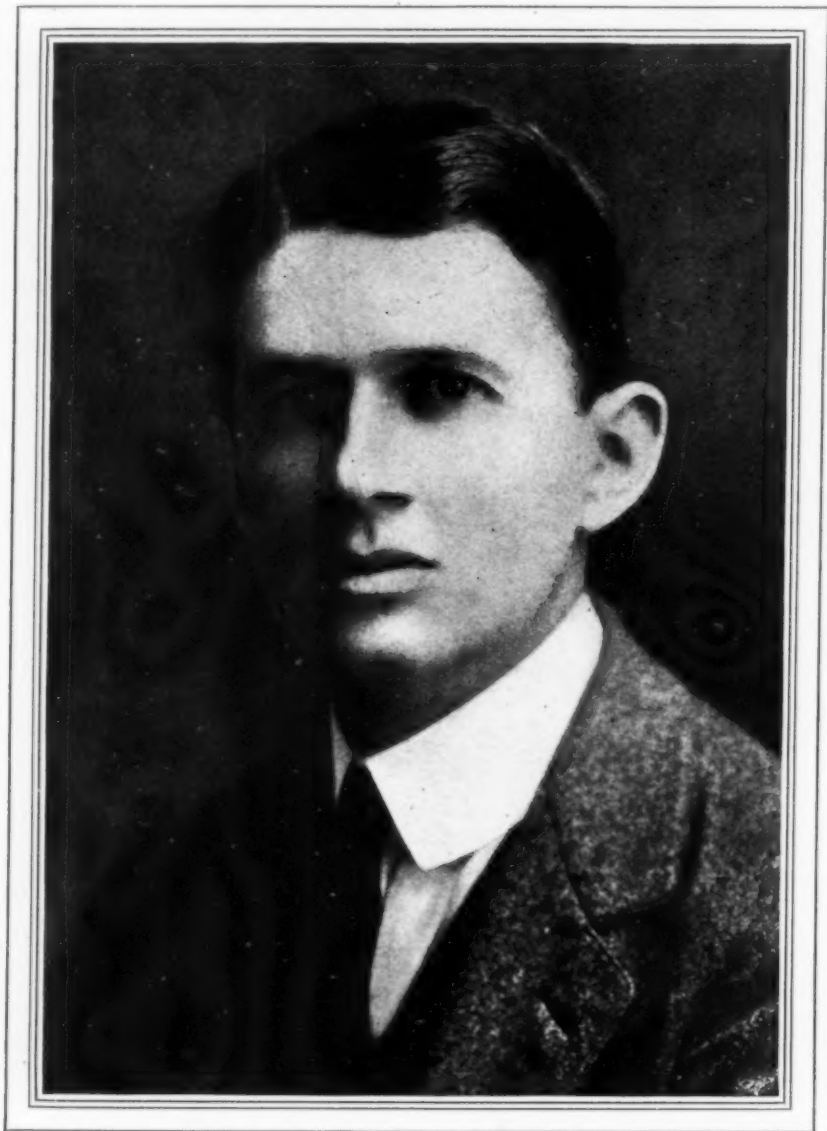
for months and years. Of all the ways of rousing public sentiment, I believe the popular song is the most effective. The government would do well to organize a song bureau to encourage such work."

Walter Damrosch, leader of the New York Symphony Orchestra, has been a con-

ductor of orchestras and symphonies for the past thirty-three years, yet it is doubtful if he has ever in his life played "Over There," "Break the News to Mother," or "The Vacant Chair." Mr. Damrosch has devoted his life to acquainting America with the best music, and is himself the composer of some notable works. Yet for all this, he is not the severe critic of popu-

lar ballads and popular taste that one might expect. He is inclined to an optimistic view of America's musical future and of the work of American composers.

"It's a fine thing that our soldiers are learning to sing," Mr. Damrosch commented. "Regardless of what they sing, they are making an advance when they take an interest in songs. It has always seemed



ALONZO ELLIOTT, JR., WHO WAS A SENIOR AT YALE WHEN HE WROTE
"A LONG, LONG TRAIL"

From a photograph by Brandenburg, New York



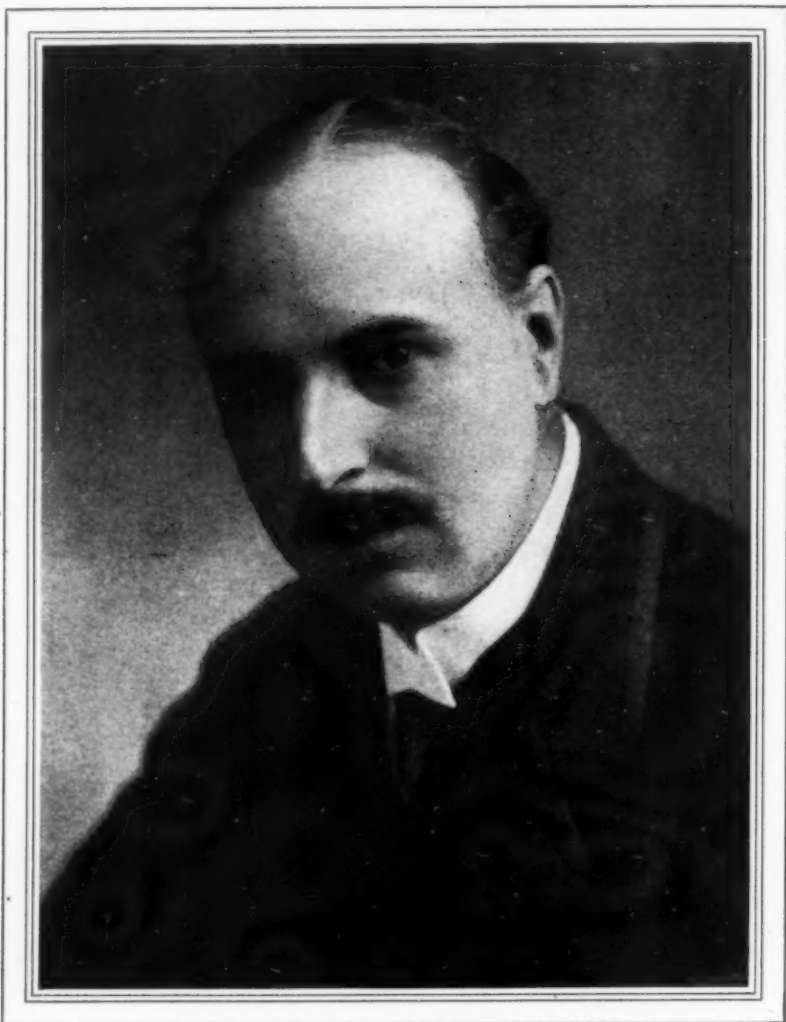
CHARLES K. HARRIS, THE DEAN OF THE BALLAD-WRITERS, WHO THINKS THAT THE SONGS OF THE CIVIL WAR WERE BETTER THAN THOSE OF TO-DAY

the saddest thing in our civilization that we are such a voiceless nation. You know that that has been true in the past. Because we had money, we hired all our singing done for us, just as we hired men to play baseball for us. What we've needed all along has been to do our own ball-playing—and to sing for ourselves.

"Our enemy, Germany, is an extremely musical nation. In the churches and in public choruses, people sing with all their might. Most Germans are amateur musicians. Much the same thing is true of England. I have heard few finer things than the choruses of Welsh coal-miners.

But while most of the peoples of the world have enjoyed song, we Americans have contented ourselves with paying talented people to sing for us—and inventing machines to make our music.

"War will help to popularize singing. The simple emotions are stirred at such a time, and singing is the most natural outlet for emotion. While I haven't heard all the popular ballads, and would not compare them without study, I can say that in the past twenty-five years we Americans have made considerable progress in musical composition. I receive a great many manuscripts for examination, and the noticeable



WILFRID SANDERSON, AN ENGLISH COMPOSER WHOSE WAR-SONG, "GOD BE WITH OUR BOYS TO-NIGHT," HAS BEEN INTRODUCED IN AMERICA BY JOHN MCCORMACK

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

improvement in their technical detail is a splendid promise for the future. Now that our American composers are mastering the mechanics of music so thoroughly, and so early in life, they will surely begin to produce real American music, untainted by the foreign influences which came with the foreign schooling that used to be necessary.

"The men who sell talking-machines tell me that invariably purchasers improve their musical taste, turning from the vulgar music to the better. If Americans begin to sing our present popular music, rag-time or what not, it is quite possible that taste

will improve in a like manner. I am a great admirer of the simple ballad, so long as it is neither vulgar nor ungrammatical in its musical construction. Betterment of popular taste will produce better ballads in America, and any sort of singing is a step toward education—at least it is better than no singing."

Accepting Mr. Damrosch's point of view, the critical person should be able to look more tolerantly on those who sing to-day of arms and the man in voices somewhat off the key or in flat-footed meter. Better a singing patriot than a voiceless slacker!

The Pace-Maker

BY MRS. JACQUES FUTRELLE

Illustrated by W. B. King

THE room was just a bit familiar; you see, he had been in it twice, or perhaps three times. He passed a hand across his tired eyes, and his tired brain questioned why it was just that bit familiar.

He found the answer finally. Scattered here and there about this room—a warm, comfortable, homelike room it was, too—were certain things, odd pieces of bric-à-brac, which always had been a part of his life—of his wedded life, at least, which was as far back as he cared to remember. They linked him with memories of a vine-covered cottage when he was a clerk; with memories of a honeymoon, and happiness, and the beginning of things.

Well, well! Here they were. Come to think of it now, he had sometimes wondered, since coming to live in a marble palace, what had become of all those old things.

They had been wedding-presents to Elena, and in the vine-covered cottage they were tremendously good things. Here, in the lap of luxury—a marble palace, so to speak—in juxtaposition to gems of the world of art, they would have looked mediocre, had it not been for the placing.

For instance, a Dresden-china shepherdess—a wonderful possession once, a wedding-gift from Aunt Mary Marsden—was perched upon a rare old Louis XIV pedestal, and set before an alcove, the draping of which had cost so much that he never cared to remember the bill. The pedestal was dark and dull, the draperies dull and dark and the Dresden shepherdess appeared white and gleaming in contrast. He knew that Elena had designed the effect; and the reason was sentiment. Bless her!

He potted along the rug—the only one of its kind outside of a museum—toward a screen in a corner of the room. Behind the screen was a couch. A shaft of sunlight

intruded through the window and fell aslant a corner of the couch, which was piled high with yielding pillows. The sunlight struck him in the eyes as he threw himself down upon it, snuggling his tired head into the pillows. It pleased him! Everything about the room pleased him—it was warm, comfortable, homelike. He fell to wondering how it happened that he had never been in it more than twice, or perhaps three times.

It was strange that he had come there today; but the whole day had been different. Of a sudden things had commenced to seem queer; something buzzed in his head; the ticking of the tape had an odd, dull sound; figures blurred as he tried to see them. Over and over his tired brain repeated Blanton's last report:

"You have cleared a million dollars."

There was no joy in it—only relief that the strain of the deal was over.

He couldn't account for being on Fifth Avenue later, walking, except that his office had become a place of torture, and he didn't want his limousine. He had taken the subway, for no particular reason, and, emerging into the world at Twenty-Third Street, had cut across to Fifth Avenue. There he found a bus at a standstill on the corner, and, again for no particular reason, he climbed upon it. A sudden notion took him to the top, although the weather was cold, with a threat of snow in the air.

He got down from the bus near the Zoo in Central Park, and saw the animals; he hadn't seen them in years. He bought some peanuts, and tried not to appear foolish in doing it. He had lost the trick of enjoying himself.

He walked the distance from the Zoo to his home—if a pile of marble surrounding a costly collection of art treasures can

be called a home—trying to breathe according to the instructions thrust upon him by his physician, who had predicted death in six months if he didn't take a rest. He also tried to remember to throw back his shoulders; he knew he was too young to stoop.

At the marble pile he did not ascend the marble steps to the bronze portals. He did not stray under the *porte-cochère*; it was not the place for one afoot. He crept to a little side doorway, a sort of a joke that he had perpetrated when the marble pile was reared, and for which he had had a key made in imitation of the latch-key he used when he was a clerk.

This key had never before served its purpose. Mr. J. Willard Spooner had always come home in state, preceded by a blare of trumpets, so to speak, with Thomas to open the door amid pomp and ceremony, as befitted the station of such a great financier. Now he experienced a thrill—and thrills had become an unknown quantity in his life—at the thought of using the key, sneaking into his own house, as it were. Once inside, he strayed into the room which he had visited only twice, or perhaps three times.

He found the couch behind the screen comfortable—exceptionally so. Finally his tired body relaxed, his tired head sank deeper and deeper into the yielding pillows, and he slept.

He was awakened by the sound of voices—his wife's voice and a man's. The man's voice he placed as belonging to one Percival Peabody, a gentleman hampered with such other qualifications as idle, wealthy, handsome.

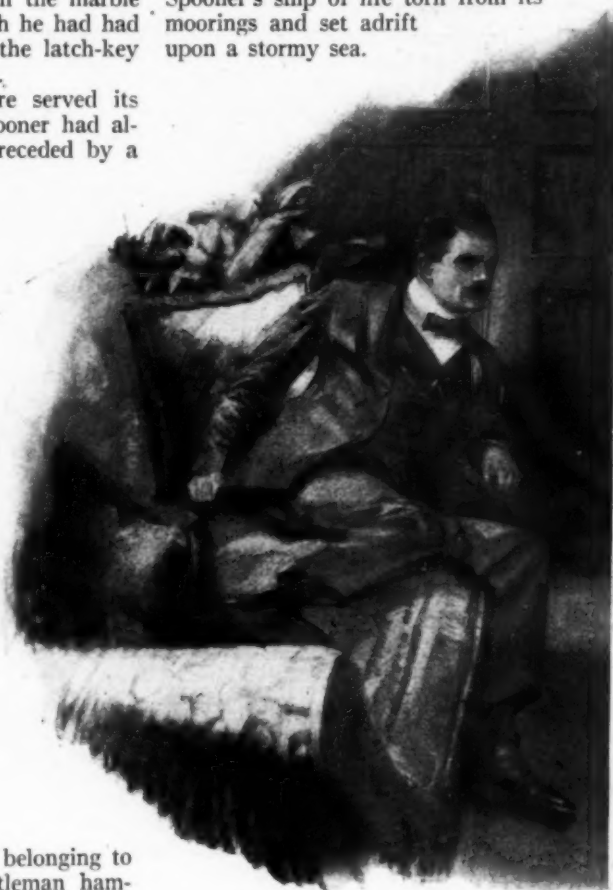
The voices reached him softly, intimately, from just the other side of the screen. For a moment, as he lay there, blinking into the setting sun and listening drowsily, he did not quite sense the fact that he was eavesdropping.

He rubbed his eyes, smoothed his hair, and was about to get to his feet when

something in the conversation struck him as peculiar. He paused with one foot on the floor and an elbow crooked to support his half-reclining body. After a moment he dropped back upon the couch, interlaced his fingers behind his head, and frankly listened.

II

It was ten minutes later when the outer door closed upon Percival Peabody's retreating back, leaving J. Willard Spooner's ship of life torn from its moorings and set adrift upon a stormy sea.



HE WAS AWAKENED BY THE SOUND OF VOICES—

Mr. Spooner's memories of a vine-covered cottage, of a honeymoon, and happiness and the beginning of things, had suddenly become mere distorted imaginings. Elena sat huddled in a chair, sobbing her heart out. The Dresden-china shepherdess, one of the links to the memories, lay on the

floor, shattered to atoms—mute evidence of the struggle for a kiss which Mr. Peabody had foregone at the last moment. Elena's husband, behind the screen, was dabbing at the blood on his lower lip, which he had

his hand did not even tremble as he extended it to that estimable matron.

Mrs. Carleton accepted the hand with a question in her eyes. She was the fairy godmother of the little world she ruled—



—WHICH REACHED HIM SOFTLY, INTIMATELY, FROM JUST THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SCREEN

bitten cleanly through in his struggle to restrain himself from rushing furiously upon the destroyer of his happiness.

At length he heard Elena go. Then he got to his feet. Later, when he was admitted to the presence of Mrs. James Carleton, he was a sickly-white, but calm;

a world made up of glitter and laughter and airy persiflage, where most of her subjects had nothing on their minds but their hats, these hats being very expensive and the last word in fashion. She tried not to appear surprised at the presence of J. Willard Spooner in her drawing-room at five

o'clock in the afternoon—an hour at which he was always engaged in grinding out money—with his complexion a sickly-white, and his lips drawn into a line of tragedy and showing a drop of blood.

She motioned him to a chair and sat down herself. Meanwhile she made a swift, sure stab at a guess.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit, Willard?" she asked.

He stared at her, dabbed at the drop of blood on his lip with a snowy handkerchief, then sat down.

"I hardly know how to tell you," he replied. "I've come to you for advice." He ran his fingers inside his collar; something was tight there. "Elena—"

"What's the trouble with Elena?"

He tried to answer, but didn't; he couldn't. Suddenly Mrs. Carleton rose and placed a motherly hand upon his young but bent shoulders.

"Willard," she said, "spare yourself the recital. The question is, how did you at last find it out?"

"Eavesdropping," he answered. "How long has it been going on?"

"Oh, a month or six weeks, perhaps," she told him.

He dropped his head in his hands.

"I suppose I should have warned you," she said presently.

"You did warn me," he reminded her hoarsely.

"Not about Peabody, Willard. I merely told you that if you didn't take more time from your everlasting money-making and devote some of it to an attractive little wife, adrift in an idle, frivolous world, you'd lose her."

"Well, I've lost her."

"Oh, not yet!" She interrupted a sign of protest. "You have only commenced to lose her."

Now, J. Willard Spooner was a man, and looked at big questions largely and squarely. Frankly he did not understand Mrs. Carleton's view of the situation.

"When a man tries to kiss another man's wife—" he began.

"Tries to kiss!" interrupted Mrs. Carleton. "Which means, of course, that he didn't succeed?"

"No," he admitted, and dabbed at the little trace of blood on his lip. "Thank God, he didn't!"

"So you see you have no real cause for worry. The worst never happens."

Again he did not understand. He gazed at her, and concluded that no man had the slightest chance ever to understand a woman.

"I don't get your meaning," he said. "Do you realize—"

"I do indeed," she broke in. "More than you do, I think, but not more than I hope you will. Willard"—she folded her arms—"your trouble, as I see it, is already half adjusted. You are awake. And now that you are—well, what do you propose to do?"

"Free her," he answered. "The advice I want from you is the best way to do it without comment, without scandal. Thank God, we haven't any children!"

"Free her!" she exclaimed. "Are you crazy? You'll do no such silly thing! What do you think will become of you in such an arrangement?"

"Oh, I'll manage to rock along somehow, I suppose." He caught his breath as if something hurt. "It's her happiness I'm thinking of."

"Oh, bosh! That's not the way to secure her happiness."

Mr. Spooner was plainly astonished.

"No? I don't quite see—" he began.

"Of course you don't, being a man, with a man's mud-headed way of looking at anything that concerns a woman. If you could see, this wouldn't have happened. It always drives me wild to find a man giving up the fight!"

"But I'm beaten."

Mrs. Carleton made a little gesture of impatience.

"How beaten?" she asked, and didn't wait for an answer. "Your wife still loves you!"

"You're wrong. She loves Peabody."

"Rubbish!"

"If she wants to marry Peabody, she must have her chance."

Again Mrs. Carleton made a little gesture of impatience.

"The modern self-sacrificing husband annoys me," she stated. "Self-sacrifice is the last thing a modern woman needs. She needs affection, companionship, interest, but she doesn't need self-sacrifice."

"But if I have failed—"

"Oh, I suppose you have failed, but you are failing now; and two wrongs never did make a right."

"You are talking in riddles," he told her. "I don't understand you."

Mrs. Carleton sat down again.

"Sometimes," she said, "in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a woman like myself to say a few frank words to erring husbands and wives, and to try to plant unsteady steps once again in the matrimonial path. Willard, you have come to me for advice, but the advice I am going to give you is not the advice you think you want. And, first, I am going to show you just where the blame for all this trouble lies."

"I know," he told her. "The blame lies with myself; otherwise I should have kicked over the screen and knocked Mr. Peabody's block off!"

"Indeed? Do you expect to thrust a woman like Elena into a marble pile, to rob her of your companionship, to smother her with money, to allow her to take affection for granted, without something unpleasant happening?"

"I don't expect it—now," he said.

"Then you realize that she's a living, breathing, fascinating little woman, born to love and be loved, living in an idle, frivolous world where sex attraction has every chance to grow and flourish; where, if you, her husband, don't take notice of her charms, some other man will?"

"Some other man has!"

Mrs. Carleton turned upon him.

"Willard, are you tired of your wife? Do you want to give her up?"

"Tired?" he exclaimed. "Tired of Elena? No! I—I'm—"

"Very well, then," she hastened to say.

"In that case—very well, then!"

She rose, crossed the room, and pulled the bell-cord, the while a curious little smile came to her lips and lingered there.

"Light a cigarette," she instructed, "and come back to earth. I'm going to order you a high-ball, and then I'm going to unloose a theory. I want you to experiment with it. I've always been curious to see how it would work out."

III

J. WILLARD SPOONER patiently acquiesced in this arrangement. He lighted a cigarette and smoked it, while a liveried servant answered the summons of the bell-cord, and retired with Mrs. Carleton's order. He sat patiently through the mixing of the high-ball by Mrs. Carleton's extremely competent butler. He dutifully sipped it; but when the door closed on the thin,

stooping shoulders of the butler, he shot his hostess a questioning glance.

"Well?" he said.

"Every modern couple needs a pace-maker," Mrs. Carleton announced. "Sometimes it is the woman, more often it is the man, but every couple needs one. Show me your twentieth-century happily married pair after the gilt edge of love's young dream has worn off, and I'll show you the pace-maker. Either the wife is keeping up with the husband, or the husband is keeping up with the wife. I am leaving children out of this discussion, because I never yet knew a child to prevent a divorce when the matrimonial bit began to chafe. Children are an added interest in happiness, and an unanswered question in matrimonial misery, but they don't contribute one little jot to the main issue of our matrimonial lives—compatibility."

J. Willard Spooner cocked an eyebrow and regarded her with interest. The tragic line of his lips softened.

"You don't say!"

"I do say," Mrs. Carleton emphasized.

"Now, here's my advice," she went on. "Pace your wife, or she'll pace you, and if you don't keep up with her—some other man will!"

J. Willard Spooner was impressed.

"Um!" he said. "Listens well!"

"No sarcasm, Willard," she reproved.

"It contains a lot of good, common sense as well as an epigrammatic sound. In my opinion it's the divorce problem in a nutshell; the saving of society, of the whole human tribe. Get into the race, Willard! Get into the race and win! Let's see the stuff you are made of! I'll wager you that at the end of a week Peabody won't be in the running."

"Win my own wife?"

"Yes—and then keep her. That's my theory—the keeping of a wife until death and not the divorce court do you part. Perpetuate love's young dream! We are told that love is immutable; we know by experience that it is a delicate little flower which withers and dies of neglect. One's wife must be kept after she is won, or won over and over again. Oh, and one's husband, too! Not one man or woman in fifty knows how—that accounts for the divorces. Ignorance pure and simple! Now you, for instance—you won Elena, but you didn't know how to keep her. Peabody wouldn't know; perhaps the next man wouldn't; and

so forth, and so on, through a very miserable life, instead of a haven of refuge in the first matrimonial harbor."

"Hear, hear!" laughed Willard.

"You like my theory?"

"Yes, I do," he told her. "It's something different—not like the usual string of sentimental rot."

"You're wrong," she contradicted. "It's full of it; and that's what you need in your life, what we all need—a lot of sentimental rot. It certainly is what Elena needs. And it's what she's getting, but from some other man when it should be you—her husband!"

"I love her," Willard defended. "I have always loved her."

"How often do you tell her so?"

"Well—um—"

"Exactly! You should tell her about it every hour of the day, leave it upon her desk in little notes, take a moment from your busiest hours to telephone it to her. Willard, tell me this—how often do you kiss her?"

"Well—um—she is never up when I go out in the morning. I don't want to disturb her."

"A kiss never yet disturbed a woman, Willard!"

"And she is never in when I come home in the evening."

"You are at your office a great deal, are you not? And asleep when your wife comes in after a dinner-party, or a dance—when she comes in with another man? You seldom even see her?"

He admitted it.

"But she understands," he explained. "I have other things to think of. I am a busy man."

"No woman ever understands such things," she told him. "Women don't take things for granted; if they do, they take too much for granted. You could never explain to Elena why, if you love her, you never go anywhere with her. She couldn't understand. No woman could."

"She understands that my business needs me. She understands that I can't play and work, too. I can't neglect my business."

"But you can neglect your wife?"

"I thought she understood," he defended.

"You see she doesn't. And there's where another man always gets into the game. Come, get into the game yourself;

raise the other fellow until he can't see over the chips. What do you say?"

He came to his feet.

"I'm on!" he exclaimed.

"Pace your wife, or she'll pace you! Let that be your slogan. Write it upon little slips and put the slips in every pocket to remind you. Pace your wife, or she'll pace you!"

"I'll do it!" he declared. "I'll pace my wife!" He passed a hand across his tired eyes, then let it drop to his lips. "I don't know what will become of my business; I can't play and work, too—burning the candle at both ends."

"Oh, bother your business!" Mrs. Carleton answered, exasperated. "Your business has been the cause of all this muddle, so—bother your business!"

"You're right!" declared J. Willard Spooner. "You're right about everything." He caught her feminine expression and airily tossed it back to her. "Bother my business!"

IV

He took the marble steps of his palatial house two at a time. By all the rules of medical science he should have been sick abed with half a dozen specialists in attendance; for surely the events of the afternoon would have tried a stouter constitution than he ever expected to possess. Not having obeyed the order to cut loose from his office, he was practically a dead man, according to his physician; and yet he never felt better!

Unconsciously his shoulders went back, a glow mounted his pale cheeks, his tired eyes reflected a gleam. He had a new angle on life. He was seeing things from a woman's view-point. He was discovering that life was trying to put one over on him, and it couldn't be done—not now, anyhow, for he was awake.

He had made a success of his life; he would keep on doing it. He realized that he had been shy on method when it concerned a woman, but he had that puzzle by the ear now:

"Pace your wife, or she'll pace you!"—that must be his slogan.

The whole fabric of his life had momentarily fallen about him, but he would tack it up again. He could eat dinners; he could play cards; he could dance, too, when he caught the hang of the new ones. He could whirl and swirl in society with

the other fellow, if he took the time; and henceforth he would take it. He would pace his wife! As for Peabody, he would simply lose the fellow!

He banged on the door of his wife's sitting-room, and pushed it open. He found

"I was asked, was I not?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, indeed you were asked! You are always asked, but you always refuse.



"WILLARD, SPARE YOURSELF THE RECITAL.
THE QUESTION IS, HOW DID YOU AT
LAST FIND IT OUT?"

her drawing on a pair of white gloves, while her maid held a wrap.

"Where do we dine to-night?" he asked.

"We?" she echoed, and repeated: "We?"

He nodded gaily.

"I am dining with the Gardiners," she told him; "a party of thirty, and the theater after; but they don't expect you."

Everybody has come to take it for granted; so the Gardiners don't expect you." Suddenly she moved toward him, and put a tentative hand upon his sleeve. "What is the matter, Willard? What has happened?"

He laughed cheerfully.

"Nothing," he answered, "except that I'm sick of work, and I'm going to the Gardiners' to dinner. Telephone them, please, and give me ten minutes to dress."

He dived into his room with an energy that he would not have believed possible, jabbed the bell for his valet with a feeling akin to real enthusiasm, and began to climb out of his coat. Elena followed him, a little perplexed pucker wrinkling her forehead.

"Willard," she asked, "you—you are sure nothing has happened? You—you haven't lost your money?"

"Not a bit of it!" he assured her. "Couldn't lose it if I tried. It's in gilt-edged securities, and iron-clad railroads, and banks that won't fail. Don't you worry about the money!"

"I wish you had lost it," she said.

He stopped in his hurried disrobing and looked at her.

"Do you mean that?"

"I do," she replied. "It hasn't made us happy—the money; why should I want it?"

"We are going to need it now," he said seriously.

The tone alarmed her. She raised two frightened eyes to his.

"You are ill!" She came closer. After a moment she reached up and touched his face. "You are going to die! You are ill!"

"No," he said cheerfully, "I've just cut loose from business because I'm sick of it. All work and no play, you know—"

"Cut loose from business? You are going to quit business?" she asked, amazed.

"Something like that," he answered.

"You are going to sacrifice ambition after all these years of fighting to make yourself a money power?"

"Yes. What is a money power, anyway?" he wanted to know. "What does it amount to if I should become one?"

"I don't know," she replied.

"Well, I do. It doesn't amount to anything at all."

She stood twisting her fingers. A bell jangled below, and she knew that the footman was taking Mr. Peabody's hat and coat.

"Willard! Do you mean that?"

"I do; so I'm going to pass it up. I'm going to lead the gay life, and see what it's like. I'm going to be the husband of my wife, and see what that's like. You see, we'll need the money. I don't know how to fox-trot, but I'm going to learn. I think I can be a dashing devil!"

She looked at him in amazement.

"You are really going to frivol? Or is this a trick of some sort?"

"I'm really going to frivol," he answered, "with a capital F!"

"But the business?" she wanted to know.

"The business must go," he declared.

"But don't worry; we won't starve. I have about fifteen millions in cold cash, and a lot of other financial junk, and I don't have five minutes' conversation with you a month. I'm going to change that. I am going to dinner-parties with you. I am going to play cards. I am going to get a man named Peabody into a poker-game and raise him until he can't see over the chips! Give me ten minutes and I'll be with you."

She hesitated a moment before she turned and went toward the door. She looked at him askance, trying to fathom the cryptic meaning of this strange new attitude—the suddenness of it all. At the door she paused.

"Ten minutes?" she asked.

"Ten minutes!" he answered briskly.

He watched her go, longing to take her in his arms, while he passionately fought back the thought that he had given another man a chance to attempt it.

She closed the door softly behind her. She went slowly, reluctantly down-stairs to where Percival Peabody was waiting for her. The ten minutes were just sufficient for her to give Mr. Peabody a graceful but unmistakable *congé*.

V

It took J. Willard Spooner only a week to catch the fox-trot step of society, although it took two more to work out his sore muscles. And while he was trying to see just how many engagements it was possible to crowd into a day, he was figuring out some thoroughly interesting problems of life—and women.

He discovered some things he never knew before—for instance, that wit is mathematical, and that diplomats are made, not born. He sat up at night learning the business rules of this new world which he had decided to conquer, and he studied the open sesame that led to success in it:

"Pace your wife, or she'll pace you!"

At the end of a month he had paced his wife until, to use a vulgar metaphor, she had her tongue hanging out. He hadn't failed in any of the details, either—telling her every hour of the day that he loved

her; leaving it upon her desk in little notes; taking a moment from his busiest hours to telephone it to her. He was fighting, and with a woman's weapons. It astonished and interested him to find how easy it was.

At the end of the month Elena lay upon a couch in her boudoir, her arms hanging listlessly at her sides, in a state of utter exhaustion—a definite and conclusive compliment to her victorious husband. He, in turn, standing beside the couch, with a glow in his once pale cheeks, threw out his rapidly developing chest, a perfect picture of health and energy.

"Give me this afternoon to rest," she pleaded. "Make my excuses. I'll try to be with you at dinner."

"A last kiss, my darling!" he cried.

She suffered the kiss which he placed energetically upon her full lips. She watched wearily as he drew on a pair of pale-gray gloves in preparation for his energetic and cheerful departure. Finally he reached for his cane, twirled it, and fox-trotted to the door.

Suddenly she sat up.

"Aren't *you* tired, Willard?" she demanded. "You told me the doctor said that you were ill, that you ought to loll about Palm Beach all winter—"

He held up a pale-gray hand.

"Not on your life!" he exclaimed. "You don't catch me lolling about anywhere, my darling—there's too much fun going. Well, so-long! See you at dinner!"

She lay back with a moan as the door closed behind him, and tried to dash away a tear that ran down her well-formed nose and splashed upon her silken pillow. She heard his merry whistling die away in the distance. She knew that he was airplaning down the stairs, that he would canter through the hall, and fox-trot to the limousine. It was awful!

Again she moaned and buried her head in the pillows. What a silly life it was! Never aiming at anything, never getting anywhere—just a lot of noise and chatter and shallow sentiment. And Willard was capable of such fine things! Yes, it was awful!

Ten minutes later she sat up again and read the name on a card which her maid brought to her.

"Show Mrs. Carleton in," she said.

She wasn't crying now; she was far from tearful. She had been thinking, and her thoughts had led her step by step to anger.

She was angry with herself, angry with everybody.

She greeted Mrs. Carleton in a rather strange manner.

"Well, you got me into this mess—now get me out of it!"

"What's the matter?" that matron demanded. "Isn't Willard awake?"

"Good Heavens, yes—awake night and day! But look at me! I'm down and out."

"My theory is—" Mrs. Carleton began.

"No more of your theories!" interrupted Elena. "Theories may sound all right, but they don't work out. Willard has paced me until I'm exhausted."

"When the pendulum swings far one way, it must swing just so far back the other way, my child."

"Well, I wish it hadn't. I wish Willard had kicked over the screen and knocked Percy Peabody's block off—knocked both our silly blocks off! Then we wouldn't have been in this awful situation."

"You wanted your husband awakened," Mrs. Carleton reminded her.

"But I didn't want an exaggerated case of insomnia! I didn't want a bureau of social functions—a husband who shrieks with delight at seven dinner-parties a week, who can fox-trot until six in the morning, and howl for more. I just wanted to jolt him loose a bit from that awful business."

"You succeeded!"

"You mean *you* succeeded. And now I'll have to jolt him loose from *this* awful business. I can't fox-trot another step!"

"I'm sorry, because it seems to agree with Willard."

"Isn't it amazing what this silly business has done for him?" Elena said. "His eyes are not tired now, he's growing a chest, and I'm sure he has pulled a foot from the grave."

"And he's desperately in love with you all over again."

Elena looked at her visitor quickly.

"I wonder!" she said. "Sometimes he's so extravagant that I wonder if he isn't bluffing. He tells me every hour of the day, he leaves it in little notes upon my desk, he even telephones it to me. He never for a moment lets me forget that he loves me; but that's the only ray of light in all this horrible muddle. Willard hasn't one high-minded principle left; not a shred of ambition. I expect to see his brain soften from lack of use."

"Why, he gets brain food at cards—" Mrs. Carleton began.

"The only brain food he gets at cards," Elena interrupted, "is the joy of enticing Percy Peabody into a poker-game and raising him until he can't see over the chips. You know why!"

"Poor Percy!" mused Mrs. Carleton. "Sacrificed on the altar of friendship!" Suddenly she brought her hands together in a kid-gloved thud. "I know! Tell Willard the truth!"

"Never!" declared Elena. "He would never forgive me. Confess that it was all a sham, an arranged scene between Percy and me—arranged by you, my friend—played in a moment of silly inspiration, when I found him asleep on that couch? Not this week! I want to win my husband's love, not to lose it. This is a serious thing, and we have made it a mockery. Besides, Percy smashed that Dresden shepherdess Aunt Mary Marsden gave us for a wedding-present in his silly pretense of trying to kiss me. Oh, I *can't* tell Willard! That shepherdess represents the beginning of things to him—sacred things. He would never forgive me!"

Mrs. Carleton thoughtfully dug an index-finger into a cheek.

"Perhaps if Percy were engaged to some lovely girl," she suggested, "the curse of his pretended devotion to you would be—"

Elena waved away the suggestion.

"It will take more than Percy engaged, or even Percy married, to make Willard stop his foolish pace-making. You have so thoroughly convinced him, and—well, *he likes it!*"

"Are you sure? Perhaps he is just crowding his instructions."

"Of course I'm sure. You should hear him rave! No, that's not the solution to this riddle. We've got to think of something better."

"Well, you might pace your husband—" began Mrs. Carleton.

"Heavens!" cried Elena. "He's pacing me, and I can't even follow, with my tired, aching feet!" She sat up for a moment, rubbing the tired, aching feet, and struggling with the tears that threatened. "Oh, I'm tired," she moaned, "tired and sick of everything! I'd love to sneak away somewhere with just Willard—to some little place where no one ever heard of a fox-trot or ever wanted to give a dinner-party—where I could live in a cottage, and wear

a gingham gown, and put my feet into big, flat shoes for weeks and weeks! I'd love to cook, to make pies for Willard—I wonder if I've forgotten how!—and have him kiss the smudge of flour from my cheek, as he used to do when he was a clerk. Oh, that's what I'd love to do!"

"Perhaps that is the solution," said Mrs. Carleton. "Why not try it? A cottage, a gingham gown, a smudge of flour on your cheek—it's a pretty picture! And Willard is very, very human. Yes, try it! I'm curious to see how it will work out."

She dabbed a kiss on Elena's forehead and took her leave.

VI

As the door closed behind her, she saw Willard. He was leaning against the door-jamb outside, and from his pockets he was extracting little slips of paper. These he let flutter to the floor.

"It's all over!" he remarked cheerfully. "No more need for these things!"

A horrible suspicion began to creep into Mrs. Carleton's consciousness. Fearfully she whispered her question:

"You heard?"

He waved a hand toward the open transom over the door.

"I had a grand-stand seat at the meeting of the conspirators," he smiled.

"You heard?" she repeated meaninglessly. "You know the truth?"

"I know the truth," he admitted.

Suddenly he leaned forward and caught both her hands within his own. He pressed energetic kisses upon her kid gloves.

"It was an easy victory," he said jubilantly; "a month of child's play. I even have time to loll about Palm Beach before I tackle Utah Amalgamated; but a cottage and Elena's pies sound awfully good to me!"

Mrs. Carleton reached the bottom of the stairs before she heard the door leading into Elena's boudoir open and close again. The house was very silent, and the telltale transom was still open. She heard plainly:

"How soon can you be ready to go?"

This from Willard. Then Elena's voice, painfully alarmed:

"Go where?"

"To that little cottage where you are going to make pies for me!"

And Elena's glad answer:

"Willard! You old darling! This very minute!"

Are the Germans Really Efficient?

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF THEIR CLAIM TO SUPERIOR ABILITY AND ACHIEVEMENT IN VARIOUS FIELDS OF ENDEAVOR

By Brander Matthews

WE have heard so much in the past three years about the marvelous efficiency of the Germans, they have boasted about it so superabundantly, and they have so continuously called upon us to admire them for it, that we have been inclined to accept their own opinion of themselves and to acknowledge that they are as efficient as they assert.

But we have discovered that it is not safe to take them at their own valuation. They have vaunted themselves as the most civilized of peoples, marching in the vanguard of progress, with all the other races toiling painfully in the vain effort to keep up with them; and their self-praising words have been contradicted by their self-condemnatory deeds, which have disclosed them as the modern nation most deficient in what the rest of the world accepts as the essentials of civilization.

Now, if the Germans are, as they have forced us to perceive, not as highly civilized as they have claimed to be, may it not also be true that they are not as highly efficient as they are accustomed to consider themselves? Even if they are admitted to be efficient in some respects, what are the special fields in which this efficiency of theirs must be acknowledged? What are the other fields in which their efficiency is less evident? And, finally, what are the fields in which they are plainly lacking in efficiency?

These questions have an immediate interest, significance, and importance; since it is imperative that we should understand the foes we are fighting, that we should see them for what they actually are, neither overestimating them nor underestimating

them. It is advantageous for us to decide once for all just how efficient the Germans are, and to ask ourselves several questions. In what way and to what extent are they efficient? And where are they inefficient?

FOUR DEFINITIONS OF EFFICIENCY

Since this discussion must turn upon the meaning of the word "efficiency," it may be well to begin by making sure of its exact content. Here, then, are the successive explanations of the word which we find in the "Standard Dictionary":

The power that accomplishes a desired or designed work.

The quality that produces the best business results or the most effective service.

The state of possessing adequate skill or knowledge for the performance of a duty or a calling.

The ratio of useful work or the effect produced to the energy expended in producing it.

Of these varied definitions, all tending to a single end, the one which the Germans would seize upon as more particularly applicable to themselves is that declaring efficiency to be "the state of possessing adequate skill or knowledge for the performance of a duty or a calling"; but they might also insist that they had in a high degree "the quality that produces the best business results or the most effective service." And, no doubt, they would be justified in making both of these claims; but then so would the British and the French; so would the Americans.

The work of the world demands the best business results and the best service, and these can be attained only by the possession of adequate skill and knowledge. That the Germans have no monopoly of these

qualities and no superiority is proved by the keen competition of Great Britain and France and the United States in the open markets of both hemispheres. We may grant that the Germans have their share of efficiency, without for a moment admitting that they possess a monopoly of it, or even a larger share than is possessed by their chief rivals.

A MARVELOUSLY EFFICIENT ARMY

In one department of human endeavor, it is true, this superior efficiency may seem to have been demonstrated—in the preparation for war. They had determined to crush France before Russia could make its might felt; and they had therefore built their railroads to the Belgian frontier and had provided everything needed to enable them to accomplish their nefarious purpose. Their troops were mobilized with astounding celerity; and these soldiers were completely equipped with all the accessories demanded by modern warfare. At the chosen moment their armies poured across the Belgian border by the hundred thousand; they swept forward irresistibly through that neutral country; they seemed about to encompass Paris and to achieve easily their full intention.

The machine had been most efficiently constructed for its special purpose, and it worked in all its parts with foreseen precision. And yet the Germans failed; they did not capture Paris or scatter the French armies; and in a few weeks they had to retreat, confessing that the sudden crushing of France was no longer a possibility. The efficiency of their armies, as armies, was indisputable; and equally indisputable was the fact that the military machine had not been able to accomplish that for which it had been put together. It may have possessed the quality that produces "the most effective service," but it could not assure "the best business results," because it was balked by the inefficiency of another part of the German organization, without the aid of which the army must always lack "the power that accomplishes a desired or designed work."

MARVELOUSLY INEFFICIENT DIPLOMACY

The military mechanism of the Germans was superbly efficient in its limited mechanical way; but its efficiency was vitiated by the inefficiency of their diplomatic mechanism. German diplomacy was ex-

hibited as pitifully inefficient, because it was obviously devoid of "adequate skill and knowledge for the performance of a duty"—the duty of making smooth and easy the path which the armies of Germany were to tread, if the military machine was to produce "the best business results." The indignant surprise of the Germans at the unexpected resistance of the Belgians, and at the equally unexpected declaration of war by Great Britain, is proof that their diplomats had failed to keep their government properly informed as to the state of mind of the Belgians and of the British.

It was cynically asserted in the eighteenth century that a diplomat was a man "sent abroad to lie for the benefit of his country"; and we have seen, to our sorrow, that this is the conception which still inspires many German diplomatists, especially those accredited to North and South America. But, of course, in the twentieth century, the function of an ambassador is, first of all, to cultivate friendly relations with the people to whom he is sent, and, secondly and more particularly, to keep his own government exactly informed as to public opinion in the country where he is temporarily resident.

He is unfit for the post if he does not possess "adequate skill and knowledge for the performance of the duty" of discovering just what the foreigners among whom he is living have thought in the past, are thinking in the present, and will think in the immediate future. It is his privilege to feel their pulse and to take their temperature, twice a day if need be, to fill out the chart, and to keep his eyes open that he may be the first to note any symptoms of change. He has to be a professor of international psychology, with a profound and yet delicate discernment of all the variable reactions of human nature. He needs the social instinct raised to its highest power; and social instinct is the quality in which the German is most obviously deficient.

The efficiency of the German army was rendered ineffective by the inefficiency of German diplomacy. The individual soldier might have a perfect uniform and a perfect rifle with perfect ammunition; he might be trained to perfect obedience; he might be drilled until he could be trusted to execute tactical maneuvers, however difficult or deadly; the grand strategy of the attack might be planned in every detail; and yet all this mechanical thoroughness would

waste itself if the diplomatic machine broke down because it had not an intelligent understanding of the other nations which might be drawn into the war.

It was not a single error that the German government made because it lacked the social instinct, and because its foreign information was insufficient and misleading; it was a muddled continuation of blunders. The Germans were not aware that the Belgians would resist invasion, and they did not foresee that Great Britain would abide by its agreement to defend the neutrality of Belgium. Apparently they supposed that Belgium might be persuaded or coerced into allowing a free passage to the German troops so that France could be pierced on its least-protected frontier.

Apparently, again, the Germans believed that Great Britain was on the brink of civil war over Ireland, and that the British colonies would seize the opportunity to cut loose from the empire. Furthermore, the Germans counted upon the revolt of India and upon the self-assertion of South Africa. They did not appreciate the irresistible forces which would compel Italy to withdraw from the Triple Alliance and to throw in its lot with the Allies. They did not foresee the world-wide shock of revulsion which was the result of their contemptuous dismissal of a solemn treaty as a mere "scrap of paper."

The German government made inexcusable blunders in international psychology, partly because of the German deficiency in the social instinct, and partly because of defective organization due to a natural but dangerous personal peculiarity of the Kaiser himself.

A German ambassador, even if he might hold it to be his duty to lie for the benefit of his country, ought always to have told the truth, and the whole truth, to his own superiors in Berlin. He should have kept the Kaiser informed of all the facts, whether they were welcome or unwelcome. But the Kaiser did not relish information which disclosed a condition of affairs likely to interfere with his plans. He was prompt to reward with promotion those who told him what he wanted to hear; and he showed his displeasure to those who brought him bad news.

An autocrat is practically certain to be surrounded by flatterers; and the Kaiser was encouraged to live in a fool's paradise, believing always that everything in every

other country was going exactly as he wanted it to go.

ERRORS OF THE GERMAN STAFF

But even if the failure of the swift German assault on France must be ascribed largely to the inefficiency of German diplomacy, a share of the blame must be laid upon the less obvious inefficiency of the German staff. The more closely we scan the working of the German war machine, the more clearly do we perceive that its efficiency is most evident at the bottom and least evident at the top. The privates, the non-commissioned officers, the regimental commanders, were relatively more competent in the execution of their subordinate task than was the high command in the execution of its superior task.

A machine, however elaborately designed and however carefully constructed, is never absolutely automatic; it will not go of its own accord; and it cannot be made wholly fool-proof. It will never do its work properly unless it is properly controlled. And at the outbreak of the war the German high command was not equal to its job. It was, in fact, undoubtedly inferior to the high command of the French in "the skill or knowledge needed for the adequate performance of its duty."

The Germans had the immense advantage of a huge superiority in numbers and of a seemingly triumphant initiative; and yet at the battle of the Marne they were outmaneuvered, outfought, and forced to retreat. The French were better both in strategy and in tactics, because they were more intelligent, and because they were less complacent and conceited. The spirit which led the Kaiser to dismiss the British troops as "a contemptible little army" is not the spirit which wins victories.

To be noted, also, is the characteristic error of judgment leading the Germans to pin their faith to the Zeppelin, which had been developed in Germany, and to underestimate the importance of the airplane, which had been invented in America and improved in France. A similar blunder was made by them later, after the Zeppelin had failed to meet their early expectations, when they decided upon their submarine campaign, with its indiscriminate sinking of neutral ships without warning. For a brief season this may have appeared efficient in that it produced "effective service"; but it could never produce "the best business re-

sults," since it brought into the war nation after nation, including the United States.

Quite as inefficient was the management of the German finances. Even after the battle of the Marne, with its retreat which was almost a rout, the German government dreamed of an outcome of the war so successful that mighty indemnities might be extracted from its defeated opponents. So it made no effort to raise any part of the cost of warfare by increased taxes, relying upon successive loans, and upon the issuing of paper money, until now its total income from taxation is less than the interest upon its new war debts. Far more efficient was the financial administration of Great Britain, where the taxes were immediately and enormously increased without protest on the part of the people.

A truly efficient government would have shown itself possessed of "adequate skill and knowledge" to foresee that the war it had provoked might continue for years, during which Germany would be blockaded by the British fleet and in danger of being starved into surrender. It would have prepared its plans in advance for the accumulation and conservation of the food-supply, so as to enable the country to hold out to the end. As it was, the organization of food-control, soon seen to be necessary, was so hastily improvised that its earlier acts were unfortunate in their results.

Although it is difficult for us to inform ourselves adequately as to what is taking place within the frontiers of Germany, there has apparently been as much inefficiency in the later administration of the German food-control as there was in its earlier organization. There come to us day by day the complaints of the populace that there is an unequal distribution of supplies, favoritism, profiteering, and even overt corruption. Undeniably there has been an inability to produce "the best business results or the most effective service."

WHAT OF THE GERMAN CIVIL SERVICE?

The catastrophe which threatens the finances of Germany and the scandals which have resulted from the maladministration of the food-control are not a little surprising, since they disclose an unsuspected inefficiency in the German civil service.

The Germans had been in the habit of boasting about their governmental organization, filled with devoted officials, highly

competent and absolutely incorruptible; and there seemed to be a solid foundation for this self-praise. The members of the civil service were carefully chosen; they were promoted on their merits; they were set above their fellow subjects by a heterogeneity of official designations; and they were permitted to be domineering and to exhibit bad manners to those who lacked proper humility in approaching them. The chief quality they were required to possess was efficiency; and under ordinary circumstances, in the regular routine of the day's work, their efficiency was beyond question; but when they were suddenly called upon to solve new problems in the stress of war, it did not prove to be so absolute as the Germans had justly expected.

WHAT OF THE GERMAN SCHOOLS?

When it was pointed out by an American, in the opening months of the war, that the highly eulogized *kultur* of the Germans was not really superior to the culture of France and of England, the retort was promptly made that *kultur* did not mean intellectual culture alone. It did not mean books and plays, paintings and statues, but civilization as a whole. It meant education, the care of the poor, the provision for old age and for unemployment, the thrifty government of cities. And here, no doubt, Germany made a better showing than it did in social intercourse, in the gentler arts of life, in letters, and in the fine arts.

Yet the government of a German city, thrifty as it may be, cannot be called surpassingly efficient when a very large proportion of the families within its walls have to be content with a single room—as is the case in Berlin. And there must be something painfully inefficient in a school system which is responsible for an abnormal number of suicides by boys and girls of tender years.

It may be unfair to assert that the school system of a country is inefficient when that country fails to produce its due proportion of artists and authors, discoverers and inventors; nevertheless the fact itself is not without significance. If we apply the cosmopolitan test, as it may be called—if we undertake to call the roll of the German poets and playwrights who have won a commanding position in the world of letters outside of Germany itself—we cannot but be led to the conclusion that from the death of Heine to the appearance of Hauptmann

no German man of letters was able to win wide fame outside the boundaries of the German tongue; while at this very period the names of at least a score of French and British and American writers had become familiar in translation to the broad reading public on both sides of the Atlantic.

WHAT OF GERMANY IN ART AND SCIENCE?

Nor is the case for Germany in any way improved when we turn from literature to the fine arts, and ask ourselves how many German painters and sculptors and architects are known to us even by name alone. No doubt there have been German artists and authors highly appreciated by the Germans themselves; but the point is that they remained almost unknown outside of Germany. Their fame was only local.

Boastful in all things, the Germans have been especially boastful in proclaiming the supremacy of Germany in the field of science; and it would be ungrateful to deny or to minimize the debt we all owe to the patient labor of a host of plodding investigators in Germany who have contributed to the advancement of scientific knowledge. But neither in pure science, the field of sheer discovery, nor in applied science, the field of invention, have the Germans done more than their share, even if they can fairly be credited with that. In discovery they have been surpassed by the British and by the French, as in invention they have been surpassed by the Americans. They have always been developers rather than originators.

Here again, as in military affairs, they are most efficient at the bottom and least efficient at the top. They are industrious and well-trained; they are patient and thorough; but they lack initiative, and they are prone to tread in the trail which has been blazed for them by the more original individualities of other countries.

WHAT OF INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY?

A few years before the war began a friend of mine told me that he had been talking with an American manufacturer who had opened a branch factory in Berlin, and who was loud in his praise of the German workmen in his employ.

"They are docile, diligent, and careful," he explained; and then he added, almost as an afterthought: "Of course, we have to have American foremen!"

That is to say, the Germans are most

competent as hewers of wood and as drawers of water; but comparatively few of them are capable of becoming lieutenants of industry.

The efficiency of modern manufacturing is due in large measure to the standardization of parts; and this is an American idea. In the best-equipped German factories a heavy proportion of the necessary machine-tools are of American design. It is not without significance that the most effective appliances employed in this war are the machine gun and the airplane, the torpedo and the submarine—which are all American inventions; and that the one absolutely novel device evoked by the stress of the struggle is the "tank"—which is a British invention.

Certain of the larger German concerns have been held up to our admiration as marvels of organizing and administrative efficiency; but no one of them is superior, or even equal, to the Standard Oil Company in its scientific management, in its utilization of by-products, and generally in the skill and knowledge which "produces the best business results or the most effective service." Other American enterprises are at least equally possessed of "the power that accomplishes a desired or designed work"—the Chicago meat-packing concerns, the Ford factories, the National Cash Register works, the Eastman Kodak shops, the several establishments of the General Electric Company, and of the United States Steel Corporation.

Perhaps even more clearly above competition or comparison with any German rival is the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Its founder was the original inventor of the telephone, and every important improvement in that instrument is American, and has been made or acquired by the corporation.

In one activity is the efficiency of the Germans supreme and indisputable, and in one only. The ingenuity and the thoroughness with which they have applied their doctrine of *schrecklichkeit*, or frightfulness, in the invasion of a neutral country, must be admitted to be something of which other peoples are not capable. In this field, and in this alone, the Germans have proved that they stand beyond compare, unchallenged and secure. And it is because they have attained to this evil eminence that they are to-day the outcasts of civilization.

EDITORIAL

The Colophons at the Front

THE Colophon family had summered at the shore too many years to be deterred from going there by anything at all. When German submarines made their appearance off the Atlantic coast in the spring, Mr. and Mrs. Colophon were calm, and all the little Colophons were excited. Regardless of statistics proving that the enemy boats could shoot four miles and upward, the family repaired at the close of June to a beach cottage whence they watched war vessels move smokily back and forth on the even line of the Atlantic. It was rather uncomfortable at night not to see the regular wink of the lighthouse's eye; and the roar of hydroairplanes, which, the summer before, had never failed to assemble a crowd, no longer caused anything beyond a casual upward look.

For some mornings Mr. Colophon took an elephant rifle which his uncle's brother had used in India, and went very early to the dunes. After a dawn bath he took up his position on a commanding eminence and carefully fired the rifle, exploding, one by one, the German mines which had drifted ashore overnight. In the shell-craters formed in the sand the children had wonderful ponds, on which they sailed tiny boats all day long.

The only really thrilling event of the summer, thus far, has been the discovery that a new servant, engaged shortly before the annual migration beachward, was a German spy. About twice a week a submarine would appear above water a mile offshore, have a look about for five minutes, and then submerge to escape the coast patrol. One day the new maid was caught waving a red-bordered dish-towel at the commander of the submarine. To tell the truth, the thing had the aspect of little more than a far-fetched flirtation; but the Colophons realized that no chances can well be taken at such a time as this, and the imprudent—or worse—domestic was sent away to be interned.

Of course the people on the beach have been careful about lights. There have been none of the customary night bonfires on the ocean shore, with frolicking and rather noisy talk, songs, and laughter.

A scare was caused one morning, after a day of storm, by the report that a submarine had actually come, or been washed, high and dry on the beach. It was a whale, and, unlike the monster that took Jonah aboard, it carried no passengers. Although the task of carving a whale is laborious and unpleasant, the Colophons were rewarded by finding a pailful of ambergris, worth about fifty thousand dollars.

The Colophons have been bitterly disappointed in the non-arrival of a Zeppelin. It is true that the imperial German government did not advertise the appearance of a Zeppelin without fail; there has been no printed or implied promise, as in the case of the *Lusitania*. Nevertheless, the Colophons distinctly counted upon a Zep raid, and if the summer ends without one, frightfulness will inevitably fall in their estimation and suffer a loss of prestige beyond the abilities of Admiral von Tarpots to recoup.

Some distance from the Colophon house stands a tall, bald-headed dune in which Captain William Kidd, a pirate of the old school, buried a considerable treasure taken from the Quedagh merchant. Once or twice a year hopeful

mortals have dug for this valuable deposit, but invariably a rising thunderstorm and the appearance of the ghost of a gigantic negro, slain and buried with the gold to guard it, has frightened the searchers and sent them packing. Owing to the shortage of specie in Germany and the Reichsbank's need of cover for its paper, some hopes have been entertained that one of the submarine commanders would make a serious effort to land and get at Kidd's cache. The beach colony has therefore organized a home guard, of which Mr. Colophon is captain, and a sharp lookout is maintained nightly, fair weather and foul. Should the submarines be so ill-advised as to send a landing-party ashore with papier-mâché picks and spades—iron is scarce in Germany—the Aposamatosox Home Guard, Captain Colophon commanding, will cut off their retreat and take them prisoner. If the Germans cry "*Kamerad!*" it is likely to get very hard with them.

To Save Russia

THE Allies must act in Russia, not in a half-hearted way, but with forceful sincerity and a clearly defined policy; not after the war, but now. This is unquestionably the sentiment that is growing in this country. In his Red Cross address President Wilson said:

"I intend to stand by Russia as well as by France."

Former President Taft, in declaring that the time had come to take decisive action, said that he considered President Wilson's statement not an unmeaning phrase of an eloquent moment, but "a substantial promise and declaration of a policy."

The preservation of Russia is to the Allies a duty demanded by self-interest. It is more. To save this once powerful nation from the intrigues and machinations that would reduce it to a German vassal is a task of self-sacrifice imposed by honor, an obligation that we owe to civilization. To win the war in western Europe and to leave Germany dominant in eastern and southeastern Europe, with all the immeasurable resources and vast man-power of Russia at her command, is to leave her a potential victor with the greatest assets of world politics in her grasp.

The *Times*, of London, acknowledging the increasing strength of Germany in Russia, and forecasting the dangers that it threatens, says:

Russia, viewed from a broad perspective, is the most important problem in the world to-day. The failure to recognize and solve it is a menace to the civilization of the next generation. The forces that are to regenerate Russia within the next decade and reconstruct her economically and industrially are forces that will control the world twenty years from now. Russia's vast resources form the balance of world power.

It is a peculiar condition of the war that the Allies have made no effort to counteract the German influence in Russia. They have apparently adopted a policy of waiting for and watching each phase of the revolutionary movement. Germany neither watched nor waited. She began early to reduce Russia to an intellectual confusion that would result in a separate peace. In the days of the empire she schemed with corrupt officials to eliminate Russia as an active force in the war and to destroy the government. She connived with subservient German agencies at Petrograd to force Rumania into the war that she might be destroyed.

Scarcely was the Czar overthrown and the Lvoff government constituted, when Berlin took measures to put the Bolshevist party in power. If its two heads, Lenine and Trotsky, were not subsidized by Germany, they became

most willing tools of Berlin. They immediately began violent attacks upon the Entente powers in Europe and upon America. Within a month after they had taken over the control of Russian affairs they were advocating a separate peace.

Under the guise of a peace negotiation at Brest-Litovsk Germany exacted what territory she wished. She extorted the Transcaucasus region, rich in minerals and oil, and turned it over to Turkey to settle the question of "self-determination" by a massacre of the Christian inhabitants. She established a so-called independent Ukraine, a design long fostered by Germanic interests and carried out by German money for the purpose of separating Little Russia from Russia and joining it to the Austrian monarchy. The scheme, as developed by Germany, was so little favored by the people themselves that Germany could find no Ukrainians whom she could trust to form a government or to constitute a legislature.

She occupied the Baltic provinces and placed them under military rule. Lithuania and Esthonia, with a population having no affiliation with the Germans, but long eager to secure a republican form of government, she proposes to erect into little Prussian states under German lordlings. Germany has already dismembered Poland, the independence of which the Allies had promised to support, and now she proposes to partition it again with Austria.

To a propaganda in Finland, bolstered up with German funds and operated from Berlin, Germany added the sword and fire. The resistance of a section of the Finns to Berlin's demands has already cost the lives of sixty thousand men and women. The report from Stockholm that the Finnish government has established a German monarchy with a Prussian prince as the head, and has given to Germany a free passageway to arctic waters, may be exaggerated, but the fact is that Finland has become a German vassal. It is impossible to believe that any government, even in most abject terror of German militarism, would accede to such terms unless it was a tool of Berlin. Such an agreement plays directly into the Kaiser's hands. It completed the Germanic scheme for domination from the Arctic Ocean to the Mediterranean Sea and for the control of the Baltic Sea and the Scandinavian countries. It practically cuts off Russia from her only open maritime route to western Europe and America.

In the consummation of this political control, the Germans have not neglected to make Russia industrially and economically dependent upon themselves. It was part of their scheme to demoralize manual labor in the towns and to reduce Russia's industrial system to impotency. Through their manipulation the railroads of the country are inoperative, the mines no longer productive, and the farms practically uncultivated.

The state funds which Lenine found when he came into power have been used largely under German direction; Berlin has encouraged the Bolsheviki in expenditures to propagate their creed of class hatred and plunder because it advanced the German policy of anarchy and national ruin in Russia. It was German influence and control that led to the repudiation of the Russian national debt. It was part of the scheme to cripple the Entente powers. Great Britain, to which Russia owes more than three billions of dollars; France, to which she owes more than two billions; America and Japan, to both of which she is indebted for large amounts, were to be the losers. If the Bolsheviki repudiated the national debt or confiscated foreign enterprises, Germany stood to lose slightly, if at all. Her interests were protected, and she had lent nothing to Russia.

Just as methodically as Germany set about to destroy Russia, just as painstakingly is she endeavoring to retain her temporary grasp upon the country and to make it a nation subservient to her designs. She has attempted to introduce German control over agriculture in the fertile lands of the south; she has already secured advantageous concessions of mines, inland navigation, and railway transportation. Germans are ever at hand to advise the Bolshevik government. Former German prisoners have entered the government service and are installed at the ministries that control domestic and foreign affairs. Fifty thousand German troops, former prisoners of war, stand in readiness to enforce Berlin's demands at Petrograd and Moscow.

While this German influence has grown, the Allies, "with a stoicism approaching stupidity, have turned their eyes from Russia, and for all practical purposes have left her to her fate." It is the duty of the Allies, acting in unison, to decide immediately upon a definite policy, for, as the *Times* says, we cannot sit idly by and see the country drift further into the hands of Germany. "The time will come when we shall suddenly realize that our chance has gone forever."

The Allies cannot wash their hands of Russia; honor and self-interest alike forbid. They must restore stability to the country by some form of representative government, they must recreate the industrial, economical, and transport system and rebuild a financial system that will reconstruct Russia's credit and give to her her balance of trade. They must lift the menace of German imperialism. With Russia in her power, Germany would be a greater peril to civilization than if she had realized her dream of a Mitteleuropa and a secure pathway to Bagdad and the East. She would have in her hands the means of welding the fetters of future generations.

A Chance for the Bicycle

WILL the bicycle return to favor among persons above the golden age of seventeen? It has been out for a long time. Its disappearance was concomitant with the production in large numbers of the popular-priced automobile. The mind of adult man progressed beyond the simple mechanics of chain and bevel gears and plunged into the mysteries of internal combustion and what goes with it. The person of ultragregarious tendencies, who liked the bicycle because it enabled him and from five to fifty of his kind to go in flocks, turned to the touring-car. There are some persons who can talk only of that which they are engaged upon. Conversation about a bicycle was limited. The subjects did not include much more than single and double tubes, ram's-horn or straight handle-bars, the size of gear-wheels, spring forks *versus* straight ones, the right kind of saddles, and knickerbockers *versus* trouser-guards. In the motor-car the one-subject man has a hundred topics, from the honeycomb radiator to the collapsible baggage-rack. He can drive a hundred miles without exhausting discourse upon carbureters, commutators, and the high price of tires.

Interest in the vehicle itself will not bring the bicycle back. It is no more interesting now than a pair of familiar shoes. If the wheel returns to favor among grown-ups, it will be through that cause of so many advances and recrudescences, the war.

Motor-cars have advanced in price when a new generation was ready to buy. Many, but not all, of the prospective buyers will dig further into their pockets and possess the gas-wagon. Others will be deterred, not only by the

cost of the car, but by the high prices of tires, gasoline, and repairs. The young married couple in the suburbs, paying for their home on the instalment plan, may be forced to drop their ambition for a four-cylinder conveyance; yet they must get about somehow to make calls, to reach the beaches or the fishing-places. The bicycle will offer a temporary expedient.

Then there is the man who is engaged on war work, and his name is legion. He may live five miles from the new cantonment where he is making six or eight dollars a day as a carpenter or a mason. He may not incline toward the expense of a car. The big wages, he knows, are not permanent; a large part of them should be put aside. The bicycle is the solution of his transportation problem. Leg muscles do not cost twenty-six cents a gallon, and bicycle tires, only two in number, are not twenty-five dollars apiece. A bicycle may be parked at the factory fence or on the home veranda.

There will be no return to the days when the League of American Wheelmen was a power in the land. Bicycling will not be the city sport that it was twenty years ago, when a community of three hundred thousand souls, like Buffalo, boasted fifty thousand bicycles. The automobile has the center of the road and part of both sides. Where once the embattled bicyclists ran over the pedestrians, the motorists now would run over the bicyclists. But that is in the cities, not in the country.

The country roads are as well adapted to the cyclist as they were twenty years ago. So far as speed goes, they are better for him. Macadam highways lead in all directions. They are oiled and the bicyclist is not covered with dust by passing cars. There are also other roads, and here lies one of the reasons why the bicycle may return. These other roads are the untraveled ones where the motor-car does not go—the roads with single tracks, plunging into woods and leading to some strange place that the map-makers do not seem to care about. The motorist keeps off these roads. His heart may say yes to them, but his tires say no! You cannot get off a motor-car and trundle it up a rutty hill.

These are the pleasure roads of the cyclist now. In these mysterious lanes the wheelman is free from the dangers of the eighteen-foot highway. They take him to the pond of which the motorist never gets a glimpse. They lead him to farmhouses where milk still is to be had, a nickel for all he can drink. They bring him to cool shade, now not easily found along the main traveled roads.

The bicyclist, returning to the vehicle of his youth, finds much joy that is denied to the tourist who relies on crank-shafts instead of knees. He goes where he likes, and that the motorist cannot say. Of course, he will not be the cyclist that he was when William J. Bryan was first heard of; and this is a good thing. He will not scorch along with his head down, trying to make a century, with a wet sponge in his mouth. He will use the bicycle for the sane purpose of getting somewhere in a way that is faster and easier than his legs would carry him, and at practically no cost.

Lochaber No More

WE are not referring to the pathetic Scottish ballad, but to a phenomenon entirely recent and possibly quite as sorrowful—and as devastatingly wide-spread. Lochaber in two heights, two and a half and two and five-eighths inches, respectively, is no longer, as they say, "being worn." Lochaber, which used to sell two for a quarter, then for fifteen cents straight,

then for twenty cents—three for fifty—has been discontinued, and hundreds of thousands of American necks have been released to win the war.

Who does not, or did not, know Lochaber? It was the cause of the Trojan war. Paris, France, asked to decide among three handsome young men, awarded the prize for good looks to a godlike youth wearing Lochaber, and an expedition was forthwith set on foot against Troy by the collar-manufacturers of rival cities. Handsome fellows with Howard Chandler Christy chins led the fray, and it was long and bitter. Impregably entrenched behind the high walls of the Lochaber, the Trojans gave battle successfully for years. Apollo, the patron of the brave, the beautiful, the bold, was said to favor the wearers of Lochaber and to endow them with some of his own celestial pulchritude. The champions on either side selected imposing names for their neckwear. Who that has read Homer's "Iliad" does not remember how a youth wearing the Achilles dragged a young Trojan wearing the Hector around and around Troy until the Hector was wilted from the unwonted exertion?

Nothing, we are persuaded, could have brought to an end this immemorial strife except the necessity of conserving starch to make munitions. Without starch the Trojans were helpless and had no choice but to surrender. Some of them may have put on sackcloth, but it has been our observation that a good many encircled their throats with material of a khaki color. Those who were not young enough for that are wearing limp near-linen.

The plain, unstarched truth must be told. Both young and old look more comfortable than before.

Excitement as an Inducement to War Work

IT is a matter of serious regret that mere love of excitement is leading many young American women to undertake work connected with the war for which they have no aptitude whatever, either natural or acquired.

A lovely girl who, after graduating at a library school, has obtained a most desirable position as librarian of the village library in a prosperous suburban town, rushed breezily into a certain office the other day and exclaimed:

"Well, I have decided to give up my library and go to France. I must do some war work, and I want to do it over there. Lots of young women I know have gone. It's only a matter of influence, and I am going, too."

As the young lady possessed no element of fitness for real war service but personal attractiveness, she was gently asked whether she spoke French.

"Not a word," was the response. "I can't even read French."

"Probably they speak English in most of the hospitals, though," was the only comforting reply which occurred to the inquirer's mind.

"Oh, I don't mean to go into a hospital. The only time I ever visited a hospital, it made me deathly sick. No, I shall try for canteen work, or something like that, where you serve soup and food to the slightly wounded soldiers and have a chance to talk to them about their experiences. What I want you to do is to give me a letter testifying to my loyalty."

Such a testimonial could be given without any qualms of conscience; but it would have been impossible to go further. Here was a young woman without any training as a nurse or hospital attendant, or even as a cook; wholly lacking in expert knowledge of any kind of war work; and indeed not competent to perform the duties of any ordinary domestic servant.

Yet she evidently wanted, and expected to get, the sunniest sort of a place in the sun, serving soldiers in France, very much as girls used to hand around food at picnics.

The moving cause in such a case—and there are scores and hundreds of cases just like it—is the desire for excitement, pure and simple, without thought of the preparatory training essential to the rendition of useful service to the brave men at the front.

France does not need workers of this sort, useless to themselves and a burden to others. The workers whom she does welcome are those who, even if they are to some extent prompted by love of excitement, have labored to prepare themselves for the hardships before them—who will scrub a floor, if need be, in one hour, and yet can act as a qualified surgical nurse in the next—and thus become veritable ministering angels wherever their presence is known. We are proud to believe that America has sent her hundreds of such women. Those who cannot come up to such a standard should confine their war work to this side of the Atlantic.

"The pomp and circumstance of glorious war" is a thing of the past; and something more than love of excitement is essential to qualify one to render any war service worth having.

Getting Ready for the World War of Commerce

THERE are indications that when the second war begins—the war of commerce which must follow the war of armies—we shall be better prepared for the struggle than we were for a military contest. We note an increasing development in the magazines published for the purpose of nourishing commercial relations between the United States and various countries. These journals have become so broad in their scope, so attractive in their make-up, and often of so high a literary quality, that it hardly does them justice to describe them as trade propaganda. Publications like *Asia*, like *Russia*, and like the various pleaders for South America, have an intrinsic interest and a high educational value.

An editorial article in a recent issue of *Russia* calls attention to the menace of a German "trade offensive" in the former domain of the Czars. The writer makes one realize that there is danger of the present reaction against Russia resulting to the disadvantage of ourselves as well as that of the people of that unfortunate nation. After pointing out that "a little more pushing in of the Russian flanks, and Germany will have practically isolated from the main sources of its supplies a population of a hundred millions, who are in dire need of every sort of manufactured goods," he goes on to say:

But the American may object, here, that the Allies will surely defeat Germany in the west, and that President Wilson, true to his pledge will see to it that the final treaty of peace strips Germany of her Russian plunder. Will not the peace treaty undo all the present mischief in Russia?

Russia is another Alsace-Lorraine. Her assets now are mines of coal and iron, of copper, the world's chief sources of platinum, the richest of all known oil-fields. Can a peace treaty undo contracts of sale of these between private citizens of Russia and Germany, or Russian government concessions resting on a purely commercial basis?

There seems to be something in the nature of Russia as a nation which evokes extremes of feeling. She is either intensely hated or enormously admired. Prior to 1914, and in the early days of the war, Americans indulged in the latter extreme. Aided and abetted by a host of romance-writers, we

erected an imaginary colossus whose only defect was supposed to be the possibility of too stupendous power. In this error we followed the example of England and France, who were in better position to know the truth.

Without trying to minimize the extra burden the collapse of Russia has fixed upon the Allies, it is fair to remember that where there is exasperation with the prostrate nation it has partly been engendered by a former too high opinion of her power, an overestimation for which she was not responsible. Any level-headed writer who can illuminate the Russian tangle, even though he may not make as interesting reading as more highly colored and supposedly superauthentic revelations, is performing an international service.

War Gardens in the Suburbs

THE figures officially promulgated in reports on war gardens are amazing in their statement of areas cultivated and crops produced. We do not think they will always stand investigation, for they reduce to an average of acreage and yield that carries us pretty far beyond the definition of "garden." But we do not care, just now, about the statistics.

Our own observation, the observation of any one who moves about ever so little these days, tells a most remarkable story of thrift and patriotic enterprise. A good many of the amateur gardeners will, like the seeds in the parable, fall by the wayside; but the aggregate result is wonderful, and—to all but the commission men—pleasing to contemplate.

A short ride on the railroad—any railroad that is handy—will reveal to the gaze of the curious passer-by a remarkable activity in agriculture extraordinary. Back yards and factory plots are being cultivated. In the suburbs one is reminded of the time, say twenty years ago, when every suburban place of any size at all had its garden-patch and its chicken-run. These things were commonplaces of the commuter's life. As the joys and sorrows of suburban life became more and more exaggeratedly prominent in the funny papers, however, they became, so far as they shared the nature of the true farmer's experiences, less and less actually observable. Five years ago a little garage stood where the chicken-coop had been—perhaps it was the very same structure made over—and where the garden had smiled in the summer sun there lay a graveled surface where the car was turned as it came in or went out.

But now the suburbanite is getting back to the chicken-yard, and the patch given up to the raising of garden-stuff. The change is not imagined. It is actually achieved before the eyes of all who care to see what is going on. It is only a return to an older way of living, but so far had we got from that older way that to all except a few sentimental and aging souls it seems like a new and stimulating venture in the great game of life.

Badges of Honor for the Merchant Marine

JUST as the members of the original British expeditionary force, whom the Kaiser called "a contemptible little army," now call themselves "the Contemptibles," as a title of honor, so the King of England has turned the torpedo, the shameful use of which has disgraced the German navy, into an emblem of distinction for British sailors in the merchant service who have escaped the attacks of the German submarines.

Believing that these non-combatants deserve recognition for the perils they have incurred from the enemy, the king has directed that there shall be awarded to the officers and men of the mercantile marine who have been thus exposed, "a badge in the form of a torpedo, to be worn on the cuff of the left sleeve," and every experience of the kind after the first will be evidenced by a bar placed under the badge.

England has recently gone still further in recognizing the importance of the merchant service. Hitherto the uniforms of the officers of the mercantile marine have varied with the views and good taste of the managers of the corporations by which they are employed. It is now proposed that the government shall prescribe a standard uniform for all the various grades of officers on merchant vessels. The subject has been considered by a committee of the Board of Trade, whose report has been laid before Parliament. The features of this new national uniform are attractive, especially the gold device for the cap of the master or captain. This consists of an anchor in an oval surrounded with oak-leaves and surmounted by a crown. There are also distinctive coat-buttons and distinctive stripes for the sleeves, in gold lace or black mohair, according to the rank of the officer.

The United States would do well to follow the example of Great Britain in regard to both of these matters—the insignia for the officers and men whose vessels have been assailed by German torpedoes, and the adoption of a standard uniform for the officers of the American merchant marine. These are honorable distinctions, due to those for whose benefit they are designed and in all respects in accord with the principles of our institutions.

We should be glad to see them adopted here.

For the American Brave

GENERAL PERSHING'S order instituting two new decorations, the Distinguished Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal, prescribes the conditions of their award by the commander-in-chief in the field and the manner of bestowal in the presence of the soldier's companions in arms. The cross and the medal supplement the Congressional Medal of Honor, which is conferred by legislative process special in each case, and accordingly is often as slow in coming as it is prized as a recognition of exceptionally gallant and meritorious deeds.

It will be remembered that the July number of this magazine contained a notable article by Major-General William H. Carter, of the United States army, pointing out the lack in our service of a distinctive badge of individual bravery in action which should serve the same immediately heartening and stimulating purpose as the well-known valor crosses of the Allied armies. General Carter suggested the main principles which should govern such awards. They should be made promptly, in order to exert any beneficial influence on a particular command. They should be determined by the hero's commanders in the field. They should be bestowed publicly, in the presence of the hero's comrades, with suitable military ceremony.

We are glad to note that almost simultaneously with the publication of General Carter's remarks this new system of military decoration has been decided upon by the government and promulgated by the War Department. God bless the brave hearts now waiting and hoping for opportunity to earn the Distinguished Service Cross or the Distinguished Service Medal. At the time of writing this there are nearly a million such American hearts in France.

American Women in England

An Interesting Series of Recent Portraits



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

Formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, of New York—Her London residence is Sunderland House, Curzon Street

From a photograph by Lillie Charles, London



THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE

Formerly Miss May Goellet, of New York, married in 1903 to the eighth Duke of Roxburghe, whose country seat is Floors Castle, near Kelso, in Roxburghshire

From a photograph by the International Film Service, New York



MRS JOHN ASTOR

Formerly Miss Ava Willing, of Philadelphia, married in 1891 to the late John Jacob Astor of New York—
Her London home is at 18 Grosvenor Square

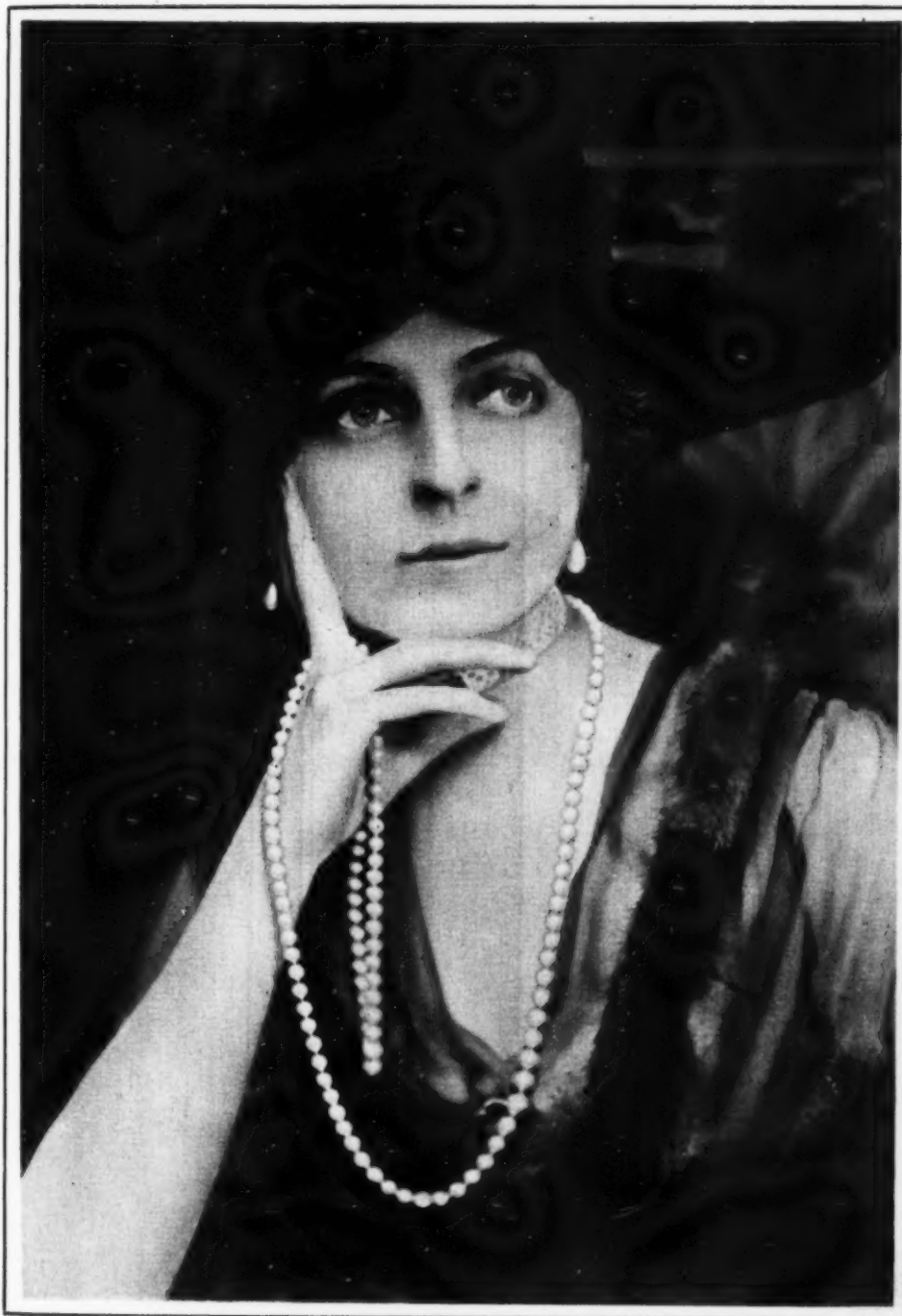
From a copyrighted photograph by E. O. Hoppe, London



LADY DECIES

Formerly Miss Vivian Gould, of New York, married in 1911 to John Graham Hope Beresford,
fifth Baron Decies

From a copyrighted photograph by E. O. Hoppé, London



THE HON. MRS. JOHN HUBERT WARD

Formerly Miss Jean Reid, of New York, married in 1908 to the Hon. John Hubert Ward, second son of the late Earl of Dudley

From a copyrighted photograph by E. O. Hoppe, London



VISCOUNTESS MAIDSTONE

Formerly Miss Margaretta Drexel, of Philadelphia, married in 1910 to Viscount Maidstone, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Winchilsea

From a copyrighted photograph by E. O. Hoppe, London



COUNTESS CURZON

Formerly Mrs. Grace Elvina Duggan, of Buenos Aires, born in Alabama, and recently married to Earl Curzon, a member of the British cabinet

From a copyrighted photograph by E. O. Hoppé, London



LADY NEWBOROUGH

Formerly Miss Grace Carr, of Kentucky, widow of the fourth Baron Newborough, who died in 1916 from illness contracted on active service

From a copyrighted photograph by E. O. Hoppe, London

The Airman's Creed

BY OWEN OLIVER

THE boy had been back from France a week when a package of his private belongings followed. It had occurred to one of his good comrades to send them after him. The parcel reached my rooms at the hospital one afternoon, and late in the evening I found time to unpack it.

I opened the writing-case—I had given him that—and looked through the correspondence. I thought perhaps there was a girl who ought to be sent for. He hadn't told me of any one; but sometimes there is a girl in a man's life, and one of the two doesn't know.

I didn't find the girl, but I found a bit of him—some verses in his queer, twirly handwriting. I knew they were his own—not a copy—from the alterations; and they obviously referred to himself from the title. This was the first page:

THE AIRMAN'S CREED

Beyond the bound of land and sea
I swim in heaven's breath,
The clouds a carpet under me,
Half-way from life to death—
Perhaps along the path I trod
The day I came to birth;
Perhaps the trackless road to God,
When I go home from earth.
The stars are like a myriad eyes
My inmost soul to scan,
And every star a challenge cries:
"Who rides God's highway in the skies
To wage the war of man?"

I sat staring at the paper with my elbow on the desk and my head on my hand, trying to find the answer to that closing question before I turned the page; wondering, with a mixture of surprise and pride and regret, to find more in the boy's head than I had put there. We are slow to realize that our juniors rank as full men and women, and apt to think that we have a monopoly of the deeper thoughts. Something akin to his verses had come into my head while the boy was flying in France; but I had brushed the question aside unanswered as being "outside of practical

politics." It was outside of my busy life; but it was inside of the boy's.

Suppose I had been flying above the clouds, facing the passionless stars? And suppose they had challenged my machine gun and my cargo of bombs? My right to drive a freight of human hatred along God's great unseen highway? How would I have answered them?

I was thinking it out, when a soft hand touched my arm and I looked up at the woman who was in my life and didn't know—at least, I thought she didn't. She was young and sweet and beautiful; and I was forty, and thought my reputation and honors too poor an exchange to offer her.

"Your nephew is worse, Sir Harry," she said very gently. "I am afraid"—the touch on my arm pressed a little more—"I am afraid it is the end."

"So near!" I said. Time seemed to pass before I spoke. "He is still unconscious?"

"No," she answered. "He is conscious, but not quite—not quite collected. It is a sort of delirium, but there is no fever. He talks connectedly, but about strange things—a road above the stars for angels and aeroplanes, and a battle to be fought there."

"This?" I suggested; and touched the verses.

She read them over my shoulder.

"I have thought things like that sometimes," she told me, "but I thought other people didn't. They help to explain some of his wanderings. He wants to go up to-night, and fight; and he says that you can manage it for him. He says that you are the one who always did things for him. That isn't delirium. He always says it. You will like to remember that afterward, if—oh, Sir Harry, I am so sorry!"

"Thank you," I said. "Thank you, sister. I will go to him for a few minutes; but there is an urgent operation as soon as Dr. Malcolm comes."

"I told him about your nephew," she said, "and he has phoned to Dr. Jarvis to

come and help him. He is sure they can manage without you. Dr. Malcolm wouldn't say he could do it, if he couldn't."

"No," I agreed. "Malcolm is as good a surgeon as I, though the public hasn't realized it yet. Thank you, sister. You are very kind. We'll go to him."

II

THE boy was my only sister's only child, and she was dead. He had been like a young brother to me while she lived, and afterward almost a son—the son of a childless man. I had taught him the things that really matter—the out-of-school schooling; and he had taught me things, too. Love always teaches.

We used to sail a little yacht on the Broads every summer holiday before the war. I started taking him when he was a little scamp of ten—so innocent-looking, and such a young rascal ashore; but aboard he tried to play the part of a man. He always wanted to do his share. How comical it looked to see him struggling with the great quant!

I was a hefty young assistant hospital-surgeon at Guy's then, and thought I knew everything; and he wasn't up to my shoulder. Now I was a Harley Street specialist, and in charge of a great war hospital, and they had knighted me; and I wondered if I really knew anything!

He was twenty-three, taller than I, and a captain in the Royal Flying Corps when he was wounded. The wound was nothing much, but there was some obscure trouble in the spine—concussion, probably. They sent him home to my hospital, but I couldn't do anything for him; and if I couldn't, no one could in that sort of case. Very often no one can; the nervous machinery won't bear touching.

"Well, old man," I said, sitting down by his bed, "pulling yourself together, eh? Sister says you want to get ready for your twentieth. Nothing like round figures!"

He was credited with bringing down nineteen German aeroplanes. The thought of another was the best stimulant I could give him, I fancied; and anyhow it should draw him, if he had some nonsense in his head, as sister thought. It did.

"That's the very ticket!" he cried feebly. "I couldn't make sister understand, but I knew you would. You always understand things. It's like this, skipper. You know I'll never fly again—not in the ordinary

way; but there's a chance of getting one more down if you'll help me. I've got to peg out very soon, haven't I?"

"Nonsense!" I cried.

"You know that I have. It's only a question of hours; a day or two, perhaps. You can't humbug me, skipper. Well, since it's got to be so soon, I want you to hurry it up a bit, and let me go to-night. Then I'll have a chance of meeting No. 20. You're watching my eyes for the crazy look, and you can't find it, eh, skipper?"

"That's it, Jack," I admitted. "I can't; but you sound rather crazy, don't you think? Let's get on to sense, or to what's in your mind, anyhow. It isn't sense, I gather. What is it?"

"It's just this, skipper. I'll only get up where the planes fly once again, and that will be when I'm on my road to the sky. I want to go to-night, about twelve o'clock—and that's in about an hour's time. They will be there then."

"They?" I asked.

"There's a big raid coming. Three fours started from Belgium an hour ago. Two more batches will follow. My man's in the second four. He and another are to go up the Medway to Chatham, and then cut over to the Thames. The other man won't do it. They'll shoot off his left plane, and he'll come down at Gillingham. My man will. He's Von Tarbolt. You've heard of him, I expect. He's very nearly their best."

"It still sounds crazy, Jack," I objected.

"Doesn't it? It isn't, though. You know that big alder in the west courtyard? A bomb's coming just beside it. The tree will heel over afterward, toward the hospital. You'll see!"

"Dear chap," I protested, "you've been dreaming!"

"Very like a dream," he said; "but it wasn't one. Or, if it was, it's coming true, believe me!"

"When it comes true," I promised, "I'll believe you. Look here, dear boy—"

"Don't try to put me off," he interrupted. "I'm muddled enough. Listen, skipper. You've been a doctor a long time. You know the sort of dreams that a dying man has—something more than dreams. I half thought I was dead when I had this one. There were angels, and great white aeroplanes—the machines they come and go in, I expect. They're far better than ours. The one I was in went two hundred an hour, and flew over to the front and

back while I was asleep. I used to dream of angel-planes like that when I was up above the clouds, 'half-way from life to death.' That's where I am now."

"No, no! Try to sleep a bit, dear boy, and—"

"Can't, old chap. I don't want to worry you, but *I know*. You'd be sorry afterward if you didn't believe me. A fellow who's going to die knows a lot of things. I'll tell you one you have overlooked before I get off—you and sister. Where's sister?"

"Here I am," she said, and adjusted his pillow. "I'll tell *you* something. You've got to stop talking, and go to sleep. Don't talk any more nonsense, there's a good fellow! You worry your uncle."

"You won't say it's nonsense when I tell you!" He laughed up at her. "And it won't worry uncle a bit. Shall I whisper it now? Put down your ear!"

She bent, and he whispered. She sprang up with a pink face and laughed faintly.

"You silly boy!" she cried, and laughed again. "If *that's* a specimen of your dreams—"

The boy smiled and looked steadily at her.

"On your honor, sister," he asked, "to a dying man, who wants to know, *is* it nonsense?"

She drew a deep breath and looked very hard at him.

"I *hope* it isn't nonsense," he declared very earnestly.

She bent and kissed his forehead.

"Dear boy," she said, "I hope so, too; but the rest is. There won't be any raid at twelve. We should have been warned by now."

"There will be a raid," he declared; "and he'll reach here then. He'll come across at about ninety an hour, and be over the hospital about midnight." He clutched my hand suddenly. "Get me off about eleven fifty-five!" he entreated. "You can easily do it with a drop of something or other—not beastly stuff like the gas-shells, skipper. You've got better taps than that, old host. If I die then I'll have a chance of meeting him on the road—the trackless road to God, when I go home from earth.' That's in some verses I made up. You'll find them in my writing-case. If I meet him there, I'll down him in the park, just by the bird-house. I've seen myself do it, in my dream. If I don't down him, he'll drop five bombs that don't matter much—

they'll graze a man in the street and damage some windows—and one that *will* matter. It will kill five children in the kitchen of a little house over there. I could find the house. Five little children huddled together to cover two dolls and a dog. 'Nasty men sha'n't hurt *you*,' a little girl was just saying to the dog. I heard that, too! Man, I've got to go up and stop it! You can manage it so easily. And why not? It's only a worn-out superstition, keeping a man on and on when he's bound to go anyhow. I remember you saying so one night on the Broads. I thought it sounded hard then; now I know life better, and I know you better. You aren't hard, old skipper, but life is. 'If you know a man's doomed,' you said—"

"One doesn't know," I interrupted, "in your sort of case, old chap. That's the point. There's a lot of kick in you yet. You've bucked up wonderfully to-night, and you'll talk good sense as soon as this dream is out of your head. Go to sleep again and forget it, and to-morrow we'll see what we can do. I've half a dozen things to try on you yet. We'll put up on the Broads together again some day!"

"It will have to be the Broads up aloft then," he told me. "I wonder if they have any! I'll go nosing round for them while I'm waiting for you. You see, old chap, my number's up. I've got to start, and I shall travel along the same road that the raid will take. I can't hang about for long; but if I go just when he's here, I can steal a few minutes to fight him and make it up on the rest of the journey. It's a long way from here to heaven, old skipper!"

"A long way," I agreed.

Sister made a choking sound, but turned it into a cough.

"Is it a road to fight upon?" she asked him.

"I wonder!" he said. "Anyhow, skipper, there's no time to talk. I've got to go that road. If I get there at the right time, I'll settle him, and save those little kids, with their dog and their dolls. If I'm not there in time, I can't. You've got to see that I go by eleven fifty-five. It's the last thing I'll ask of you, skipper; and you've always done things for me. I'll thank you all my—afterward. Old skipper—"

I stood up and looked down on him, pulling at my mustache. He was too weak to stand excitement, and likely enough to die before eleven fifty-five, if I didn't humor

him; but if I could pacify him for the moment there might be a chance. Nature does wonderful things sometimes in those cells and fibers that our medicines cannot penetrate, if we do not interfere with her. I could send him to sleep and leave him to nature without interference. It was all that was in my power—a big risk, but a fair risk.

"Very well, dear boy," I said at last. "I'll give you a draft."

I gave him a sleeping-draft—a strong one. He took it cheerfully, gaily. It made him drowsy at once.

"It's very comfortable," he said with a sigh of relief. "Good-by, old man! You're the best I've known. I'll look round for a chance of sailing when you come up there. I expect sister will let you off for a week with me now and then!"

"Sister?" I inquired doubtfully. "Where does she come in?"

"Oh, I know! Tell her to come in—in here, I mean. I want to say good-by to her. She's a ripper, and you think so!"

"I'm here," said the sister. She was flushed.

"Good-by," he said, and then he laughed. "Aunty!" he cried. "Little aunty! Take hold of her hand, skipper. There—see what a chap knows when he's—he's—"

He dozed off, and we stood watching him, still holding hands—tighter and tighter. I kissed her.

"It seems that he did know—about us!" I remarked.

"Yes," she agreed. "Yes!"

"I didn't think you'd look at me," I muttered.

"I didn't think you would, either," she whispered. "It's only a sleeping-draft, of course?"

"Of course," I agreed. "Though I don't know that he'll come to from it. I had to risk it. It was strange that he should know how we felt; yet not so strange, for I expect everybody knew but ourselves!"

"I expect so," she agreed. "I sha'n't believe in his second sight until we get the raid; and we sha'n't. It's too cold and windy."

"Much too cold and windy," I assented. "Besides, it's twenty-five to twelve and we've had no warning; so Jack's man couldn't be here to time."

"No," she agreed. "I'm afraid he's a discredited prophet about the raid, but—"

And then a nurse ran in without knock-

ing. She was too excited to notice that sister was snuggling in my arm.

"The warning!" she cried. "They're quite close. The message was delayed."

We heard the police-whistles as we got into the corridor and soon after that the jingling bells of the warning car, and the shouts of "Take cover!" The emergency staff was running up-stairs.

III

DURING the next quarter of an hour we were too busy bringing down patients from the upper stories to think about anything else. We had not quite finished this work when we heard the distant guns. The sound grew nearer and nearer. Soon the anti-aircraft guns began firing all round us. An occasional shell went singing overhead before we had cleared the top, and I could spare the taking-in staff, which I had summoned to assist, to go to its stations. A bomb or a shell hit something very near, and one or two windows crashed as the building shook. Sister ran in to me as I was fixing a spare blanket over the chilly openings, assisted by two patients who could hobble about. She took one of my hands in both hers.

"Dear," she said, "I am afraid that the boy is gone. Will you run up to him?"

"No, dear," I answered. "I am wanted here. I can do nothing for him. He is past help—I have known that for some time. He is quite dead?"

"I—I think so." She gave a little sob. "It was five minutes to twelve when—I thought he—went."

I looked up at the clock. It wanted a few seconds to the hour.

"If there were anything in his dream—there couldn't be, of course—he would have brought his man down," I said. "He told us that—"

"Hark!" some one cried. "They're cheering. We've got one! Hurrah!"

"He *has* brought down his twentieth!" sister cried.

Suddenly she subsided into a chair. I thought she was going to faint.

"Here!" I cried sharply. "None of that! If you faint, they'll think you were afraid, and it will have a bad effect on the patients. Pull yourself together, dear girl!"

She pulled herself together. She laughed a little and wiped her eyes. Then she fetched some pins and fastened the blanket a trifle better over the broken panes.

"I dare say I'm a fool," she told me; "but I know he has done it. He's brought down an aeroplane in the park, and—"

"Eh?" said Malcolm, entering and catching the last words. "How did you hear? We've only just got it on the phone. Came down near the lake, they say."

"Close to the bird-house!" Sister clasped her hands.

"Why!" Malcolm stared. "You seem to have second sight! It *was* by the bird-house, according to the message. The first casualty is in, chief. Old dame injured—gravel rash, mostly. A dog was frightened by a bomb, and bolted, and knocked her over. Young Green thought he'd be professionally pleasant. 'What sort of a dog was it, mother?' Old lady ticked him off sharp. 'You young idiot, do you think I stopped to look at the dog?' By the way, the bomb that frightened it fell just beside our big alder. It's leaning over a bit."

"Toward the building?" I asked.

"Toward the building," he agreed. "I don't think it will fall; but we'll go and have a look when this business is over, and shore it up a bit if necessary. By the bye, how has your nephew gone on?"

"He's gone—along the highway—where the good chaps go—Malcolm," I answered jerkily.

Malcolm said nothing for the moment. He only put his great hand on my shoulder, looked at me, and looked at sister.

"Ah!" he said. "Ah! It was always hopeless, old chief. Such a good boy! He meant to look after you, he often told me; but he has left you in good hands, I see. I hope he knew that?"

He nodded toward sister. Her hand was in mine. I nodded, and sister nodded.

"God bless you both," said Malcolm; "and rest the dear lad."

Then he went off to the surgery.

IV

I WENT, too, but there were no serious casualties—only scratches and hysteria; so I just walked round and then passed upstairs to the boy's room. Sister came with me. He would have liked to see us together, she said. She kissed his forehead, and told him that she would be very, very good to me.

"He looks such a boy," she said, "and so gentle! It seems strange that—"

"That he should fight?" I suggested. "It would be stranger that he shouldn't."

"Yes—but strange that he should have to, I meant. Why does God let men? Such kind men, some of them! I really meant that it was strange that he should want to fight when he needn't, and even to the very last, on God's great road to heaven. How *could* he, dear?"

"He couldn't, of course," I said. She looked at me. "Humanly speaking," I qualified. She looked at me again. "Well, you'll always believe he did, and I shall never dare to contradict you. You mean, how could he justify fighting on his way home, on God's highway in the skies? You read his verses, didn't you?"

"What you read," she said; "but that was only the question, not the answer. I want to see when you turn the page. Why didn't you?"

"I was trying to find the answer to the stars for myself," I explained. "I think mine would be that God made me a man to fight a man's battle, and that so long as I was a man I'd fight it!"

"I expect his answer was much the same," she predicted, "only more—more apologetic. He wasn't so decisive as you, I think. I don't know. I see you at the work you know better than any one, and you are entitled to be decisive about it. I haven't seen him at his work. Perhaps he never found it—the work that God really meant him for. I don't think it was fighting. Well, he's found it now! I think, if you were an airman, you wouldn't ask any question about the rights of fighting, but only fight!"

"It wasn't he who asked the question," I remarked, "but the stars. They always ask questions, if you look at them. And we don't know his answer, or whether he found one."

"Let's go and look, dear," she proposed softly. "Perhaps it will answer some of the questions that the stars ask of you and me."

There was no trace of indecision about his answer when we turned the page. It was just a couplet written straight off without any alterations. Perhaps it was only a text for the answer that he meant to make:

He dares to fight in heaven's sight
Who wages battle for the right!

It seemed to be a text for us and for the world. We put it upon the stone over his head—the creed of an airman who had flown all the way to heaven.

The Woman by the Road

BY FERDINAND REYHER

Illustrated by Walter Tittle

THEY speak of the call of the road, and tell how roads lure men and women to follow them, handing, as it were, those who have been moved by the spirit of wayfaring from one road to another. But roads differ. There was one road which was silent, and held and would not give up.

In July it was a ruddy, baked clay track undulating between fields of young corn, pastures, and red or drab farmhouses and barns. It made an almost garish contrast to the delicately toned river, the broad and placid Schuylkill, which lay rather than moved in the sunshine, two hundred yards to the southeast from where the road passed the woman's house.

The barn was a short distance below the house on the other side of the road. The woman's husband pottered about the barn and in and out of the barn-yard most of the day, so in a sense the road might have been said to separate them. It is true that she crossed it herself many times each day; but most of her work centered on the house—particularly the kitchen, with its stubby porch latticed with honeysuckle, facing the road and strategically overlooking her farm where it was vulnerable—and on the spring-house, which was also on the river side of the road.

The woman and her dog were almost living legends along the road. She was a concentrated whiplash of a woman, all fire and white-hot blue eyes, wiry, tense, and as embittered as the saga of a great hate.

The woman stood behind the honeysuckle lattice of her porch, holding in the shaggy brute, whose head came higher than her waist. He growled with an insistent menace and strained to get away.

As she peered out through the leaves, her eyes flamed with rage. Far up the road two men stood on the rails of her pasture fence, and reached for the last

overripe cherries of the big tree in the corner. It was Saturday afternoon, when bands of Czech and Lithuanian laborers and iron-workers from the mills in Phoenixville roved the country, rollicking and often drunk.

"Polacks!" she said with a low hiss.

The dog half leaped up. She cuffed him on the side of his head.

"Git down—down!" She gripped the flesh at the back of his neck and forced him down. "Lay there!" she commanded.

Trembling savagely, the big dog obeyed her. She opened the screen door, reached in along the kitchen wall, and brought out a shotgun. She spied through the leaves again. The dog rose bristling. One of the men was on the top rail, balancing himself against a branch that he had tugged down. She struck the dog on the back.

"Git!" she said.

Silently he flashed round behind her, leaped from the six porch steps, and sped toward the closed gate. He cleared it smoothly, hardly seeming to turn as he landed on the road, being pointed toward the two men even while he was in the air.

The man on top of the fence saw him coming. With a cry to his companion that the woman heard, he sprang from the fence, and both ran desperately.

A buckboard wagon clattered in a cloud of dust out of the side road, which was hidden from her by a screen of wild cherry-trees. It swerved as if it would topple over, poised, faced up the road, and clattered on. Its pause in turning gave the men time to catch the tail-board and draw themselves in just before the big dog could reach them. The dog barked once—a terse, chagrined snarl—and came slowly back, head to the ground, the bush of his tail straight out behind him.

She was waiting for him at the gate, gun still in hand, anger flaming still more in-

tensely in her eyes. The dog crawled under the single rail which traversed the entrance to the pasture, and circled with a watchful eye on her to the back of the house. For a moment she seemed intent upon calling him to her; but she turned toward the barn-yard, where a thin, round-shouldered figure was spreading wet straw in the sun with a pitchfork. The straw flashed golden when the man lifted it. The lines in her face grew sharper, as they always did when she looked at her husband, and she went into the house.

II

THE afternoon wore on. The late July sun, slanting across the road, abated no degree in its heat. A dry, puffing breath rose from the road.

The woman was scouring glass jars at the sink in the kitchen when she heard a team driven up to the house. The iron loop was lifted from the gate, and the black dog rose with a growl. She went hurriedly to the door.

Her husband came up the path in the plodding manner with which he did the most casual thing he had to do, and which so deeply infuriated her. He stood on the steps, his tongue rolling in his lean cheeks, and his brooding, gray-green eyes hovering elusively over her. He looked down and mumbled:

"Ye got the money fur me to take over t' Hoovertown?"

"Didn't I tell ye to tie the mare whenever ye left her?" He glanced up furtively and shifted slightly, as if to turn back. "Ye wait there now!" she said.

From a small brown vase on the mantel-shelf she took a roll of soiled bills. She counted them and brought them out to him.

"Git a receipt," she said. "Tell Landis he kin have the mare there fer three hundred."

He stuffed the bills deep into his trouser-pocket and labored down the path again. Just as he opened the gate, and so suddenly and unexpectedly that neither the woman nor the man could have said what caused it, the mare took fright, jumped sidewise, and, without pausing, dashed down the road. The reins, dragging and beating about her legs, whipped her into a fiercer panic with every stride. Crazily the buggy rocked in an explosion of dust. The horse dashed by the side road and galloped up the rise beyond it.

Her husband ran mechanically and helplessly after the runaway mare. The woman, her lips set and her eyes flaming, but otherwise evincing nothing, came outside the gate and watched the distorted ball of dust drawing swiftly away.

It had not quite reached the top of the rise when she saw, in blurred and magnified outlines, some one step before the frenzied horse. Her breath stopped. The horse abruptly reared high, and seemed to hang in air; then, quite slowly, it was let down and remained standing. As she continued gazing without understanding what had happened, she had only a sense of tremendous force having been displayed in the heart of the cloud of dust on the hill.

The buggy was turned about and came toward her, led by a stranger, whose great size—a magnification through the dust, as it seemed in her first view of him—did not dwindle as he approached. As her husband met him where the side road came in, the stranger waxed gigantic against the puny farmer.

They came to the gate. Broad and deep as an oak, the huge stranger dwarfed the horse he held by the reins and towered above her husband. He stood on the earth as if he were accustomed to striking roots into it whenever he paused, and looked down upon her with his black eyes like the ends of gun-barrels.

"My name Istvan Gruvatsch, eh!" he said in a deep voice.

The woman stared at him dumbly. She did not dream of thanking him, nor did he seem to expect thanks.

"I work in the mill over dere."

He pointed toward Phoenixville.

"A Polack!" said the woman baldly.

"Polack!" he repeated. "I a Slovene f'om the Mur!" he said proudly, spreading his legs and rooting himself into the ground.

In all her life she had never seen such a man. There was a sense of furious drive about him—a pent-up atmosphere of danger.

"Gif me a drink!" he boomed.

She started with surprise.

"This ain't no saloon!" she said in a hard voice.

He laughed like a Gargantuan child.

"Milk, eh? Somet'ing cold, eh?" he said.

She hesitated. She gave an irritable flick at a drooping strand of her reddish hair—a rare womanly gesture for her.

"Come in!" she said amazingly.

She led Istvan Gruvatsch into her kitchen. He crossed the room and sat down in a chair against the wall. She turned and looked out through the door. Her husband was leading the mare toward the barn-yard. The woman looked along the glare of the road after the buggy, which raised puffs of hot dust even in its slow, creaking progress. She hardly saw it. A strange tingling at the presence of this strange man in her kitchen possessed her. She felt his eyes on her from where he sat across the room.

"Want some milk?" she said, turning.

"Yas!" he smiled.

She brought out a milk-can and poured him a tin cupful of milk. He drained it at a gulp. She had intended putting the can back, but she stood there still holding it as he extended the cup to her.

"Want some more?" she asked.

"Yas!" he smiled again.

As he lifted his branchlike arm and tilted back his great head so that his red beard came up, she had a glimpse of the columnar neck, white as goose-down, glistening, the muscles and tendons moving delicately as he drank. His shirt was open at the top, exposing a triangle of chest matted with small silken tendrils of blond hair.

His round, black eyes fixed her over the cup as he finished. She met his gaze for a moment, then shifted her eyes as she reached for the cup.

"More?" she asked, because she did not know what else to say.

"No, danks!" Gruvatsch smiled, driving the back of his hand across the soft tangle of his mustache and beard.

She put the cup and can away. Behind her she again felt his eyes on her.

"I hear 'bout you," he said, with a grin. "You chase dem boys f'om the mill, eh?"

He laughed. The boom of his voice shook the room, but not as much as it disturbed something in the woman.

"Dey tell even Gruvatsch would not git one cherry f'om the woman with the gun and the beeg dog!" He gleamed at her and bent slightly forward. The chair creaked under him. "Not even Gruvatsch!" he repeated naively. "I cum to see the woman, eh? I haf a hunger for the cherry, eh?" he grinned.

She waited tensely, a scroll of anger unfolding within her at his teasing.

"Too bad I come yust as horse run up!

I not git the cherry, eh?" he said lugubriously. He brightened. "I git two cups cold milk, eh?"

"Well?" she asked, unable to think.

"Now me and you friend, eh?" said Gruvatsch, and he put out his hand.

She stood there looking at him blankly. It seemed as if the force of the man held her. He rose and took her hand.

"You fine woman!" he said, patting her shoulder with his other hand.

From his corner the big dog growled. The Slovene looked across at the animal. His dark eyes widened, and he laughed.

"You talkin' to me?" he said to the dog.

The woman pressed her thin lips into a line. She opened the screen door quickly.

"I got work to do," she said wrathfully, struggling with something within her.

He laughed jovially, and as she stepped out on the porch he followed her. The big dog slipped quietly out between them, brushing against the man's legs. Gruvatsch looked speculatively down at him.

"Me and you haf talk some time, eh?"

he said to the dog again. He regarded the woman for a moment. "I come more!" he said abruptly. "So-long, eh?"

He strode to the gate and swaggered down the road toward the barn. The woman watched him, fascinated. There was a dynamic sense of size, ruthlessness, and inevitability about him as he walked—an air of invincible assurance—that kept her eyes on him against her will, just as the force of him had held her in his presence.

He stopped in the barn-yard. Her husband was just climbing into the buggy again. Suddenly the Slovene burst into a detonating laughter. He reached down and tore a large stone out of the ground. With an exultant vent of animal spirits he threw it down the road, then he laughed again, strode after the stone, picked it up, threw it and laughed once more, and strode on.

She went into her kitchen; but the room in which no stranger had been for years was still distended by the presence of that cyclops with two black, explosive eyes, silky red beard, and columnar neck. Her imagination was wrenched by the reality of him. She fought the picture of him down, down with her hate, with a summoned fury that blazed white-hot in her eyes.

As she finished wiping the last jar, she raised it above her head and hurled it at the wall above the dog. It shattered, and

the dog sprang away with a great leap toward the door, his eyes fixed wickedly on her.

"Git him—by the throat, his throat—if he ever comes agin!" she shouted at the dog, which crouched and snarled. "By the throat!" she repeated.

Fifteen minutes on her knees searching the floor for glass splinters brought her to herself.

III

GRUVATSCH came back—often. Every Saturday afternoon, and sometimes toward evening during the week, he came along the road, stamping up more dust than a horse and wagon, with his preposterous playfulness flinging rocks ahead of him or striking at the ground with a club he had ripped from a tree. She had the impression that he was playing with her as he played with

the stones he found on the road; but a feeling also grew in her that she had some power over him. The glittering blaze of her angry eyes held him, as the immeasurable virility of his strength held her. They matched each other; but whenever he swayed toward her exultantly, the big black dog came between them with his ominous jealousy and his evil eyes.

She waited each day. When he did not come, a rancor of uncertainty smoldered in her.

Day dragged after day through the last week of August, and Gruvatsch did not appear. As the last afternoon of the week and the month faded into a brazen dusk, and for the first time since the runaway a Saturday had passed without Gruvatsch, her husband came into the kitchen and found her crouched over the table, her chin resting on her fists, staring ahead.



FOR A MOMENT THE DOG SEEMED TO REMAIN AS IF FIXED IN AIR IN FRONT OF THE SLOVENE'S THROAT

His eyes hovered—fluttered, rather; then he slouched with his slow scraping toward the sink, and washed himself. She did not stir. When he had finished, he stood miserably undecided, because this was the moment when he had always sat down to his food, and there was no food. He fumbled about and lighted the lamp. He put his hands deep into his pockets and said falteringly:

"Minnie, ain't there no food? Be ye sick?"

The words roused her. She rose slowly and looked long and steadily at him, with a searching minuteness and an infinite cynicism. He was not altogether unrepresentable. His features were well enough formed; but his eyes would not stay still, and his face was as unstamped with either force or feeling as if it were tanned wax.

She laughed shortly and hard, and struck him across the face with her hand. He started back; his fingers curled in, and then he settled deeper into his inert droop, his lids twitching with surprise.

"Ugh!" she grunted through closed lips.

IV

UNDER the September sun the road was like a tongue of fiery lava shriveling the leaves beside it with its breath. Something molten had hardened in the woman. She crossed the road, oblivious of the parching waves of heat that flowed from it.

In the early dusk she was suddenly roused by the black dog, who rose, panting, from his shadowed corner on the porch and growled deeply. Through the honeysuckle she saw some one, indistinct against the dark background of the wild cherries, standing on the fence of her corn-field. She gripped the flesh of the dog's neck and groped with her other hand through the kitchen door for the shotgun.

For a moment everything was still save the *zum* of crickets. As clearly as the tearing of linen came the sound of an ear of corn torn from its stalk.

"Git!" she hissed.

Before the dog had leaped the gate, her heart had leaped—because she suddenly knew, without seeing, that the man on the fence was Istvan Gruvatsch. Unconsciously her own words came again to her lips:

"Git him—by the throat, his throat—if he ever comes again!"

The next instant the man sprang from the fence and faced the dog. She saw the

fierce animal leap. For a moment it seemed to remain as if fixed in air in front of the Slovene's throat. Then she saw it shake and struggle furiously, and a venomous rush of snarls reached her. Suddenly the dog turned in mid air and was flung against the bank on the opposite side of the road. The thud reached her, and one broken gurgle of a growl.

Gruvatsch's giant form—magnified in the pale purple twilight—moved hugely like a vast block, but swiftly, across the road. Again she heard a rumble of snarls, but with a broken whimper in them now that clinched something inside of her strangely. Again the great dog was lifted, and this time he was hurled over the fence into the stony pasture. A series of diminishing gulps sounded from him.

For a moment all was still. She saw Gruvatsch leaning on the fence and looking toward the marsh at the bottom of the pasture. A deep laughter boomed out wildly, rocking her with its elemental gusto. The barrier between them was down now.

As he turned from the fence she drew back to the door, half raised her gun, and lowered it again.

Up the road, imperially possessing himself of the whole of it, strode Istvan Gruvatsch, the Slovene. He stopped at her gate. She stood tense. In the stillness came the clean ring of her husband's pitchfork from the barn-yard, as a prong hit against a stone. Gruvatsch slipped the iron loop from the gate-picket and came in.

He stared toward the cleft of deeper dusk where she stood with her gun.

"Ah!" he breathed deeply, as he strode toward her. "How you, eh?"

"Stop!" she commanded, aiming at him.

He paused arrogantly. A colossal smile creviced his face. He broke into a roar of laughter.

"Me! You shoot me?" He clapped his hands. "Good, eh!"

"Git out o' here!" she stammered.

He roared louder.

"You gif me a knife—hot—red with fire, eh? See—I cut dis out!"

He thrust forth his treelike right arm. Even in the dim light she could see rills of gleaming red circling it.

"He bite once dere—yust once!" he almost gloated.

She started. He did not seem to notice. He pressed the thumb and forefinger of his left hand round his arm above the



HE TOOK THE HOT KNIFE SHE GAVE HIM
AND LAID IT UNFLINCHINGLY AGAINST
HIS RAW FLESH

wound, and smoothed the flesh down and the blood off.

"What did you do with my dog?" she said in a low voice.

"Kill heem!" Gruvatsch replied, flicking his left hand downward and throwing the blood off. "He git in my way."

"I'll kill you!" she said, leveling her gun.

He straightened himself and walked toward her.

"Stop, you!" she cried, trying to lash herself into a fury that was oddly slow in coming. "You kill my dog—"

"Kill! Kill!" he mocked derisively.

"I'll shoot you!" she gasped.

"Bah! No talk so mooch—shoot!" said Gruvatsch.

He did not hesitate, nor did he walk fast. Steadily, irrevocably, a grin of triumph on his face, he marched toward her. Her finger on the trigger, she aimed with a frozen preoccupation. Stride by deliberate stride he came nearer. His boot pounded on the bottom step; on the next.

She still aimed at him, her finger rigid on the trigger. He reached the porch floor and advanced toward her. She was aiming numbly at the great triangle of beard-covered neck and hairy chest. He could have touched the barrel of her gun if he had put out his hand, but he did not. He walked upon the shotgun until its barrel touched his chest, and his chest pushed it up and aside. His left arm reached round her, and he swung her to him, with her mouth to his. She gave a single flurry of resistance and yielded her lips to him. He held her that way for minutes and then set her down.

"My woman, eh!" he grunted, with powerful satisfaction.

He took her hand and surged through the door into the kitchen.

"Make light and we look, eh?" he commanded.

In the lamplight they examined the three shallow tears in his flesh, where the dog's teeth had sought for a hold and failed.

"Make a knife like fire!" he said.

She gave him a soaked cloth and he flushed out the wound. He stood in the center of the room, his legs spread apart like the Colossus. Never had he stood so firmly rooted before.

He took the hot knife she gave him and laid it unflinchingly against his raw flesh. A hiss of searing sprang into the room, and the pungently sweet, sweaty odor of burning animal fiber.

She watched him unmoved, standing at his side. He gave her the knife after he had burned the sides of the wound, and waited while she brought him another strip of dry rag.

"Put on, eh!" he said to her, holding out his arm.

She tied it round, avoiding touching him with her hand, however. When she had finished, he swept her up to him again and kissed her hungrily.

"My woman, eh!" he said, as he set her down.

She looked up at him, hostility and surrender both in her eyes.

"Well, then?" she demanded.

He emitted a short bellow of laughter.

"I not come because work mooch and play cards. Win mooch money. To-morrow git pay and I come. Me and you go—go 'way up to the mines. Me and you!"

Unconsciously she cast a look about her—at this thing that had been her home—her realm, even.

"Me and you—all right!" He flung a contemptuous gesture in the direction of the barn-yard. "Heem! Bah!" He opened his stone-crusher hand and closed it significantly. "Lak dis, eh, eef he git in my way!"

He bore down upon her with a dominant glance and for the third time he brought her passionately to him.

"Fine woman!" he grumbled almost savagely, and kissed her.

It liberated a response in her.

"Bah!" she said, shaking herself from his loosening grasp. "Don't worry 'bout him! I fix him!"

"Fine, eh!" he said, delighted. "Me and you go up to the mines to-morrow!"

"We won't walk, neither. This is my place—mine! We take my horse and my money!" she said. "I sell this place to a farmer in Hoovertown what wants it bad—all but the shack in the buckwheat-field, and he kin stay there!" She vibrated with excitement. "Bah! Him!"

She almost spat with contempt. All the starvation and repression of barren years found expression in a fury of abandonment to the sheer virility of the huge being in front of her. He glowed down upon her. Her face was flushed, her eyes sparkled rather than flamed now, and her mouth half opened, so that the thin lines which had been her lips parted in a finely blown pout, through which he could see the tips of well-formed, creamy teeth. It seemed as if she had suddenly been touched with a strange beauty.

"My woman!" he said, startled. Her eyes had power to control him now as they had never done before. "To-morrow, eh?" he repeated, and hesitated. "'Bout four o'clock."

With a clumsy shyness he unexpectedly turned to go. As he put out his hand and raised the door-latch, she sprang after him and was round his neck and shoulders, clinging.

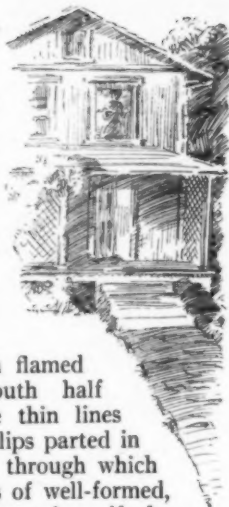
"You're a man! I love you!" she exclaimed, and pulled herself up to his lips and hung there thirstily.

With an abrupt shake she was loose of him again, leaped away through a door, and was gone.

He looked after her, puzzled profoundly, obscurely disturbed. Then his face creased with a smile. He started to follow her, but, with his hand on the knob of the door through which she had fled, he stopped.

"A beeg, strong man!" he said, as if she were still in the room—simply, with deep conviction, but with no suggestion of braggadocio. "Istvan Gruvatsch walk straight on the road, not 'fraid of anyt'ing. Eef anyt'ing come in my way, I turn eet round lak dat run-off horse, or I knock eet down lak dat beeg black dog, eh! Istvan Gruvatsch don' git out o' the way for anyt'ing!"

His resonant voice boomed cavernously through the house, and up in her room she heard him distinctly.



"Not'ing can stop Istvan Gruvatsch!" he thundered.

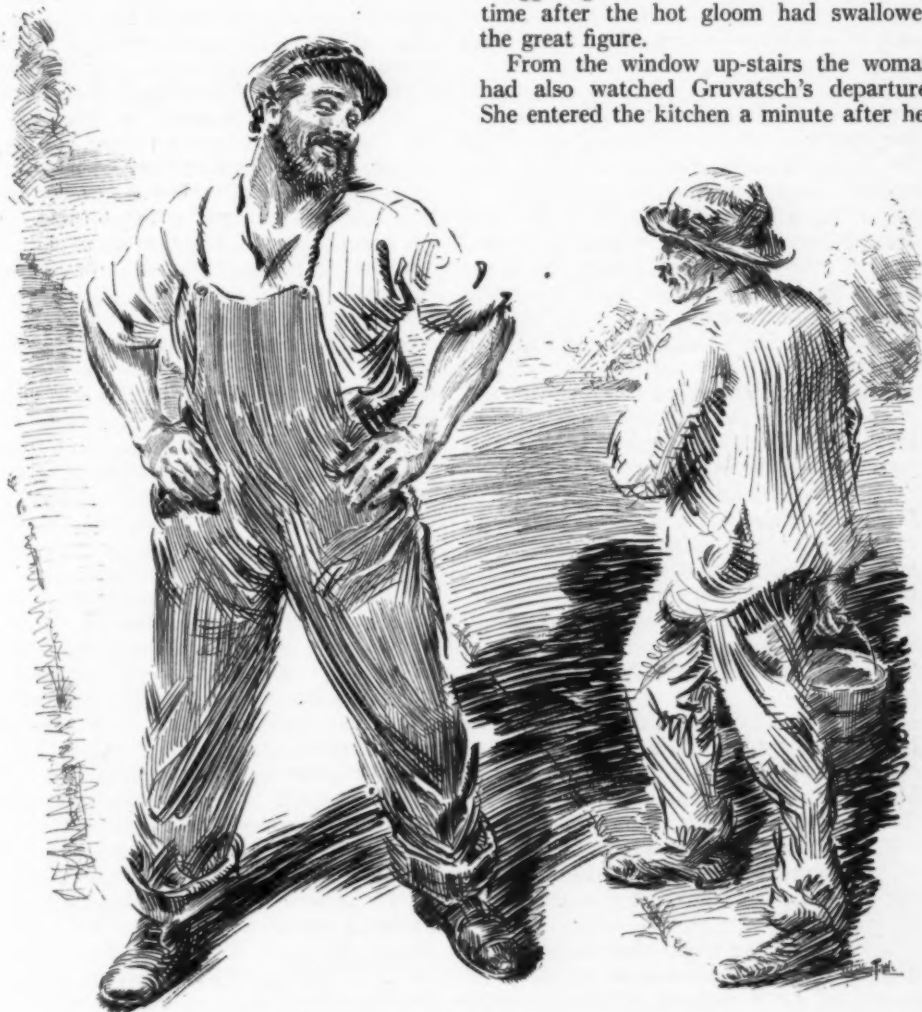
V

As Gruvatsch came out on the porch, the gate was opened. Her husband stood there, dimly sketched in the pale moonlight. His hat was pulled down over his forehead. Gruvatsch strode toward him. The little man, as if he had heard his words and

He stopped before the limp figure of the farmer, and looked down upon him with a monumental disparagement. The little man's gaze went in all directions; he shifted and sidled round Gruvatsch toward the house. The giant looked sidewise after him and broke into one of his rollicking blares of laughter. He opened the gate and strode down the road.

The man on the porch watched him swaggering off. He stood there for a long time after the hot gloom had swallowed the great figure.

From the window up-stairs the woman had also watched Gruvatsch's departure. She entered the kitchen a minute after her



THE LITTLE MAN SHIFTED AND SIDLED ROUND GRUVATSCH TOWARD THE HOUSE

wisely taken heed of them, stood aside within the gate out of the Slovene's way as he advanced with his leisurely stride.

From under the other's hat the giant mill-hand felt two eyes hover over him.

husband came in. He was gazing at the bloody rag on the chair. For a moment he seemed about to speak; but habit was too strong for him, and he went, as he always did, first to the sink.

He pumped vigorously on the straight wooden handle of the suction-pump. The handle rattled loosely under his pressure, and suddenly sprang out of its socket. While the socket bobbed erratically above him, he searched for the pin which had worked loose. He looked in the sink and on the deal table next to it, and felt on the floor without finding it. He pushed the handle back into the socket and pumped with greater steadiness. As the water gushed out strongly, he let go of the handle and swilled himself under the stream, head and neck and chest.

The jerky bobbing of the handle without guidance, its rattle in the socket, and the clatter of the water made a cheerful din in the kitchen. When the water had stopped flowing, he reached up blindly for the towel and rubbed himself. He performed this ablutionary rite summer and winter, dully, with no blowings and vents of exhilaration, merely from a remote prompting and habit.

When he turned, the bloody rag had been removed.

The woman had listened against her will to each distinct, familiar noise of his splashing. As he faced her, the unusual swim of high color still in her cheeks, her eyes flamed. She stood with two plates in her hand, and she wanted to crash them against him; but habit was powerful in her, also, and without a word she set the table and brought him his food.

She did not eat. When he was nearly through, she said:

"I sell the farm to-morrow. I'm goin' 'way."

He stopped in the middle of a bite and looked at her, his hovering eyes fixed for a second. Then they shifted. He finished his bite and chewed stolidly.

"Sell the farm?" he repeated eventually, with a dull catch in his voice.

"I'm goin' 'way," she said again. "You kin take the little shack up in the buck-wheat-field."

She got up and began clearing the table. He munched on, then rose also, and stood undecided for a moment. He found nothing to say or do, and walked to the door that led up-stairs; but he stopped before it as if something were on his mind. He had to think hard for a moment before he recollected what it was; then he walked to the sink. He pulled out the pump-handle and peered at the end of it.

"Put 'nother pin in t'morrer," he said, twisting it back into the socket.

Then he went to bed.

VI

NEXT morning the woman drove to Hoovertown and sold the farm. Shortly after noon she started back. The heat hung thickly on the earth, as if contained in a bowl. The air was stiflingly still.

As she drove, an *écru* film began to draw across the southwest tip of the sky, far in front of her. It spread slowly. As she turned into her barn-yard, the film was sliced twice in quick succession by short, livid flashes. Presently a diminishing rumble of thunder rolled to her ears.

Her husband was not about. She unhitched the mare, gave her a drink, rubbed her with a heavy rag without taking off her harness, and tied her in her stall. She encountered her husband as she came out.

"Leave that there," she said, indicating the buggy, and walked to the house.

For a moment she stood in the center of the kitchen, motionless. She slowly opened the high-necked calico blouse of her dress, removed her straw hat, and rolled up her sleeves. She dragged a cheap pasteboard suit-case, a carpetbag, and a large mesh-bag from the recess under the cupboard, and brought up a clean wooden box from the cellar. She stood in front of the open cellar-door and stared at the neatly packed layers of preserves on the deep shelf. The woman had no children, but she felt almost a maternal twinge at the thought of parting from the least of these paraffined treasures. She packed the box with an assortment of them, wasting no further time in sentimentalities.

She picked up the carpetbag and went to the door. A puff of hot, gritty air came into the room, as if from a furnace. A distant bass grumble drew her attention to the sky. The *écru* film had grown into a thick covering of low, ochreous clouds churning among themselves and extending almost overhead. The faint tattoo of thunder that had greeted her only accentuated the prevalent sense of sinister quietude. The fowls in the barn-yard were still.

In the spring-house she filled the carpetbag with eggs, butter, and cheese. When she was ready to go, she paused, to look with the eyes of departure on the cool den, fragrant with earth and clear, cold water. A new thought lighted her eyes to sparkling.

Shifting the stuffed carpetbag carefully, so that she could hold it against herself in the angle of her elbows and leave her hands free, she bent and picked up two small cans of milk. She had recalled Istvan's fondness for fresh, cold milk.

The oppressive quiet, profounder than the sweet, cool tranquillity of the spring-house, enveloped her again as she returned to the house.

It was nearly four o'clock. She went up-stairs and changed from the calico dress to a high-necked muslin blouse and a plain black suit of poor material and wry fit. But a subtle softening and a hint of color came into her clear-featured, hard face as she put it on, which compensated for the manner in which the suit obscured and falsified the sinuous lines of her figure.

She had packed the suit-case and mesh-bag, and was about to go down, when something in the pasture beyond caught her eyes and drew her closer to the window.

A few feet from the edge of the marsh, seemingly caught against a stone or in a depression, lay a big, black object. She drew in her lower lip and involuntarily shut her eyes. In a flash the conflict between Istvan Gruvatsch and the great dog hung vividly, as on a screen, before her. She opened her eyes, and the picture that still wavered before them was abruptly dissipated by a new phenomenon.

From far up the road came a low drumming that steadily increased in volume and pitch. She saw distant tree-tops bending toward her, as if an invisible weight were held upon them. Suddenly a vast, reddish object appeared on the road behind the line of the hill, and rapidly rose into an inverted cone swaying on a crazily revolving stem. With a deafening roar the fantastic funnel crossed the ridge of the hill and scooped toward her with locomotive rapidity, holding to the road with a mysterious intelligence, twirling and flinging about fence-rails, branches, rocks, and unnamable debris, as even Istvan Gruvatsch could not have done.

For a second she held herself rigid in awe, and then, in the whirlwind's destructive possession of the road, she had a vision of Istvan Gruvatsch striding over the world and crying:

"Istvan Gruvatsch don' git out o' the way for anyt'ing!"

Terror overwhelmed her. She sank down, her hands outstretched.

"God! Oh, God!" she screamed.

A deep bass roar grooved over her. She dived into a stupor of horror, prone on the floor, clutching the leg of a chair. With a sustained bellow the tornado hummed past, gouging out the road.

VII

WHEN the woman looked up again, the room and the road were drenched in healing blackness. Lightning, thunder, and all the paraphernalia of a heavy electric storm crackled and crashed with comforting usualness. Sluices and deluges of rain thumped on the roof. She heard nothing of it. The half-demoniacal, half-human howl of that first monster that had passed on the road still roared in her ears.

One hour—two hours—she sat there in the dark. The rain became steadier. The sky grew somewhat brighter. She hardly noticed it; she was not waiting. She somehow knew that there was nothing to wait for; just as if she had known that just beyond the barn-yard lay the body of Istvan Gruvatsch, the Slovene, who for once in his life had met something that could dispute the road with him.

The noise of the rain soothed her, and by and by she went down-stairs and lighted the lamp. Presently she heard the lifting of the gate-loop, and then her husband's step. He came in quite dry, having evidently wrapped himself with sacking; for straw clung to him, and he brought in the odor of a stable-yard in rainy weather.

He stood for a moment against the door, holding out a half-closed hand, as if carrying something precious. She looked away from him, and her eyes fell on the two cans of milk that she had brought from the spring-house.

"The house is all right," said her husband. "I guess all what's hurt is the buggy you said to leave out. There ain't a splinter o' thet left!"

She felt a hot veil pass over her eyes as she still stared at the two cans. Her husband slouched toward the sink. She heard him wrench out the loose pump-handle from its socket.

As she partly turned, she saw him opening his closed hand and holding a small object against a hole in the end of the handle.

"Thet 'll hold dis han'le all right," he said flatly, without the slightest personal satisfaction.

The Pagans of the Southwest

PREHISTORIC TRIBES OF THE AMERICAN EGYPT, WHOSE MODERN SURVIVORS STILL INHABIT THEIR ANCIENT PUEBLOS AND WORSHIP THE SUN GOD

By C. J. Blanchard

Author of "The Romance of the Southwest," "The Spirit of the West," etc.



ONE OF THE SO-CALLED PYRAMIDS OF TAOS, THE DWELLING-PLACE OF THE TIGUANS SINCE UNKNOWN ANTIQUITY

THE average American tourist, after a winter in Florida and southern California, and one or two short summer flights through our national parks, is satisfied that he has done America. As a matter of fact, he has only begun to get acquainted with his vast country and its surpassing attractions. Each of our national forests is a beautiful summer playground, awaiting the coming of the nature-lover to reveal its charms and wonders. The Great American Desert holds within its bosom a galaxy of scenic marvels—cañons

of wonderful carving and color, turquoise lakes, magnificent waterfalls, petrified forests, meteoric mountains, and a bewildering variety of other attractions which a lifetime of travel will not suffice to compass.

How many Americans know anything about the great plateau of the United States west of the Rocky Mountains, and especially of the Southwest, the land of prehistoric silences? The tourist who has viewed it from a car-window knows it not at all. It is only those who have ventured into this land of wind-swept mesas and shadowy

gorges, of forests and deserts, of mountains and plains, who have glimpsed its wonders and fallen under its spell.

Until recently only the tourist of exploring and venturesome spirit dared the dangers of thirst and hunger incident to an acquaintance with this austere region. Today the automobile and hundreds of miles of improved roads have made accessible a country of surpassing interest to the scientist and the traveler. This is America's Egypt, and the American globe-trotter who has familiarized himself with the home of the Pharaohs and knows not our land of pyramids can scarcely be called patriotic.

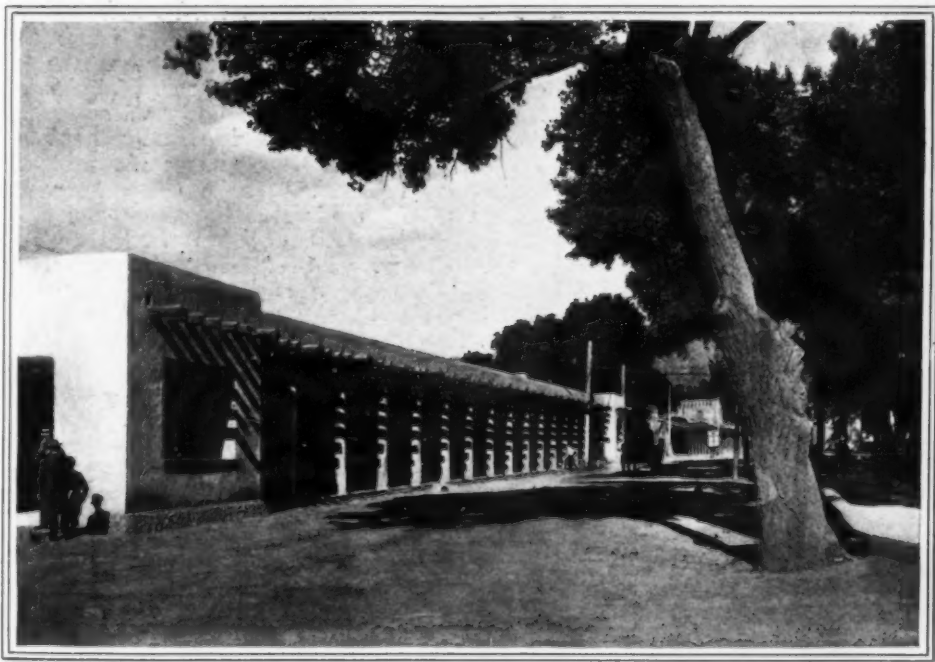
The Southwest is a land of mystery and enchantment, of hoary ruins, and of lost races. Their voiceless and vacant palaces, perched like aeries in stupendous cañons, and their long lines of canals choked with the wind-blown drift of centuries, give mute and pathetic evidence of architectural and engineering skill in an age forgotten.

It is a land whose European civilization antedates by a hundred years that of any other part of our country, while still retaining its own, which began in the stone age. The Olympus of its primitive races is peo-

pled by as many gods as Thessaly's fabled mountain, while in prehistoric mysteries it is richer than any other part of the world. Do you know of any other region where you can wander for weeks among the dead cities of the stone age, and where, if so inclined, you can clasp the dead hand of one who lived before the age of metal?

Let no European trip tempt you from our shores again until you have seen the wonders of the Southwest.

Santa Fé, New Mexico, is a focal center of modern, ancient, and prehistoric attractions. The Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis, as its founder christened it, nestling in the emerald heart of the Sangre de Cristo range, is centrally located in a region which was occupied long before Alexander the Great conquered the Orient. Within the radius of a hundred miles are the ruins of literally hundreds of cities and villages of vanished races. In the same area are pueblos of the sun-worshippers, American pagans, whose history antedates our written records by centuries. Here began a civilization whose dawn was perhaps coincident with that of the Pharaohs; yet how scanty and incomplete is our knowledge of it!



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, SANTA FÉ, WHICH HAS BEEN OCCUPIED SUCCESSIVELY BY SPANISH, MEXICAN, AND AMERICAN OFFICIALS, AND WHICH CONTAINS THE MUSEUM OF THE NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Handicapped by the insufficient funds furnished by an indifferent Congress, our government scientists have lifted only the edge of the veil of mystery which envelops it.

Turning back to the first pages of its history, we glimpse our country seventy years before the English founded Jamestown. In 1540 Coronado's expeditions had discovered the Colorado and the Grand Cañon, had exploded the myth of Cibola's seven golden cities, and had explored the country as far east and north as the present site of Fort Leavenworth.

In 1605 Don Juan de Oñate founded the first capital of New Mexico on the present site of Santa Fé. No chapters of American history are more tragic and thrilling than those which follow. Here is page on page of dauntless heroism, a tale of world-winning replete with superhuman marches and untold privations, blackened with rapacity, cruelty, and the enslavement of a peaceful people. Herein are recorded the terrors of the Inquisition brought to the land of the free, the martyrdom of Franciscan friars, the revolt of the Pueblo clans from slavery, and their reconquest after ten years of inde-

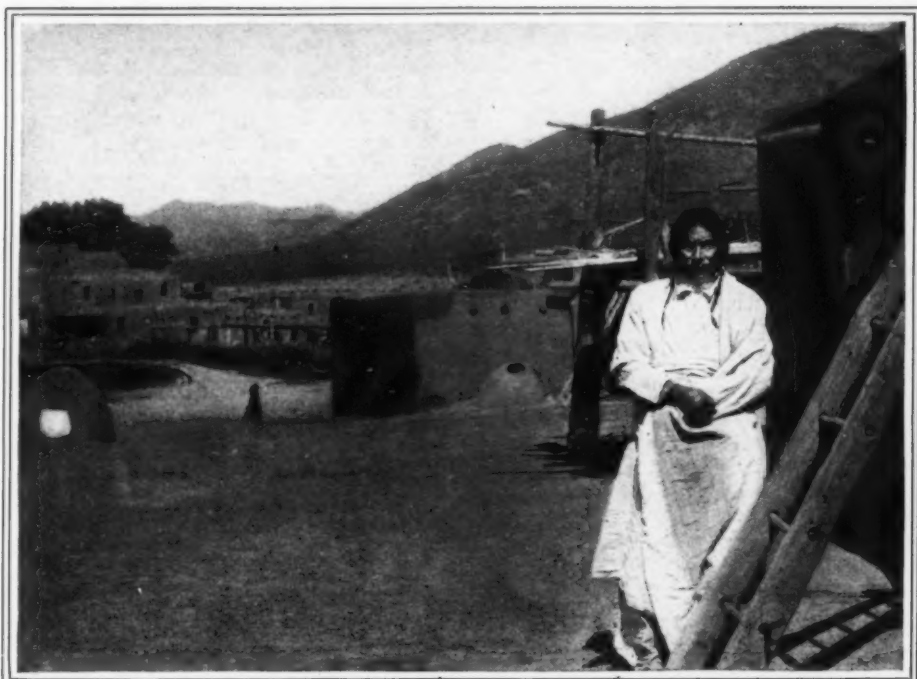
pendence. As the chronicle proceeds, we mark the passing of the rule of Spain, the stirring days of the Santa Fé trail, the era of the pioneer and the "bad man," the progress and enlightenment of modern days. Material here in abundance for an epic poem by an American Homer!

Santa Fé, the oldest capital in the United States, from whence our pictorial journey begins, invites us to linger, not only by reason of its interesting and romantic history, but because of its quaint and picturesque aspect. It presents a curious and not wholly attractive admixture of fifteenth-century and twentieth-century architecture. There are nooks and corners, lanes and byways, which recall Granada, and in these surroundings one almost expects to encounter an armored warrior clanking along the cobbled way.

Numerous old Spanish missions, with their carved *vigas* and art treasures, are scattered about the city. The great cathedral, the oldest dwelling-house, and the Governor's Palace, are well worthy of inspection. The history of the palace is interwoven with that of three governments, as



THE FESTIVAL OF SAN GERONIMO AT TAOS—VISITORS WAITING TO SEE THE ANNUAL RELAY-RACE



SEÑOR DON PORFIRIO MIRABEL, GOVERNOR OF THE PUEBLO-DWELLERS OF TAOS, NEW MEXICO

it was occupied successively by Spanish, Mexican, and American officials.

The surrounding villages contain a number of primitive structures which excite the admiration of artists, architects, and historians. The tourist with a time-limit on his sojourn amid these varied attractions will be at a loss to decide as to the best method of apportioning his stay. There are several points, however, which he must not fail to visit.

TYUONYI, THE CITY OF THE DEAD

First of these is the City of the Dead. A trip of thirty miles northwest of Santa Fé over a good auto road brings the tourist to the top of a geologic island cut out of the Pajarito Plateau, an uplift of yellowish-gray tufa. The end of the road is on the brink of a sheer precipice several hundred feet high. The view is inspiring and wonderful.

Beneath us lies a lovely valley about six miles in length and a scant quarter of a mile in width, walled by almost perpendicular cliffs which close in at each end. Through it flows a tiny silver ribbon, the Rito de los Frijoles. Slowly the picture grows upon us. In the depths below we be-

gin to trace the ground plan of Tyuonyi, the circular city of the dead—a great terraced house, once three stories high and containing eight or nine hundred rooms.

Three community houses of smaller dimensions are visible in other parts of the valley, but the amazing and eye-holding thing is the great house lying there in its sun-bathed, sunken garden. The mystery of the ages, the center of a civilization that reaches back into a period too remote to be guessed, a monumental evidence of skill and industry, it seems impossible to associate it with the stone age in which it was erected. The first American apartment-house was built by a home-loving semicultured people, concerning whom we have to admit that we know literally nothing.

To inspect the valley we must take the ancient pathway, which is worn knee-deep in places by the moccasined tread of a vanished people. It is a narrow, winding trail along the face of a sheer wall of blocked yellow and red tufa, and calls for steady nerves. Here and there the path has been chiseled into the cliff by the stone axes of the ancients.

Half-way down we swing out far enough to glance along the face of the cliff. As

far as the eye can see, the rock is pigeon-holed with thousands of windows and doors, arched caves, and innumerable tiny holes in which were inserted the timbers supporting the floors and roofs of dwellings three and four stories high. Along the bottom of the great cliff the ruins of a city several miles in length are visible. Excavations by the archeological society of New Mexico indicate that at one time a population ex-

which are the best preserved in Pajarito Park. Delightful trips are provided in autos to the ruins at Pecos, Arroyo Hondo, San Marcos, San Cristobal, Otowi, Agua Fria, and other places, all of which are readily reached from Santa Fé.

THE PEOPLE OF THE PUEBLOS

Of no less interest to the tourist are the Pueblo people, whose communal homes in-



BAKING BREAD AT TAOS—THE CUSTOMS OF THE PUEBLO-DWELLERS HAVE NOT CHANGED SINCE COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA

ceeding seven thousand people dwelt in this valley.

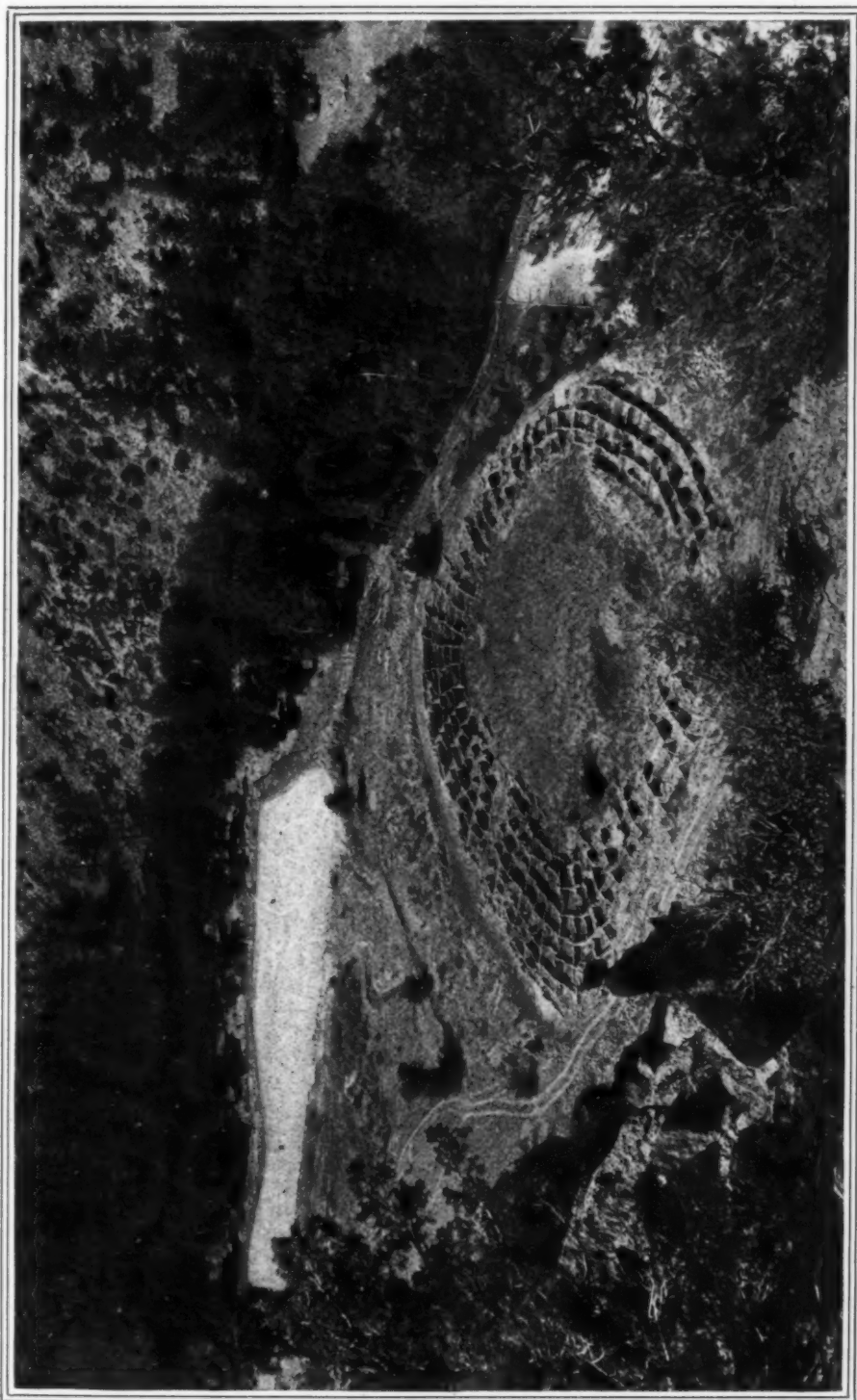
At the lower end of the cañon, about one hundred and fifty feet above the valley floor, there is a huge cave in the cliff. The entrance is reached by several ladders set on a series of ledges. A number of buildings in the cave have been restored by the society. Fronting these, and to the left, is a large *kiva*, where the ancient priests performed their weird rites before an altar that still remains in place.

The accommodations in the valley are excellent, and the visitor will find many delights in a stay of several days here.

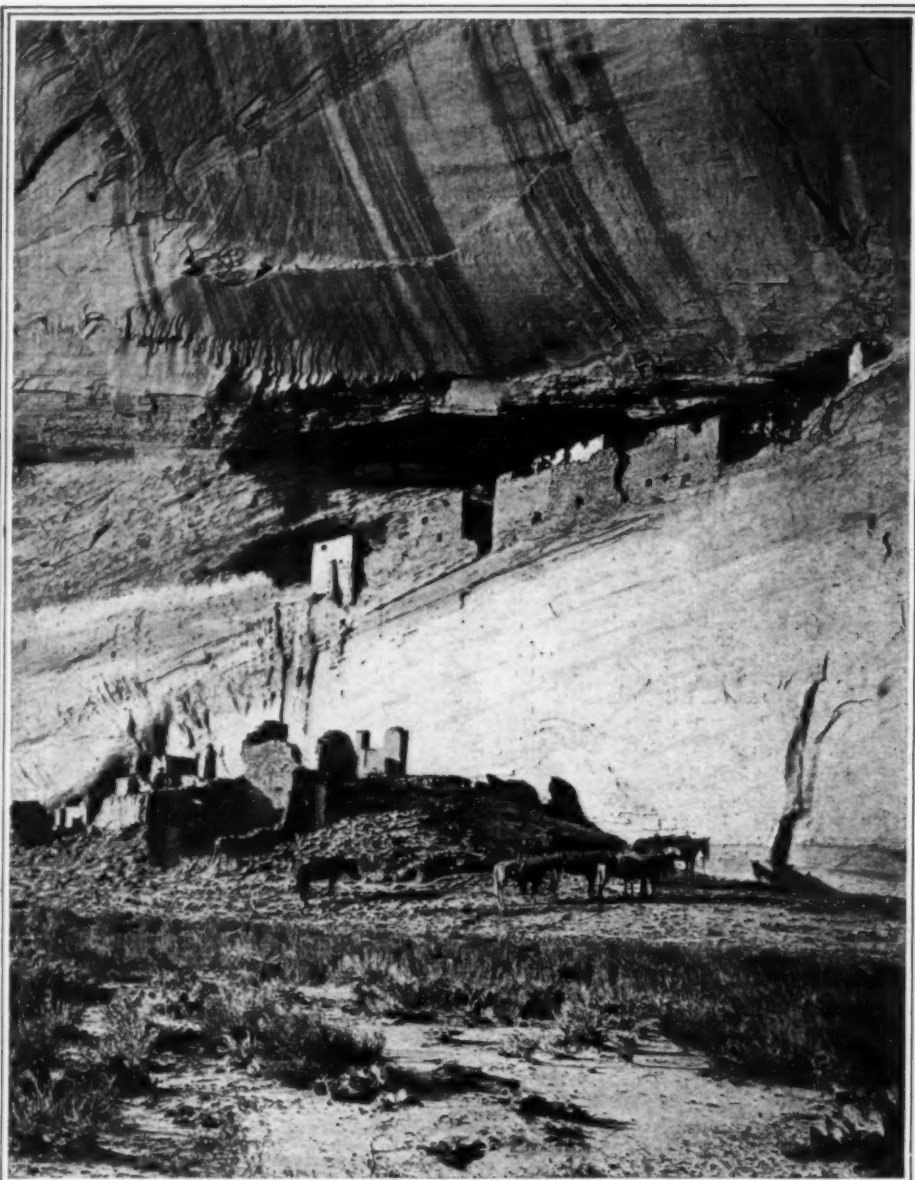
Of like interest are the ruins of the great village of Puye, the caves and shrine of

dicate a mode of living in keeping with that of the builders of the great ruins mentioned. In the Southwest there are nineteen of these community houses, ranging in population from twenty-five to several hundred. Tributary to the Santa Fé, and from twenty to ninety-five miles distant, are the following: Taos, Picuris, San Juan, Santa Clara, San Ildefonso, Pojoaque, Nambe, and Tesuque. From Albuquerque, Laguna, Santo Domingo, and the Enchanted Mesa of Acoma can be visited.

The tourist to the pueblos should time his trip to be present at some of the annual festivals which occur during the summer and fall. The first of these is at San Juan on June 24; that of Santo Domingo follows



TYUONYI, THE MYSTERIOUS CIRCULAR CITY OF THE DEAD, ONCE A GREAT TERRACED COMMUNITY HOUSE THREE STORIES HIGH AND CONTAINING EIGHT OR NINE HUNDRED ROOMS



A TYPICAL ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLING OF THE SOUTHWEST—THIS ONE IS IN THE CAÑON DU CHELLY, ON THE LITTLE COLORADO RIVER

on August 4, that of Santa Clara on August 10, and another at Taos on September 30. At these festivals all the literature and art of the people is concentrated in the ceremonial dances, which in reality are dramas accompanied by the chanted folk-lore of generations. The ceremonials are in no-wise similar except in the games of skill

and endurance, as each pueblo has its own distinctive dances.

A thousand Americans know of the pyramid of Cheops where one knows of the Tiguas of Taos, whose pyramids, or pyramids, were first erected in an age unrecorded. Away back in the childhood of a race whose history is yet to be written,



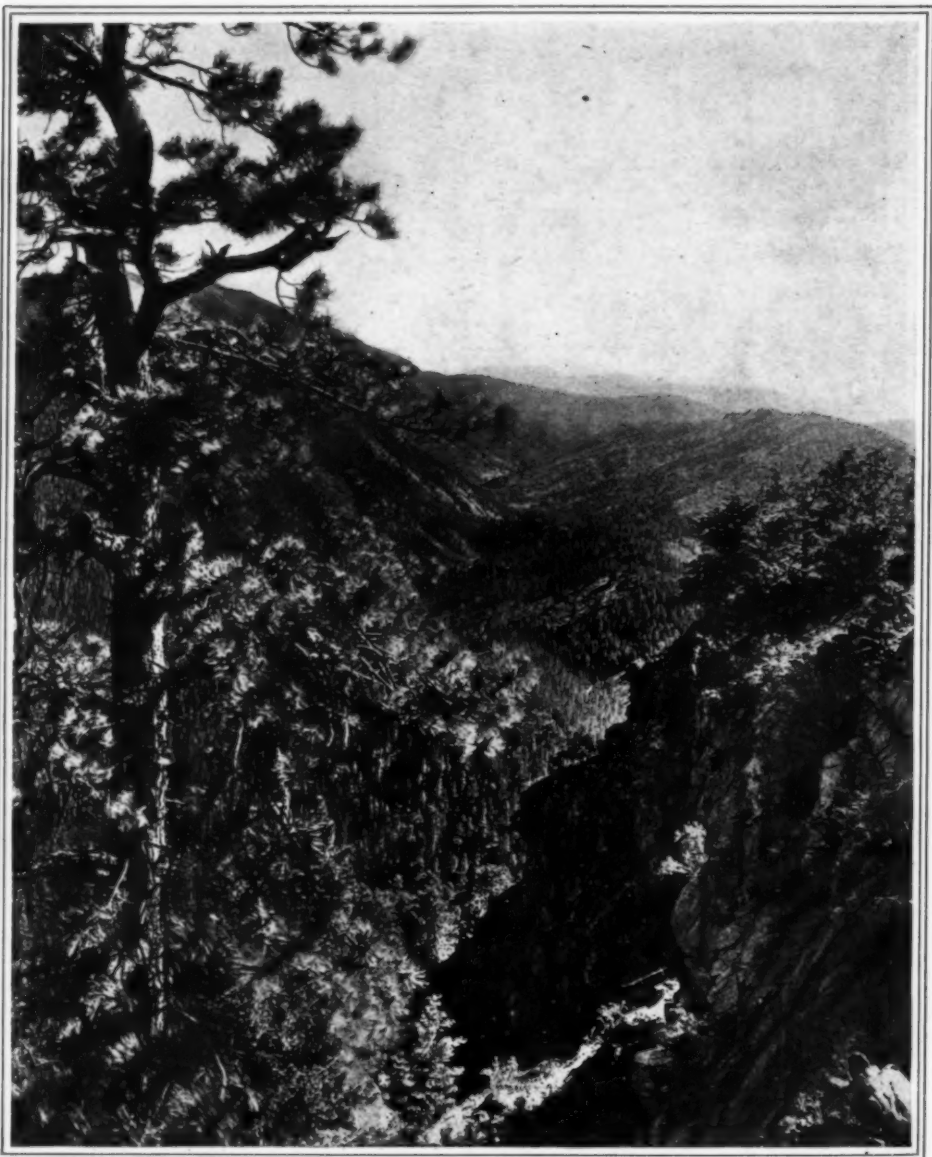
CAVE IN THE CLIFFS OF THE RITO DE LOS FRIJoles, NEAR SANTA FÉ, CONTAINING ANCIENT BUILDINGS AND CEREMONIAL CHAMBERS

these people built enormous terraced structures six and seven stories high, and housing hundreds of people. More interesting than Egypt's pyramids are these Tiguán monuments, because they symbolize the human love of home which has persisted and continued here during the ages that stretch from stone to steam.

Morning and evening, thousands of years before the coming of the Spaniards, the priests of the tribe, from the lofty roofs of these citadels, have invoked the blessing of the sun god, the giver of all. In the sacred *kivas* the wise men for centuries uncounted have held their mystic rites, which antedate our own religion.

Five centuries of time bridge a period of tremendous importance in the development of our civilization, but in the simple life of these people it is as it were a single year. In that time the busy world has marched from the fire-stick to electricity, from the slow-moving pony to the swift-flying airplane. Time in its flight has overlooked the Tigua, whose culture or civilization is practically unchanged.

A pagan he is truly, yet in the observance of the moral law these communities suffer not by comparison with those of our own world. His worst vices were acquired from the white man, whose influence cannot be said to have been uplifting. Notwithstanding his sad experience with the Spanish and Anglo-Saxon civilizations, his wife remains virtuous and his children are obedient and respectful. He has yielded up but little of



THE LAND OF PREHISTORIC SILENCES—A REGION OF WIND-SWEPT MESAS AND SHADOWY GORGES, OF FORESTS AND DESERTS, OF MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS



TO-DAY THE AUTOMOBILE AND HUNDREDS OF MILES OF IMPROVED ROADS HAVE MADE ACCESSIBLE
A COUNTRY OF SURPASSING INTEREST

his religious convictions to the world-conquering advance of Christianity. His gods are still more numerous than the ancient Greek possessed.

In one respect he has not changed at all. To-day, as eight hundred years ago, the horizon of his world is measured by a dozen leagues. The rest of humanity might be wiped out of existence, and his life would ripple on as before.

The pyramids of Taos, two in number, face a plaza through which runs the Rito de Taos, a clear mountain stream. The setting for the pueblo is beautiful, as it occupies a semicircle at the base of a range of lofty, forest-clad mountains.

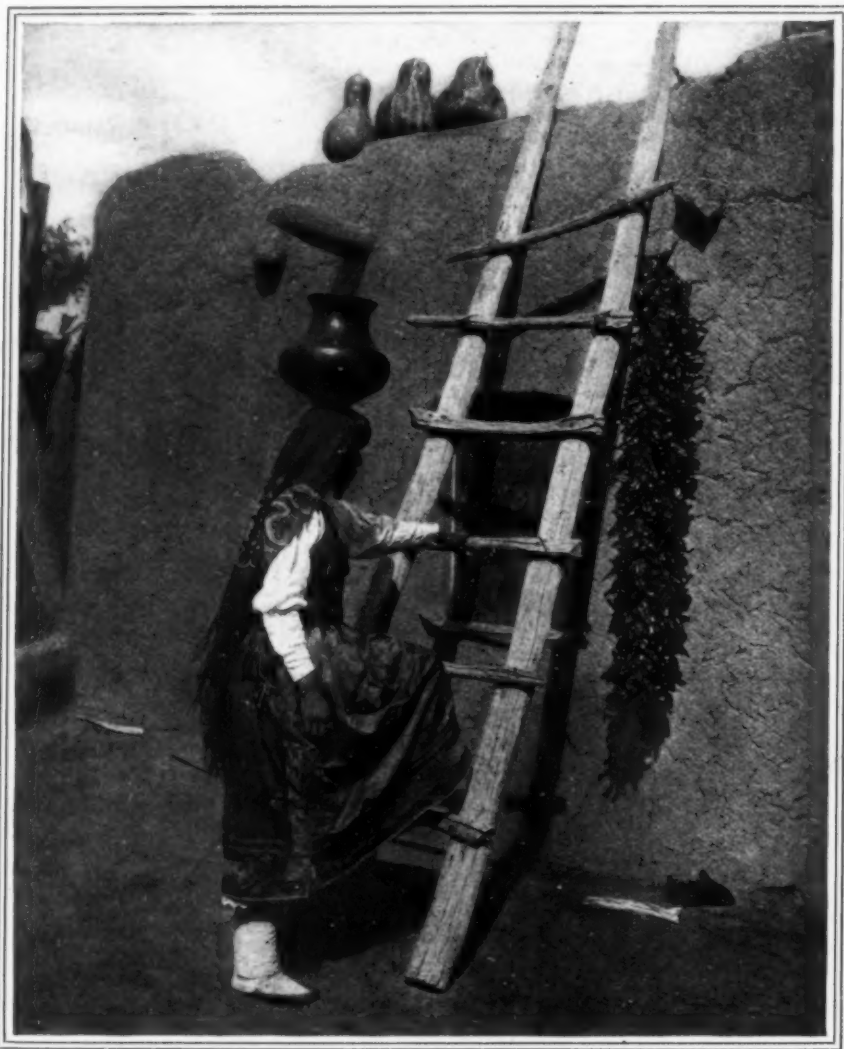
The South Pueblo is five stories in height, while the North Pueblo is but four stories. With the exception of a few detached dwellings the entire tribe occupies the two large buildings. Entrance to all floors above the ground is by ladder, and one of the startling surprises of the visitor is to observe the skill and unconcern of the little children in utilizing these ladders in coming and going about the pueblo. All day long tiny tots play about on the flat-topped roofs, apparently without fear, notwithstanding that the edges are unprotected by parapet or wall of

any kind. The ever-present Indian dog readily climbs the ladder when so inclined.

THE FESTIVAL OF SAN GERONIMO

The day of days for the Tiguan is September 30, the feast day of San Geronimo, his patron saint. The festival consumes several days, but culminates on the 30th, when the racing, dancing, and clown-play occur, and from sunrise to sunset the program is continuous.

The opening ceremony of that day takes place in the church, and is presided over by a Catholic priest. At the last festival the building was crowded and the audience devout. At the close of the Catholic ritual a number of women advanced to the altar and carried out several images, one of which was that of San Geronimo—St. Jerome, in English. A procession formed and marched to an outdoor shrine constructed of willows and cottonwoods and set on a terrace overlooking the plaza, in front of the long street which later became the race-track. The women climbed to the shrine by a ladder, set the images in place, and then withdrew. This was the last evidence we had of the Catholic faith, the rest of the day being consecrated to the Tiguan gods.

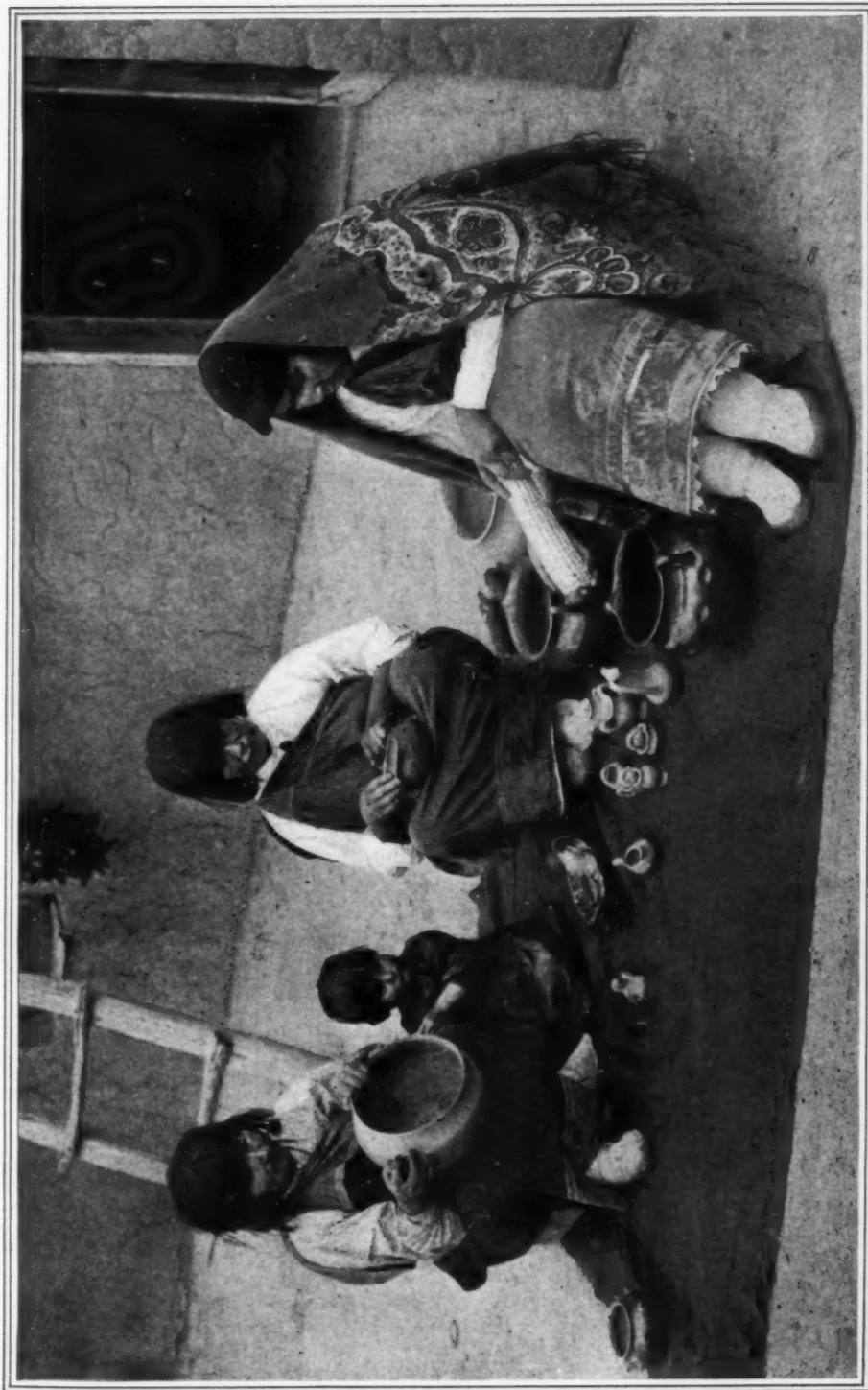


A WOMAN OF THE SANTA CLARA PUEBLO, NEAR SANTA FÉ, GOING TO HER HOME IN THE UPPER STORY OF THE COMMUNITY DWELLING

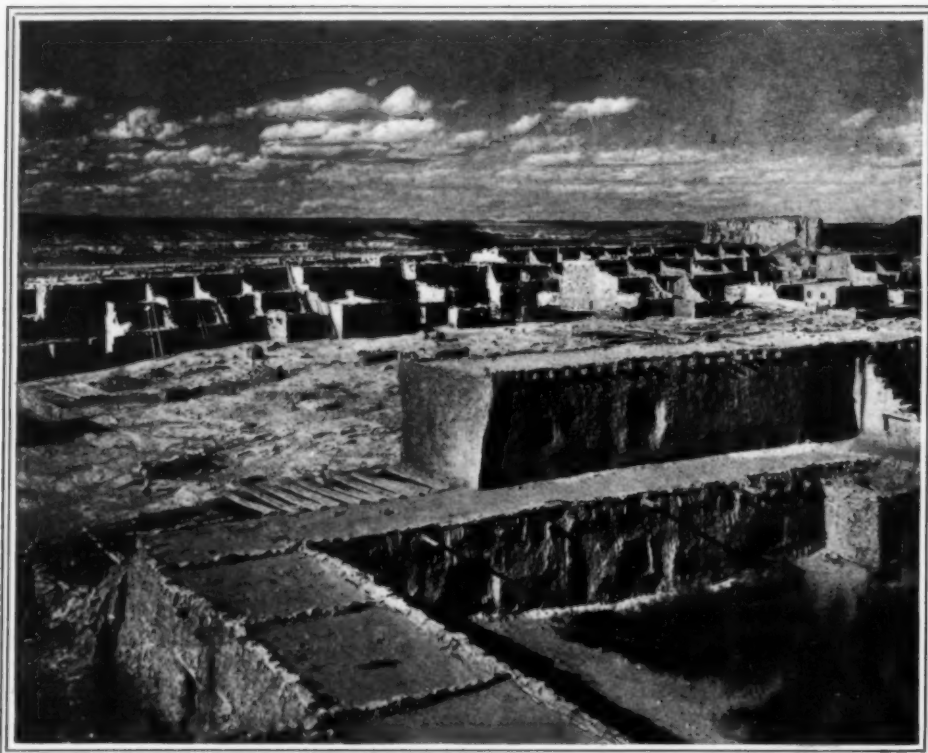
The Tiguán festival is so old that the patriarchs of the tribe know not its beginning, but it is really a thanksgiving to the sun god for the harvest. The great event of the day is the race, a contest for which a hundred runners are selected equally from the two pueblos. It is a relay-race, somewhat after the fashion of the torch-race of the ancient Greeks. The runners are paired off with twenty-five of each side at each end of the course. At a given signal two men—one of each contesting party—dart down the track. The instant either of them crosses the tape at the other end, another

runner of his party starts back, and the contest is continued in this way until one clan or the other wins it by completing fifty courses. Formerly the winning side had the privilege of selecting the governor of both pueblos for the ensuing year, but this no longer is the case.

Immediately after last year's race the runners formed into two lines, and in company with the head men and priests began a slow dance, which continued until they reached the North Pueblo. From the roofs of the houses, as they passed, the women threw down pieces of cake and bread, and



POTTERY-MAKERS OF THE SANTA CLARA PUEBLO, WHICH IS FAMOUS FOR ITS BLACK GLAZED WARE



ACOMA, THE PUEBLO OF THE SKY, NEAR LAGUNA, NEW MEXICO—THIS ANCIENT SETTLEMENT WAS DISCOVERED BY CORONADO IN 1540

scattered corn-meal upon the dancers. When the dance was concluded, the priests retired to a large *kiva*, where a secret rite was held.

Just at dusk the clowns appeared, grotesquely painted savages, who capered about in true circus-clown fashion around a greased pole. Suspended from the top of this was the carcass of a sheep, with some melons and pumpkins. For a time the antics were ludicrous. Several of the clowns were armed with tiny bows, and made pretense of shooting straws at the dead sheep. The Indians in the audience were greatly delighted and amused. Finally the clowns in turn tried to climb the pole, and at last one of them succeeded. The sheep and other prizes were lowered amid loud cheers and were carried off for a big feast that night.

Several hundred people from all parts of the United States witnessed the festival, with its curious mixture of three civilizations—Indian, Spanish, and Anglo-Saxon. The Indians had no apparent objection to the presence of the visitors, but were un-

willing to permit any photography, particularly with a motion-picture camera.

THE SIMPLE LIFE OF THE PUEBLOS

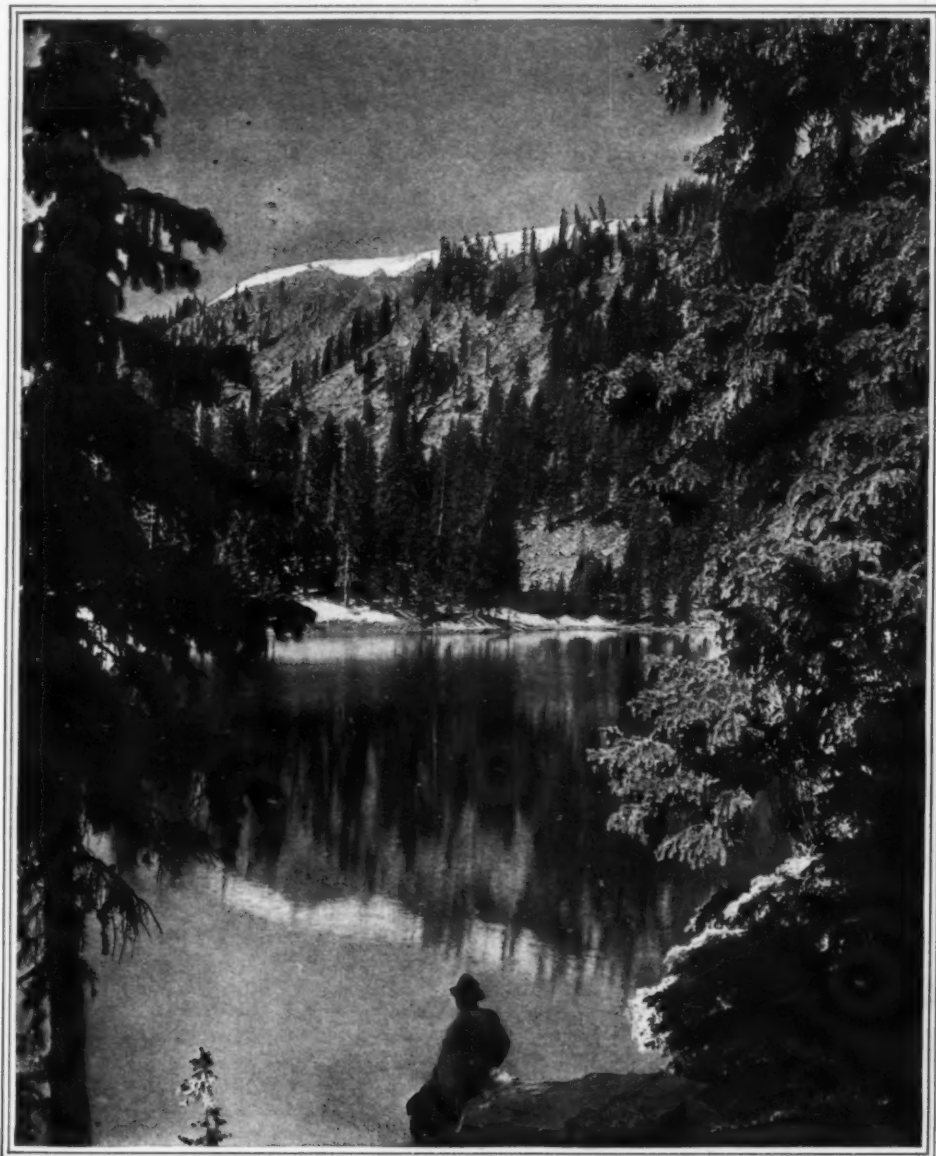
The pueblo-dwellers are strong advocates and consistent practitioners of the simple life. Except on occasions of feasts and festivals, when fantastic dress and mystic rites link them to a pre-European period, they are simple farm folk, who cling tenaciously to their traditional habit of living in compact, permanent settlements of adobe or stone.

Their houses were constructed by the women, and are still owned by them. It must not be forgotten that while her white sister is only just emerging from political subjection into a position of equal rights with men, the pagan woman of the pueblos has for centuries occupied the position of head of the house and owner of all it contains. Her children bear her name, and tribal descent is reckoned through her. When her daughters marry, they do not leave their homes, but bring their husbands to the mother-in-law's dwelling.

The wife's method of getting rid of an undesirable husband is very simple but effective. Any husband who finds his clothes and saddle outside the door on returning from work understands that he is divorced, and goes back to his mother's house at once. Notwithstanding the ease with which a separation is effected, divorce is quite uncommon.

To the women fall all the domestic duties,

including the weaving of wool and the making of baskets and pottery. They also aid in the light work in the fields, especially at harvest-time. In return for such service the men are called upon to assist in the heavier tasks about the house, such as quarrying and hauling the stone for buildings and gathering the fuel. At times they help in weaving blankets, making the wife's moccasins, and other similar tasks.



SPIRIT LAKE, IN THE SANTA FÉ NATIONAL FOREST, WHICH CAN BE REACHED ON HORSEBACK FROM SANTA FÉ OVER A TRAIL RECENTLY BUILT BY THE GOVERNMENT

To the men fall the tasks of tilling the fields and caring for the sheep and other live stock. Their methods of farming are intensive rather than extensive. They have long known the value of irrigation. Their small fields of corn are irrigated by ditches taken from running streams, or from water stored in reservoirs constructed long before Columbus sailed the unknown Western seas. For centuries their chief crop was corn, but cotton, too, has been grown and woven into cloth from a remote period.

The Spaniard brought to the pueblo-dwellers sheep, asses, cattle, goats, wheat, grapes, peaches, apples, and pears, as well as a new religion. All these things, with the exception of the religion, the Indians assimilated into their community existence; but their Christianity, for the most part, is but a thin veneer. In reality the clan or *gente* organizations controlling all pueblo affairs have undergone only slight change.

All maintain a local form of government. Their mythology, religion, and ceremonies are yet unfathomed, with the possible exception of Zuni, Hopi, and Sia, which have received painstaking study by Cushing, Stevenson, and Fewkes. The monographs of these writers reveal a world of interesting facts concerning the secret orders and the multiplicity of their rites and beliefs.

The clothing of the ancient pueblo men was made up largely from materials gathered in the chase. To-day the cheap cotton fabrics of commerce have superseded the old skin and woolen garments. The use of the bright-colored blanket, identical with the so-called Navaho blanket of native wool, *bayeta*, or commercial yarn, woven by both men and women, is in general use during cold weather.

The women wear a woolen dress of native weave, knee-length, made in the form of a blanket, the ends being sewn together. Sometimes they substitute a white cotton blanket, embroidered and fringed. Either garment is worn over the right shoulder and belted at the waist with a long, woven sash of colored wool, fringed at the ends and tucked in. Beneath it is a cotton shirt, often finely embroidered, extending to the knees.

Out of doors the women wear leggings made of an entire deerskin wrapped round and round from below the knee to the ankle, and forming part of a moccasin of the same material. For a head-dress they use a light cotton mantle.

Among the primitive arts that may be seen by the visitor in many pueblos are those of pottery-making, basket-weaving, bread-making, and the grinding of corn.

With the Spaniard came wheat and the conical oven in which the bread is baked. Corn, the principal cereal, is ground on the *metate* stone and cooked in various ways. For bread-making the oven is first heated by building a hot fire within it. When the walls are sufficiently heated, the fire is withdrawn, the oven cleaned of ashes, and the loaves placed on the bottom. The door is closed by placing before it a board around which has been wrapped a piece of wet burlap, and the bread is baked by the heat thrown off from the thick clay walls.

Pueblo wives are adepts in the preparation of savory and nourishing dishes. Our hominy, samp—corn-mush—and succotash are original products of their cuisine.

The pottery of the pueblo-dwellers is superior to that of other American Indians. They have practised the art since time immemorial, and evidences abound that their ancestors were even more skilful than the present races. Only the simplest tools are employed, the use of the table and wheel being unknown. The making of an *olla*, or vase, under such conditions calls for remarkable aptness and skill in modeling.

Beautifully decorated ware is manufactured in several of the pueblos, the Zuni, Hopi, and Acoma pottery taking first rank. The best glazed ware comes from the pueblo of Santa Clara, the home of the well-known black pottery, which is made in many unique and attractive designs.

In beginning to fashion the pot, the woman grasps a piece of wet clay in her left hand. She punches and kneads it with her right hand until she has fashioned the base, which is then built up by adding strips of clay. The smoothing is done with the hands and with a piece of bone. When formed to the desired shape, the pot is set aside to dry. Later it is rubbed smooth with a polishing-stone.

The burning is usually done in the doorway, the fuel being dried stable manure. After firing for a proper interval the pot is removed, and the process is complete.

If the tourist desires to gain some lasting memories and a knowledge of the most interesting spots in all our great wonderland, let him seek the by-paths of the ancient Americans and of their successors—the pagan pueblo-dwellers of the Southwest.

The Loving-Cup

BY FRANK R. ADAMS

Illustrated by George Brehm

"IF I'd got this sterling goblet for playing golf or Kelly pool, or even for drinking more beer than anybody else at a blacksmiths' picnic, it would be something I might possibly exhibit with pride, but as it is—"

Pom Steele paused in melancholy introspection, his light-blue eyes, beneath almost colorless lashes, fixed on vacancy.

"Go on," urged his confidant. "What did you do to win this tear-jug? I am consumed with curiosity. Your story interests me."

Pom brought himself back to the present with a jerk.

"That miserable beaker," he declared, "was awarded to me by the Hennegan Syndicate of Newspapers for being the most beautiful baby in the world!"

Fred Dolpin began to laugh incredulously.

"Oh, I know it's funny, considering my present enviable position as tail-end of the pulchritude procession; but it's true, just the same, and I've got the pictures to prove it. In one of them I'm not wearing a thing but a lady's handkerchief folded twice, so there is no doubt about it. There's an enlargement of that picture hanging in my mother's bedroom to-day, and that's really one of the reasons why I had to come to New York to make my fortune. Ridgeville isn't a bad town, and we've got a country club and several other modern improvements; but as far as I am concerned it's no place to conduct the pursuit of happiness. Never, while I lived there, did I succeed in taming a girl so that she would let me hold her hand, but what mother, proud as a German spy who has just exploded an ammunition-factory, would lead the damsel in and show her the picture and the loving-cup. You will note the engraving on the cup."

Pom extended the large piece of silver which he had just dug out from the depths of his trunk. His friend took it gingerly and examined it with respect.

On the ornate side of the heavy, double-handled flagon the following was deeply etched:

AWARDED BY THE HENNEGAN NEWSPAPERS TO
HAROLD SYKES STEELE, THE MOST BEAU-
TIFUL BABY IN THE WORLD

JULY 10, 1893.

"Modest epitaph, isn't it?" the owner of the chalice growled. "None of the girls who saw the picture ever laughed in mother's face. Every one loves her too much for that, and no one has ever explained to her that I have changed since the picture was taken; but as far as I'm concerned the result has been eminently disastrous. The girls passed the story around among themselves, and after a while I tumbled to the fact that the reason they seemed inclined to cultivate my acquaintance was because they wanted to see that confounded picture and this silver monstrosity for themselves. Before I was sixteen, I had to fight nearly every kid in town before they would drop the nickname of 'Beauty.'"

Steele sighed as he contemplated his silver nemesis. There was some reason for his ownership of a beauty prize being considered incongruous. If he had really excelled in pulchritude as an infant, he was not handsome now. He was small and colorless. His face came to a point at his nose and sloped away above and below, giving him a mouselike appearance that belied his warlike nature. His eyes and eyebrows were light, and not in the least aggressive; and the same might be said of a straw-colored wisp that posed as a faint mustache on his upper lip. Even his hair

receded modestly over his temples. What there was he brushed straight back.

Possibly it was from this style of coiffure that he was called "Pom," as an abbreviation of Pompadour; or perhaps the name implied a comparison of his build with that of the canine insects known as Pomeranians. No one of his new associates knew how the name grew, and Pom himself vouchsafed no explanation. He was glad to let sleeping dogs lie. Anything was better than Beauty.

On the credit side of Pom's appearance ledger might be set down the fact that he wore nice clothes and had a pleasant smile. He grinned as if he meant it. Even when harassed or perplexed, he had a deliberately pleasant expression that won through where gloomy desperation would have failed ignobly.

And people liked him. Men, women, and children took to him naturally. He probably had more friends than any tax-collector in the United States. But Pom yearned for something besides the friendly esteem of his fellows. He wanted slavish devotion from somebody, preferably from somebody of the opposite sex. In this, of course, he differed radically from all the other members of the male tribe.

"I'd like to meet a girl just once," as he put it himself, "who wouldn't dare laugh at me for fear I might not pat her on the cheek for a week if she did."

He frowned horribly when he said it, but immediately afterward laughed outright at the idea.

And, left to his own devices, Pom was not such a damp sizzle with the girls as you might infer. He overcame his handicap of looks by the liberal use of a silver tongue. He had discovered that as a rule a young woman would rather listen to a solo of sweet nothings about herself than be in a duet with a tongue-tied Adonis who is only killing time by looking at her until he catches sight of the next mirror.

Pom was making good in a moderate way since his hegira to New York. As a salesman for the Follis-Collier Company he had been a distinct success. His smile and his earnestness counteracted his unprepossessing appearance.

"I've got to charm customers with my line of talk," was the way he accounted for his selling ability. "My wind-jamming has to be bullet-proof, or they wake up and yell for help when they find they're in the same room with me."

After the first year he and Fred Dolpin, another salesman of the same company, had pooled resources, rented a five-room apartment, and prepared to live as comfortably as bachelors can. It was when they were moving their belongings into the new joint quarters that Pom's loving-cup had come to light.

"Mother packed it at the bottom of my trunk when I left, and I suppose she thinks I've got it in a glass case on my desk at the office, so that every visitor can see it. It would break her heart if she knew that your eye is the first one which has rested upon it." He stood with the cup in his hand. "Now, if you will endeavor to forget that you have ever seen this expensive noggin, we will hide it in our darkest closet and still be friends. Otherwise"—Pom's brow contracted darkly—"one or the other of us must go out into the snow looking for a shed in which to spend the balance of the night."

Fred laughed and agreed to keep his friend's secret.

II

It was rather ridiculous, the way Fred and Pom met the Collier girls. James B. Collier, president of the company, had no deliberate intention of introducing his salesmen to his daughters. Not that he was a snob, or believed in caste, because he was a regular fellow; but like most other New Yorkers, he did not care, as a rule, to mix up business and family relations.

Mr. Collier—a regular fellow, as aforesaid—had invited his girls to a double-header baseball game on the same afternoon that a representative of the French government came in to talk army supplies. The girls were waiting in the outer office, and time dragged on. Dad didn't forget them, as he might have done and been forgiven for it. Instead, he sent a boy to find out who could be spared from the office that afternoon.

Fred and Pom were loafing at their desks, waiting for orders, and drew the assignment. Mr. Collier stepped out to his reception-room, nodded to his young employees, asked their names, and introduced them to the radiant young things who acknowledged his paternity. That done, he passed over the tickets to the ball game, sighed, and returned reluctantly to his Frenchman. He would have preferred the trip to the Polo Grounds himself.

The girls—who, like their father, were not snobs—made no objection. The two young men, with the self-confidence of young Americans—especially salesmen—laid themselves out to be entertaining. Pom drew the dark-haired daughter—that is, she sat beside him in the back seat of the car, while Fred and the other one occupied the folding seats ahead.

Kathleen was her name, just as it should

They got acquainted in young-folk fashion. By the time the car arrived at the Polo Grounds, Pom knew what school she had gone to, whose fraternity-pin she was wearing just then, and what she thought of the summer shows on Broadway. He, in return, had aired an opinion or two about the war,



"THAT MISERABLE BEAKER WAS AWARDED TO ME BY THE HENNEGAN SYNDICATE OF NEWSPAPERS FOR BEING THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BABY IN THE WORLD"

have been, with the soft, Irish-blue eyes that reached calmly from beneath dark lashes and appropriated your heart. She had a generous mouth, too, that was the shortest distance between two dimples, and a skin that any cat would be justified in mistaking for pure cream. She wasn't very big, but there was enough of her, laterally speaking, so that any one who ever had the privilege of holding her in his arms—what a privilege!—would know that he was not clasping a phantom. Altogether, Kathleen was a fine, healthy girl, one you could dream about, but one who was much more satisfactory to have in comfortable content sitting by your side.

had expressed his preference among motion-picture actresses, and had managed delicately to insinuate that she, Kathleen, was the most attractive girl he had ever met.

"I trust you don't know a thing about baseball," Pom told her cheerfully as they were going in, "so that there won't be any danger of your understanding me when I explain why the umpire is wrong in his decisions."

Kathleen smiled demurely.

"Go as far as you like. I love to listen to scientific language. They're playing already, aren't they? Why do some of the men hide behind masks?"

"That one in the blue sack suit is the umpire. He wouldn't be safe without a mask; but the other one is just naturally a coward. All he has to do is to catch an occasional ball when the batter misses it. Judging from the pitcher they've got in there, he isn't going to have much to do this afternoon."

"Why does that man talk all the time—the one that says, 'Take a long lead, down with his arm, Bill'?"

"Oh, he's in training for vaudeville next winter. Lots of these fellows only play baseball to kill time in the summer until their regular season on the stage opens."

"Oh, the man with the stick missed the ball!"

"So he did. That must be a dreadful disappointment to the pitcher, after he went to so much trouble to throw it nice and straight."

"Now he won't play any more. Look, he's going away mad, to sit on the bench!"

"That's the trouble with these ball-players. They're so temperamental! Now, if he was really good-natured he'd be willing to stay there and swing at the ball as long as the pitcher wanted him to."

Kathleen's sister, Margaret, leaned back to address a question to them.

"Mr. Dolpin and I want to settle an argument. Do either of you remember what Stengel's batting average was in 1905?"

"Three forty-five, I think," replied Kathleen promptly.

"That's what I said," Margaret declared triumphantly, turning once more to the consideration of the game and her conversation with her neighbor.

But the dialogue between Kathleen and Pom had come to an abrupt termination. He sat regarding her with open-mouthed astonishment, speechless for once in his entire career.

He motioned weakly to a pop-purveyor and bought a bottle.

"Hit me with this," he told Kathleen. "Do you mean to say that you know the batting averages of the players as far back as 1905?"

"Well, it's in the annual guide," Kathleen defended. "I didn't mean to admit it, but when Margie asked the question the answer popped out before I thought. I wouldn't have spoiled our pleasure in hearing you talk for anything!"

"Our pleasure in hearing me talk? This girl understands me," Pom decided gloom-

ily. "Right off the reel she gets my number, so that there is no more novelty in my society. Now that I'm an open book, suppose that you do a little of the conversing yourself? Say anything, the alphabet or the multiplication-table, but agitate your lovely vocal cords while I close my eyes to this wretched exhibition of bean-bag on the field before us and imagine for a moment that I am in heaven listening to a celestial cabaret."

Either Pom was a novelty to Kathleen, whose friends were presumably among the so-called leisure class, or else his selling ability gave him superior advantages in selling himself; for when he left Kathleen that afternoon they had an engagement to meet again. The young man skidded around on air.

"Did you notice the way she smiled?" he asked his apartment-sharer fatuously. "I'm going to stay awake all night for fear that while I'm asleep I might forget how she looks!"

"Do you know how much those girls are worth since the Follis-Collier Company began turning out army supplies?" Dolpin inquired cynically. "They'll each of them stack up several millions right now, without counting futures."

"Unsuccessful attempt to throw cold water upon love's young dream," Pom declared buoyantly. "Don't you know that I'm not looking ahead? Don't make me do it. I'm sure to get bumped sooner or later, but what's the use of rushing the funeral? Give me a chance to ride for a while on the pinkest cloud in the sky."

"G-r-r-r-umph!" was Fred's unsympathetic comment.

"Sorry you didn't make a hit with the other one, old chap," Pom interpreted commiseratingly and patronizingly; "but if you like, I'll tell you how to win out by sheer personality next time."

III

CONTRARY to the proverb, the course of true love sometimes runs suspiciously smooth, so much so that the engineer in the cab lives in fearful dread of the open trestle that he knows must be somewhere ahead. Pom existed as if resting on a highly inflated and very beautiful balloon. It was marvelously comfortable, and rainbows of prismatic light bathed his soul, but oh, what a pop there would be when the confounded thing busted! His ears were

strained for the explosion that would suddenly precipitate him to earth.

The first time he kissed her he told her it simply wasn't so.

"Girl dear, this can't be me! There's been some horrible mistake, and those darling lips of yours have forgotten whom you were thinking about when you gave them their instructions. If you want to take that kiss back, do it soon, dear, before I get used to wearing it around my heart for a muffler!"

But she had meant it for him all the time, and proved it by cementing it in place with others.

The Collier family was at their summer place, the "Peak," at Lake Koshintong. Twice Kathleen had allowed Pom to take her to lunch when she had run in to the city for the day, and on the last of these occasions she had let fall the information that there was a hotel not far from the Peak where lots of people from New York spent week-ends.

He was there the next Saturday, and danced six times with her at the democratic hotel hop that evening, much to the surprise and indignation of a number of summer men, who felt themselves deprived of a hereditary privilege.

The following Sunday was a day to be described only by a poet. There was dinner with her family, but that was only an incident. None of the rest of them paid much attention to Pom, for they regarded him as "another of Kathleen's charities." Afterward she took him for a ramble in her own runabout, which comfortably excluded all but the driver and a single passenger.

He did not remember a thing he said to her, and indeed there was nothing important. The day was merely the dramatization of youth, and its joy lay in the sweet intimacy of temporary possession, although he never so much as touched her finger-tips.

At night there was a train to be caught, which would land him back in the city on Monday morning. She had returned him to the hotel in plenty of time to pack his things and to get supper before the hour of departure. They had parted at the steps of the inn, quite formally and correctly, and she had driven away in her little runabout.

The vacuum caused by having seen the last of her could not be filled with food, and, after an unsuccessful effort to eat supper, Pom abandoned himself to pure regret.

He had time enough to walk to the railroad-station, so he confided his grip to the care of a porter and set out to bathe his soul in the cool dusk.

He honestly had no notion that she would be where she was—at the intersection of the path where the walk from the Peak crossed the more heavily traveled one from the inn. But his heart warned him when the patch of luminous white that waited shyly in the shadows moved forward to meet him.

He did not say a thing; neither did she. There was no question about their kiss. It was something preordained. He knew the moment he saw her that it was what she had come for. It was a free and unrestricted gift that she wished to bestow.

Before the month was over it was a regular engagement. "Kathleen's annual," it was derisively called by her nineteen-year-old brother Frederick. Yes, it was announced to every one; there was even a line about it in the New York papers. Pom wrote of it guardedly to his mother—not as if it were a certainty, because it wasn't that to him yet, but as if it were a remote possibility.

In his own mind it was very remote, and he seemed to have his being as the center of an indefinite haze. Just what would happen to upset the state of affairs he could not forecast, but he had little faith in his luck. His mirror helped him to doubt every time he had to look at it in order to make his hair lie back in the approved fashion.

He need not have worried as to where fate would hit him. It was right in the usual place; but it hurt just the same, because the callus had worn thin during a period of temporary relief.

His little old mother, back home in Ridgeville, took the engagement very seriously. She would not trust her message of congratulation to her prospective daughter-in-law to the tender mercies of the United States mails; no ordinary courier would do. But Samuel Steele, her brother-in-law and a director in the Ridgeville State Bank, was going East on business; and to him she gave the commission of meeting, and carrying a mother's congratulations, with restrictions, to the girl who could not possibly be worthy of the treasure she was about to receive.

Samuel Steele had progressed farther than Mrs. Steele. A man in active business



WHILE THE PICTURE STILL STOOD THERE, PROPPED AGAINST THE LIBRARY TABLE, MARGARET COLLIER AND FREDERICK, THE IRREPRESSIBLE, HAPPENED IN

would be more likely to progress than a woman who had been a resigned widow for twenty years. He was familiar with adding-machines and modern efficiency methods, and drove his own car. But Steele was no New Yorker, and the grandeur of the Collier mansion, when he arrived there, made him a trifle ill at ease.

Kathleen was out, and after Mr. Steele had waited for some time he was glad to escape without seeing her. He left a package and a note for Miss Collier.

As it happened, Kathleen was out with Pom, and they came in radiantly happy from the foolish pastime of spending an afternoon together in the park. There was just enough tang in the autumn air to increase the voltage of the human dynamo and to make life hum a little in the heart.

The butler handed the note to Kathleen, and called her attention to the package the strange gentleman had left. She read the letter hastily.

"Why, it is from your mother!" she said, handing it to Pom.

Up to that moment the young man was sitting relaxed before the open fire in a big chair, waiting until Kathleen could see fit to perch on the side of it within the circle of his arm; but as soon as he caught sight of the handwriting on the letter, his nerves jumped to a tension. He pulled himself together against impending disaster.

MY DEAR KATHLEEN:

If I tell you that Harold is my only son, and that I have no husband, you will realize how much I am offering you when I say that I give him to you freely. He is bound to make some woman very happy, and I am sure you will pardon me for congratulating you on being the one. Also forgive me for speaking only of him. You see, I know him, and I don't know you yet, except that you must be one of the finest girls in the world, or else he never would have chosen you. Because he is going to be more yours than mine from now on, I am sending you something of which I have been very proud, and which I

am quite sure will please you. Accept it with all the loving thoughts of—

YOUR BOY'S MOTHER.

It was a perfectly good letter, and Pom need not have acted so strangely about it. At least, that is what Kathleen thought. He seemed reluctant to cut the string for her on the rather large, flat package. He pleaded that he did not have a knife, and that he had to hurry to get back to the office, although shortly before he had given her to understand that he was not expected to return that afternoon.

She found a pair of shears and operated on the string herself. He did not offer to help her as she tore away the wrappings, but stood in dumb misery, with his hands in his pockets, watching the unveiling.

Of course you have guessed what it was, just as Pom had the moment he saw the size and shape of the package.

Kathleen read the inscription which had been lettered upon the enlargement by the Hennegan Newspaper Syndicate. It was the same that was engraved on the silver loving-cup.

Of course she laughed; almost any one would have laughed. Further, she made no attempt to stifle her mirth, even when she saw that he was not joining her in the enjoyment of the situation. How could she know how sensitive he had become on that subject?

It was unfortunate that while the picture still stood there, propped against the library table, where the light was good, that Margaret Collier and Frederick, the irrepressible, should have happened in. Thus, before Pom and Kathleen could exchange a word in explanation, the whole huge jest became public property, and the house echoed with Frederick's merriment and the more polite but scarcely suppressed giggles of Margie.

They were all still laughing, even Kathleen, when Pom, picking up his hat and gloves, which he had dropped on the table, bowed stiffly and took his departure. He rushed blindly into the solitude of a New York street crowd, like a hurt animal that has to be alone. He walked all the way to his own apartment.

IV

By the time he arrived home, some of the heat had subsided from Pom's brain. The arrival of the picture was a terrible

anticlimax to the dearest thing that had ever happened to him, but maybe he could ignore it, and everything would come out all right.

He had accepted an invitation for that evening to a dance at the home of one of Kathleen's friends. He and Kathleen were not the guests of honor, but an even number of young people had been invited, so that if he stayed away it would inconvenience the hostess. He therefore went in spite of all.

At first he was glad that he had paid no attention to the *contretemps*. Apparently the story had been suppressed. It was not to become public property, as he feared. Probably Kathleen had prevailed upon her brother not to tell all he knew. Not a soul spoke to him about the matter. Kathleen was late in arriving but he was lulled to a sense of security, and was prepared to have rather a good time.

Then the horrible jest was sprung. Kathleen came in just as they were starting the first dance, and without preliminaries he invited her to be his partner. They swung out on the floor to the accompaniment of the strains of the latest fox-trot. Pom, with the girl he loved best held close in his arms, could scarcely make himself believe that the events of the afternoon had been more than a dream.

And then suddenly he became aware that he and Kathleen were alone upon the floor. One by one the other couples had unobtrusively dropped out, and were now standing around the room.

Just as he noticed it, the orchestra switched melodies, and came out strong on the refrain of that scarcely endurable popular song entitled "Pretty Baby."

Led by pitiless Frederick Collier, the entire company joined in the words:

Everybody loves a baby, that's why I'm in love with you,

Pretty baby, pretty baby!

And I'd like to be your sister, brother, dad, and mother, too,

Pretty baby, pretty baby!

Won't you come and let me rock you in my cradle of love?

We'll cuddle all the time;

Oh, I want a loving baby, and it might as well be you,

Pretty baby of mine!

Pom blushed to the roots of his colorless hair, and his knees threatened to sink under him, letting him down to the floor.

It was one of the most terrible moments he had ever experienced.

Then some of his old, boyish desire to annihilate the persons who were teasing him stiffened his courage. It wasn't possible to pass around that circle of grinning faces and dent in each one with a well-directed blow of the fist; but it was within his power to rob them of some of the pleasure of their jest, and he did it. He clenched his teeth together, and, without saying a word, put his whole mind on the rhythm of the music, so as not to miss a beat; and silently and with a dogged determination he danced every step of the dance, until the chorus had been sung three times. By that time the leader of the orchestra relented.

Pom led Kathleen to her hostess, and excused himself. A few moments later he was on the street.

It had seemed hardly necessary to leave word that he had gone. They would readily guess that he could not stay. A servant had helped him on with his coat, and could tell them of his departure, should they inquire.

He stayed out in the park until nearly morning. There was no reason why Dolpin should know that he had not remained at the party.

If you happen to be at all sensitive about anything—especially about anything connected with your personal appearance—you may understand how he felt. Brooding over it did no good. The cruelty of the joke did not soften as he thought it over.

Of course, Kathleen must have been in on it. Her appearance had been timed too exquisitely for anything but cooperative planning. Pom sighed and turned another leaf back into the past. It was hard, because it was the most rose-colored leaf in all his life.

Finally he went home.

V

WHEN Pom Steele reported at the office the next morning, with his business smile forcibly pinned on, there wasn't a particle of starch left in his soul. His self-confidence had been walloped right where it hurts the worst.

He was late. When he opened the door of the outer office, where half a hundred fellow employees were congregated, a sudden hush fell upon the noisy roomful.

Typewriters suddenly ceased to click, and the general hum of conversation died abruptly.

Then, as he started to walk to his own desk, a thin trickle of melody came from a far corner. Some one was whistling faintly.

The air was "Pretty Baby."

The trick was greeted by a chorus of titters from the feminine staff of Follis-Collier, and by a burst of unrestrained merriment among the males.

Some one, presumably Kathleen's brother, had industriously spread the story of last night's hoax. Pom smiled grimly to think how early the boy must have had to rise in order to do it.

The whistler kept time to Pom's steps, but the young man continued on his way resolutely. Some time he would get square for the insult, but not now. His best course was to ignore it as much as possible.

But, when he got to his own desk, almost his first act was to write a note to Kathleen. If he had waited, it might not have been quite so abrupt in its tenor; but something within him demanded expression, and he could not force himself to wait. He addressed her briefly and in strictly formal terms, requesting her to send the picture by the bearer of the note.

Then he rang for a messenger.

The picture came back carefully wrapped, but with no word of explanation. There could be none, and he was almost glad that she had not tried. Still, he searched eagerly for a scrap of paper bearing her beloved handwriting, and it was with a sigh that his hoping heart finally acknowledged that there was none.

The next week dragged fearfully. Everything went wrong, and it was only by a



severe effort that Pom attended to his routine business. All the verve was out of the game. From that he knew that this last blow was worse than usual. He had never let his own misery interfere with business before.

He reported at the office briefly. Business was slack in his department, and he had no difficulty in arranging to get away to meet his mother; but when he left the Follis-Collier building he did not go to the Grand Central Station.

Instead, his determined steps led him to the Collier residence on Fifth Avenue. The butler who admitted him concealed a smile



And then he came home one night to find this letter:

My DEAR BOY:

I am coming East for a few days, and while I am there I want to be sure to make friends with your Kathleen. Will arrive at the Grand Central Station, Saturday noon. Hope you and Kathleen can meet me.

Lovingly,

YOUR MOTHER.

Pom read it through twice. What an irony that his mother should come so close upon the heels of the terrible disaster she had caused! Saturday was the very next day. How unnecessarily cruel of destiny to bring her there while the wounds were still raw! It was too bad that he could not be left to suffer alone. To have his mother's sympathy was a little more than he could bear, especially as she would blame herself so severely when she learned what had happened.

During the night he lay awake thinking it over and over, and with dawn came a plan of action.

"I WON THAT FOR HAVING THE FINEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD"

behind a well-bred hand, and coughed as an excuse. He promised to see if Miss Kathleen was in.

She was, and after some delay she appeared, radiantly desirable in a morning dress. Even Pom, with his heart-sick eyes, could see that. It was the first time he had drunk of her beauty for a week, and he found it a bitter draft.

"I have come to ask a great favor of you," he said in a monotonous voice, as if he had rehearsed his speech. "It isn't so much for me, exactly, as it is for some one else who has never done you any harm, and who has, as a matter of fact, only the kindest of thoughts for you. My mother is coming to New York to-day. Of course, she doesn't understand about what happened last week and I haven't the courage to tell her. She still imagines that you and

I are engaged. She also thinks that all the things she told you about me in that letter are true. No one has ever informed her to the contrary, and I don't want you to do it."

"Why, Harold, I—"

"Even if you have other engagements," he interrupted, "I must beg you to do this last thing for me. I will never ask you for anything else. I want you to go with me to the station to meet my mother, as if we really were engaged, and if you can, I want you to thank her for sending you that picture. Will you?"

"Yes."

"I will call for you with a taxi at half past eleven."

As if he were delivering a military ultimatum, he bowed stiffly and left. This was no matter of the heart, and he felt that if he stayed longer he would make a fool of himself.

He even kept up this front when he came later in the taxi, and Kathleen, now changed from her morning dress to a demure blue street suit, looked at him in half-amused fright as he sat beside her, his eyes held rigidly to the front and his whole expression forbidding conversation.

When the old lady for whom they had been waiting came through the gate at the railroad-station, his manner changed, however, and Kathleen, who was a judge of fine acting, applauded him mentally. She hoped, too, that when she was old some one would come to meet her like that. A little mist was in her eyes when she greeted the older woman, and she kissed her quite naturally. Pom's mother held her off at arm's length.

"Why, girl dear, you are more wonderful than I thought! Why didn't you tell me, Harold, how beautiful she is?"

"I never could tell anybody that," Harold said, wincing under the question, and signaling to Kathleen appealingly with his eyes to keep up the deception.

They went to lunch together, and on the surface it was quite the happiest luncheon-party that had ever graced the tables of the Biltmore. Both of the young people devoted all their energies to provoking laughter and smiles from Mrs. Steele, and that lady declared over and over again that the Lord had certainly been kind to her in not taking away her son, but in giving her a daughter quite as charming and good to look upon as he was himself.

"Mother thinks I am still as good-looking as that picture of me she sent you," said Pom shamelessly, gazing square into the eyes of the girl he was relinquishing.

"And you are," she returned, gazing back at him, "only in a different way."

"Of course Harold has shown you the loving-cup?" said Mrs. Steele.

"Not yet," Harold interposed hastily.

"I should love to see it," Kathleen interrupted. "What did he get it for?"

"For being the most beautiful baby in the world, of course," Mrs. Steele answered proudly.

Pom suppressed a groan.

"Then I must see it," Kathleen insisted.

"Some time," Pom answered, making a mental resolution to go home and melt the thing up.

The party came to an end at last, and it was as well that it did. Pom's system had suffered a severe strain in trying to keep everything unruffled on the surface. His mother wanted Kathleen to take dinner with them that evening, but fortunately the girl had an engagement, so the pain of a second ordeal was spared. In the morning Mrs. Steele intended to go on to Boston, where there were relatives, so, once the luncheon-party was over, Pom could escape from the most intensely painful situation he had ever generaled.

When Kathleen had kissed Mrs. Steele good-by, and he had marshaled her into one taxi and his mother and himself into another, he leaned back on the cushions and closed his eyes. His idea was to shut out forever the vision of Kathleen as she had kissed his mother at parting, with the sweetest smile in the world just trembling on her lips, and an expression in her eyes that made you think of nothing so much as God's own world on a spring day just after rain.

VI

FRED DOLPIN had graciously volunteered to move to a near-by hotel for the night, so that Mrs. Steele could occupy his room in the tiny apartment. She was absurdly grateful, and Fred, when thus included in the warm circle of the old lady's regard, began to understand why Pom had been such a chivalrous ass about that loving-cup business. He felt that Pom's mother was the sort of a person whom no man would ever knowingly hurt by the most insignificant word or deed.

To keep up the atmosphere of gaiety Pom took his mother out to dinner and made her go, willy-nilly, to one of the more innocuous of the Broadway musical shows. She was moderately amused by the performance, and was more particularly happy in the society of her son; but she was tired, too, from traveling and the excitement of an unusual day, so she positively refused to be further regaled by a midnight cabaret and insisted upon going home.

They arrived at the apartment, which was not far from the Rialto district, very soon after eleven. There was a table-lamp left lighted in the cozy living-room, and on the table was a bouquet of flowers, mostly roses, which Pom knew for a certainty had not been there when they left.

But the most extraordinary thing about the sheaf of flowers was the receptacle in which they had been placed. It was a handsome loving-cup, finer than the one awarded to Pom for the regrettable comeliness of his early youth. It was more beautiful in the simple way that most things nowadays are more beautiful than their counterparts of twenty years ago. The roses were very lovely, drooping over the classic outline of subdued silver.

"Kathleen sent them!" Mrs. Steele exclaimed upon beholding them.

"Probably there is a card attached to them somewhere," Pom decided, starting to look for it.

But there wasn't any card. The roses were just there without any discoverable explanation. Fred Dolpin might possibly have done it, but it seemed rather too imaginative for him—especially the touch of the loving-cup. That was too fine an ironic joke for Fred to play with any hope of getting away with it.

"I didn't know that you had won another cup," Mrs. Steele said proudly, as she regarded him with shining, proud eyes. "What is this one for?"

Pom laughed. He was quite at sea, but she did not guess it.

"I won that for having the finest mother in the world," he said.

"I don't believe you," she replied, pleased. "Besides, you couldn't win anything by having a particular kind of mother. It isn't your own fault."

"I know it, but neither was that other one that was hung on me. It was just my natural luck, that's all. Nobody ever had so much luck as I."

"You're thinking of Kathleen, aren't you?"

"Almost always," he admitted before he thought, and then amended quickly: "Kathleen and you."

"You really love her, son?"

"Right now I feel sure I do," he answered steadily. "Of course, I can't promise how things will be in six months. You know how fickle I am, mother. Out home you remember there was always a new girl every month or so."

"But that was different. You must never throw Kathleen over. I can tell from the way she looks at you that it would break her heart."

Pom choked down a laugh.

"All right, I won't break anybody's heart; you can be sure of that. Don't worry about a blessed thing. You just go to bed and sleep off your wild night in New York. I'll get you up in plenty of time and make the train wait until you've had your breakfast of daffodils and dew."

"Good night, then, son."

"Good night, mother!"

VII

HE was glad when she was gone and the necessity for smiling was over. He let the corners of his mouth sag as they had wanted to ever since he had seen Kathleen again. There was something about the girl that laid hold of his imagination, that made his soul cry out in protest against losing her.

He paced the floor restlessly and smoked for a long time. Something set his nerves on edge and tantalized his mind to a state of expectancy. He could see there was no hope of sleep while he was in that condition. After a while he decided that it was the sight of the new loving-cup full of flowers which annoyed him; so he picked it up and carried it out into the dining-room, where it would be out of sight.

As he entered the room, he reached for the wall-switch and turned on the light. Across the table from him was Kathleen in the flesh, a little dismayed, but smiling, nevertheless, at the surprise in his own face.

Before he could say anything she put her finger to her lips and motioned toward the room in which Mrs. Steele was presumably sleeping, to indicate that they must make no sound to disturb her. Then she signaled him to follow her, and he did, still carrying the burden of flowers. In the liv-

ing-room she took them from him and placed them on the table. Still no word had been spoken.

She opened a drawer in the table and found a pad of paper and a pencil. Thus equipped, she wrote silently for a moment and handed the result to Pom.

"I didn't mean to eavesdrop," it ran. "You came home sooner than I expected, or I would have been gone. Your servant let me in, but I made him promise not to tell."

He took the pencil from her and wrote beneath her message the non-committal exclamation, "Oh!"

She frowned at his reply, but retrieved the pencil and scratched busily for another period.

"I'm glad to find out," he read when she had finished, "that you are very fickle. I shall have to keep an extra close watch on you always."

He kept his face perfectly straight as he wrote slowly.

"What do you mean by 'always'?" was his penciled inquiry.

She bent her head over the paper while her fingers flew.

"Till death, and all that," he read. "I've been wanting to tell you that I didn't have anything to do with the joke that was played on you. Honest!"

He couldn't help the gleam that came into his eye, but he held his lips straight.

"What about this silver loving-cup with the roses in it?" he wrote with deliberation.

"How did it get here, and what's it for?"

"I brung it," she wrote ungrammatically.

"It's a prize."

He thought over it carefully and finally gave it up.

"A prize for what?" he penciled.

She bent over the paper once more, hiding it from him with the hand which was not engaged in writing; and she had the grace to blush when she handed it to him and he read:

AWARDED BY KATHLEEN COLLIER TO HAROLD
SYKES STEELE, THE NICEST LOVER
IN THE WORLD
JULY 16, 1916.

In the subsequent proceedings pencil and paper were abandoned. Why should the deaf be the only ones to benefit by the science of lip-reading?

A SONG OF COURAGE

THE world is so wide, lad,
Life is so far,
Never grow weary, lad—
Follow your star.

Follow it east, lad,
Follow it west;
Never lose heart, lad,
Never crave rest.

Fame there is none, lad,
Wealth is but snare;
Pain exacts toll, lad,
And there is care.

But you'll find love, lad,
Peace after war;
And what is best, lad,
Star beyond star.

Star after star, lad,
In the far dawning;
Star for the night, lad,
Star for the morning.

Who can ask more, lad,
In this world night,
Than in deep darkness
Some guiding light?

M. H. Hedges

The Odd Measure

Hooverizing in a Virginia Kitchen

*A Puzzling Problem
for the Southern
Housewife, and Its
Admirable Solution*

DURING the years following the Civil War the phrase "poor old Virginia" passed into a proverb. Moneyless purses were plentiful, and, as a result, paintless houses, repairless furniture, and fashionless clothing were familiar objects until the comparatively recent renaissance of prosperity in Dixieland. But though there were many Southern ladies who thought themselves proficient in the commendable art of "doing without," eatless—or even meatless and wheatless—days were unknown to any save those who confessed to having celebrated some threescore birthdays until last year, when they were introduced by our beneficent Czar, Mr. Hoover.

The innovation was a disconcerting one. It may as well be acknowledged that the Southern housewife has always been under complete subjection to her cook, and how was she to serve two sovereigns—to obey Czar Hoover without incurring the royal displeasure of the culinary autocrat?

Well did she know that no self-respecting queen of the kitchen would stoop to retain as subjects "white folks" who did not "belong to de quality," and that the characteristic which enabled her to distinguish between "de quality" and "po' white trash" was a lofty indifference to saving. In the opinion of said ruler, folks that save are "stingy," and to be stingy, especially in regard to food, is to be "mean" to a degree deserving supreme contempt.

So the housewife was aware that while hats and gowns might be made over without loss of the kitchen queen's respect—or of the kitchen queen herself, which is still more important—food could not. She knew that a lady of quality in Virginia must not only provide an abundant dining-room table, but that all left-overs must be devoted to dispensing the liberal hospitality at the kitchen table at which she had always tactfully winked, lest some chilly morning she should wake to find herself mistress of a cookless kitchen, and to be stigmatized as "a 'oman so mean she couldn't keep a servant."

The situation was serious. True, most Virginians are in the habit of consuming, from choice, quantities of corn-meal. Delicious batter-bread, batter-cakes, corn-muffins, or corn-pones are part of their regular menu, but in addition to these there had always been hot rolls, waffles, or biscuits, made of flour. The combination was considered necessary for a proper meal to be set before quality white folks—a meal yielding sufficient leavings to regale decent colored folks and their friends or relatives who "dropped in." Just as necessary, too, was the roast, steak, or meat relish for breakfast, dinner, or supper. Yet Mr. Hoover said that the war could not be won unless wheat and meat were saved. What was to be done about it?

The housewife herself was willing to Hooverize. Her men who had not gone into the service agreed—sometimes, a little grudgingly. The children did not have to be consulted; but how would it be possible to get the cook's consent?

The housewives put their heads together and tried ever so hard to solve the problem, but with no success. They were agreed upon one thing only—that meatless and wheatless meals called for the merest trifle in the way of sacrifice compared to cookless kitchens. Beyond that point all was dark. No one had a glimmering of a suggestion of a possible solution to offer.

Then, suddenly, relief came from an unexpected quarter—the most unexpected of quarters imaginable—from the dusky queen herself. No sooner had she heard of Mr. Hoover than she accepted him as a sort of

deity who must be implicitly obeyed, for he was going to prevent "them Germans" from "comin' over heah an' blowin' we-all up." She signed the "food-conversation" card with alacrity, and declared that "if food-conversation could win the war, it cert'n'y would be won, 'cause folks didn't talk 'bout nothin' else." She turned her attention to camouflaging potatoes, macaroni, and rice to make near-meat dishes, added to her corn-meal delicacies barley-bread toast, buckwheat waffles, and oatmeal cookies, and spent her spare moments working in the garden and canning the fruits thereof.

Last autumn one Virginia lady suggested to the particular queen to whom she yields allegiance to begin using some of the canned goods, rows of which gladdened her sight whenever she opened the storeroom door.

"No, *ma'am!*" Cindy replied. "I done give my word to Mr. Hoover to cook de things dat perishes an' save de things dat keeps for de hard times dat's comin'. If you wants to eat tomatoes, you must buy 'em in de market."

She not only felt that Mr. Hoover was regarding her with unclosing eye, and would put her down as a slacker if she broke her promises to him, but she distinctly saw every steak and pan of rolls not consumed at home sailing straight over to France to "our soldiers."

Mr. Hoover lectured in the local auditorium one evening in the winter, but Cindy was too busy with her "food-conversation" to read the papers and did not know of his presence near, or that seats in the gallery were reserved for colored people. The lady of the house thought of telling her, but on second thought decided not to do so, believing that it would be a shock to her to find that he was a mere man, and that the mystic fervor with which she performed her Hooveristic rites would suffer.

During the last days of March Cindy wanted to know what all the war-talk and the newspaper extras meant. She was told of the terrific German drive before which the Allies were retiring. She listened, dumb with horror, until her informant had finished, and then tersely and emphatically commented:

"Well, there's one thing *certain*—you-all's got to learn to eat less!"

* * * * *

An Exciting Moment on an American War-Ship

*The Lucky Chance
That Averted
Another Mysterious
Disaster on the
Ocean*

THE mysterious disappearance of the naval collier Cyclops reminded naval officers and some civilians of an incident in the career of the late Admiral John Philip; for he and the crew of the armored cruiser Saratoga—then called the New York—narrowly escaped the fate of the lost collier.

The Saratoga was one of the American war-ships ordered to Rio Janeiro in 1893, when the Brazilian navy, under the lead of Admiral Saldanha da Gama, revolted in an effort to restore the monarchy. On the way down the captain energetically drilled his crew in gunnery, for there was a fair prospect of trouble in Rio, because some of the European powers were understood to be covertly backing the rebellion. In the course of one of these drills, while the ship was in mid ocean, a number of live shells were ordered from the magazine to the forward turret.

In this cruiser each turret magazine is placed directly under its turret, and the hoist for sending up ammunition consists of an armored tube with an elevator within it. When the elevator was up to the highest point in the turret there was at that time an open space beneath it, with no cover for the open top of the tube leading down to the magazine.

It happened that while the gun crew in one of the turrets was removing a live shell from the elevator it was accidentally dropped and fell, point down, through the hoist to the floor of the magazine—a distance quite sufficient to explode the shell on impact. If that shell had exploded, it would have blown up the well-filled magazine, the ship would have disappeared in a few moments, and her fate would almost undoubtedly have made a

mysterious chapter in the history of the navy like the tales of the Wasp, the Cyclops, and other ships that have left port never to be seen again.

That the shell did not explode was due to the fact that the magazine crew had just placed another shell on the floor of the magazine directly under the hoist. It was standing point up, and the falling shell hit it, not point to point, but shoulder to shoulder. The shell standing on the floor was upset and knocked to one side; the falling shell was also thrown to one side, and struck broadside down on the floor of the magazine, so that neither shell exploded. As the story was told to the writer, the men in the turret and the magazine got the thrill of a lifetime, but the drill went on as if nothing of special interest had occurred.

* * * * *

A Long-Standing Naval Record Broken at Last

*For More Than a
Century Vergennes,
Vermont, Had Held
the Palm for Speedy
Construction*

WHEN the United States destroyer Ward was launched at Mare Island, California, on June 1, the American speed-record in building war-ships, which had been held for more than a hundred years by the old town of Vergennes, Vermont, was at last broken.

Swift work in building war-ships is nothing new in the United States, for in every emergency when ships have been badly needed the yards, the materials, and the men have always been provided promptly. For example, when Lincoln needed ships for blockading the Confederate ports in 1861, and Congress was dilatory in providing the funds, he went ahead and contracted for twenty-three gunboats large enough to carry the heaviest guns then made. This squadron at once obtained a special name in history, for, because of the speed with which it was built, it has ever since been known as the ninety-day fleet. The ships were completed within three months from the signing of the contract.

A little later the first Federal gunboats built on the Mississippi made a new record. The contract called for seven vessels, one hundred and seventy-five feet long by fifty-one in width, carrying two-inch armor-plate backed by two feet of solid timber. On the day the contract was signed the birds were singing in the branches of the trees that were to be used in building the hulls, and the iron-mills that were to supply the bolts and armor had been idle for months. Nevertheless, Captain James B. Eads, the contractor, delivered the boats in sixty-five days.

Wooden hulls were launched during the course of the Civil War, it is said, within thirty days of the stretching of the keels; but the record set in the backwoods of Vermont in the War of 1812 was not then broken. That record was made by Commodore Thomas Macdonough when preparing for the battle of Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain. Macdonough had previously, through the building of the Saratoga, secured a fleet superior to that of the enemy; but in the midsummer of 1814 he learned that a much more powerful ship than the Saratoga was in hand down at the outlet of the lake.

Having confirmed the rumor, Macdonough went to Vergennes, which stood on Otter Creek, seven miles from the lake. This little town boasted of an iron-mill and several sawmills, the power for which was furnished by the creek. Better yet, it probably had more skilled mechanics among its population than any other settlement of its size in the interior of the country. Having ample supplies of materials near at hand, and having engaged shipwrights to do the work, Commodore Macdonough stretched the keel of a five-hundred-ton vessel on July 29, and on August 16, just eighteen days later, his men launched her.

The destroyer Ward was launched in seventeen and one-half days. In spite of the differences in ship-building materials and in the methods of the two periods, the work on the Eagle, as Macdonough's ship was called, may very well be compared with that on the Ward. In both cases the builder had the skilled labor and the materials at hand together, and the

workmen were animated by a patriotic desire to drive their task because of a pressing need for the completed ship.

* * * * *

**Admiral Taylor,
the Navy's
Chief Constructor**

*Since We Entered
the War He Has
Directed the
Spending of a
Billion Dollars*

ADAMIRAL DAVID W. TAYLOR, chief constructor of the United States navy, is America's man of the hour in the task of building war-ships to help sweep the German flag from the seas. His task has been a huge one. He has had the spending of about a billion dollars in the last year and a half. He has spent it, and the results are on the high seas.

It was as long ago as 1885 that the chief constructor graduated from Annapolis as the honor man of his class. Not only did he get the highest mark of any man in the class, but he got the highest mark that any graduate of Annapolis has ever secured. Because of his excellence as a student he was sent to Greenwich, England, where he did postgraduate work with the star naval students of that country, and incidentally got all the prizes. He is, in fact, the student of the navy, the man to whose learning they all bow.

It was in 1914, just before the war in Europe began, that he became chief constructor. Even before that his hand was coming to be seen in naval construction. It was he who developed the theory of a center line of turrets on dreadnoughts that would make it possible for all the guns to be used in a broadside. The big ships of all navies are now modeled on that principle. It was he who first designed the high forward turrets which are now in evidence in the destroyers of all navies, and from which submarines are being pretty regularly potted these days in the waters they infest.

Taylor had a tremendous task when the United States was plunged into the war, for it was necessary that its entire scheme of construction should be changed overnight. During the preceding years the nation had finally been convinced that it should build a navy that would make it one of the strong countries of the world; but the prevalent idea of a fighting navy was one of dreadnoughts. Congress had provided for many of these vessels, and powerful ones, and they were being built. Taylor was the man who was carrying forward this construction program.

Then the submarine practically bottled up the great ships. To be sure, it was the British dreadnoughts that kept the German fleet in the Kiel Canal, and it was necessary to maintain superiority in such ships; but the most imperative call was for vessels of aggression against the submarine. The primary need was for the lightest and swiftest boat that could defeat a submersible; and the smaller it was the quicker it could be built. Under Chief Constructor Taylor a type of "chaser" was designed. It was swift and strong and only one hundred and ten feet long. In six months scores of such craft were on the seas, and in a year they were out in hundreds.

Following these, a different type of boat was designed. It was a cross between the chaser and the destroyer, and was capable of quantity production. It was to be manufactured by a single man—Henry Ford, of Detroit—and two hundred or more were to be finished by the end of the present year. Already these boats are coming off the ways, and the fleet whose duty it is to make life miserable for the submarines is a numerous and increasing one.

But the greatest of Admiral Taylor's emergency tasks was the creation of a huge fleet of destroyers. Of all the seagoing scorpions that have ever been created, the destroyer is the most deadly. Where it rides the submarine cannot operate. The merchantmen or transports that it convoys are practically safe from attack. All that America could spare went to European waters as soon as we declared war, and their presence was immediately reflected in a decline of sinkings. If we could but get enough destroyers, we were bound to defeat the undersea danger.

Congress provided six hundred million dollars for destroyers alone, and Admiral Taylor is building them. To-day they are gliding into the water from a dozen shipyards. The time required for their construction has been cut from two years to six months. In another year the United States will have the greatest destroyer fleet the world has ever known.

And now, as we emerge from the rush to build emergency craft, the mind of the master constructor of the navy turns back to those huge ships that have waited while the wasps were being hatched. Congress has intimated that it will make it possible to resume and complete the dreadnought program; so the big ships of the navy will come along, under the guidance of Admiral Taylor, to round out a navy ready, under any circumstances, for a fight or frolic.

* * * * *

America's Premier Nurse

*Miss Jane Delano
and Her Wonderful
Work of
Organization for
the Red Cross*

THE dean—the queen, we had almost said—of all the trained nurses of the United States is Miss Jane E. Delano, of the American Red Cross. She is the nation's premier nurse, and the chief link between all of her kind and a splendid opportunity for national service.

Miss Delano is director of the Department of Nursing of the American Red Cross. Her occupation of this post has behind it thirty years of such usefulness as has come to few women.

It was in 1888 that she faced her first great emergency. In that year the scourge of yellow fever broke out in Jacksonville, Florida; and in those days, when the secret of its transmission had not yet been discovered, its appearance meant calamity. She brought with her a corps of trained nurses, and they fought until the epidemic was conquered. None of the nurses contracted the dread disease. Possibly it was woman's instinct that caused Miss Delano to demand that the hospital in which she worked should be screened. At any rate, she did make this demand, and it was executed. She now realizes that it saved her and her nurses, for the disease is excluded by screening out the mosquito that transmits it.

During the years that followed, Miss Delano got a wonderful experience at Bellevue Hospital, in New York, and her executive ability made her superintendent of the training-school of that institution. Later she held a similar position at the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania.

It was not until after the Spanish-American War that the United States organized its own nurse corps as an adjunct to the army. Formerly it had depended upon contract nurses. Miss Delano was chosen to head the new organization, and was the chief agent in building it up to a point where women in the service of the government worked valiantly wherever our troops were stationed, both at home and in such far-away regions as Alaska and the Philippines.

After all these years of service, Miss Delano felt, ten years ago, that she was entitled to a furlough. She had inherited a snug fortune that would maintain her in comfort. She laid aside her nurse's gown and cap, and went to Italy for a long rest in that lovely land. But during her former experience she had conceived a situation which the future might develop. What if a great emergency should arise which required the services of many thousands of trained nurses, and what if there was need of getting them quickly? How could this vital thing be done?

The Red Cross had visualized that very emergency, and had decided to prepare against it. Its purpose was cabled to Miss Delano in her seclusion in Italy, and she was asked to return and build up the Red Cross nursing-service. She accepted. For eight years she worked, without pay, and when the present war came she had at her call eighteen thousand trained women enrolled and pledged to meet the nation's need. Upon this reserve the surgeon-general has drawn heavily, and thousands of Miss Delano's nurses are to-day in France.

Light Verse

THE TRANSFORMATION

I HAD a son, a sickly chap, with appetite so small
Unless he got his choice of food he would not eat
at all;
He hated fats, detested fish, turned up his nose at
pork,
And dallied o'er each dainty dish with idle knife
and fork.

He could not relish stews or soups, and gravies
made him sick;
All cereals he would abjure, were they served
thin or thick.
He did not care for cake or pie, he did not care
for fruit,
And puddings made his stomach ache with agony
acute.

He was drafted for the army—very much against
his will,
For he knew the style of living would be sure to
make him ill;
But they sent him to the country, and he wintered
in a camp
Where the diet was the roughest, and the bed-
chambers were damp.

He was drilled from dawn to sunset, he was put
to toughest work,
He was daily digging trenches, and the job he
couldn't shirk;
He was loaded with equipment, he was marched
until he ached,
He was weary when he went to sleep, and weary
when he waked.

But a few short months of drilling, and the boy
became a man,
Straightened out and full of vigor, on the regula-
tion plan;
He was taller, he was stronger, he was full of vim
and fight,
And the biggest change of all was in the young-
ster's appetite!

Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, supper—he could eat
six meals a day,
And with gusto he could tackle any grub that
came his way;
Fat or lean, or bone or gristle, stony hardtack,
flinty cake,
He devoured, and with a relish that would make
dyspeptics quake!

Transformation? Fathers, mothers! If you've
any sickly sons
You would like to see changed quickly into
strong and healthy ones;
If their appetites are squeamish and their meals
are now a sham—
Let them go and join the armies of our dear old
Uncle Sam!

John S. Grey

THE CITY SPARROW

SOMETIMES I wonder if the sparrow,
Which searches for uncertain meals
Where walls are high and streets are narrow,
Feels as the city worker feels.
I wonder if it is disdainful
Of birds that waste their tuneful songs
Where country silences are painful,
And far from hurried, hungry throngs.

I wonder if it has such pity
For birds that nest where fields are wide
As people crowded in the city
Feel for the simple folk outside.
Is it, too, so sophisticated
That life beyond the crowded street
Means only being separated
From all the pleasures that are sweet?

The city sparrow chirps and flutters
With wise assurance, and is proud
To get its morning bath in gutters—
A stranger in the chirping crowd;
And doubtless it would droop in bitter
Dejection if it dwelt afar
With luckless country birds that twitter
Where clear streams and wide meadows are!

S. E. Kiser

OUR NO MAN'S LAND

THERE lies a shell-torn No Man's Land
Between your heart and mine—
A deadly waste of pit-marked sand,
Ungraced of tree or vine.

Oft have I hoped by storm or stealth
To cross that fire-swept zone,
To seize your love's unbounded wealth,
And hold it for mine own;

Yet always, when my charge was made,
Your star shells lit the scene;
While barbed-wire trochas were displayed
Your heart and mine between.

Thus o'er that shard-pocked No Man's Land
My spirit dare not go;
Your eyes' barrage I cannot stand,
And hence my wail of wo!

Strickland Gillilan

TO A FUTURE RELATION

YOU didn't look up in the street-car to-day,
Though I pointedly pounced on the seat
'cross the aisle;
Your thoughts bore you back to a radiant past,
And memories tenderly tempted your smile.

Though I never had looked on your features
before,
And history has scarcely a chance to repeat,
Yet I long to know more of the trend of your
dreams,
And my hopes for your joy I would lay at
your feet.

For you wore my fraternity emblem, fair maid,
And your pride of possession I certainly saw;
Brother Some-One-or-Other is lucky indeed,
Little future fraternity sister-in-law!

C. L. Funnell

A SURE SIGN

I KNEW it would rain! From the cloudy south
A fresh, damp wind was caressing my face;
Each thirsty flower with languid grace
Raised for the potion a fragrant mouth.
The spiders sensed what was coming to pass,
And spread no webs on shrubs or grass.
I knew, because—well, what is the use?
The reason is not so very abstruse.
I knew it would rain—it was bound to come—
For you see I'd left my umbrella at home!

Julia Boynton Green

SMITH, JONES, AND LIFE

LIFE'S a topsyturvy scheme, we mortals are a
funny lot;
Each one dreams his little dream, in which he is—
what he is not!

Jones, for instance, always thought he was cut
out for business life;
Battles in the market fought of high finance,
commercial strife.

In his hours of slippered ease he plans magnificent
campaigns,
Beating Wall Street to its knees, then blessing
mankind with his gains.

Jones, the poet, covets Smith's directorship in ten
concerns;
Scorns his fame's carved monolith, the while his
heart with envy burns.

Smith has always worshiped art, believing nature
meant to give
Him the high and better part in uttering great
thoughts that live.

Poetry was his first love, and still to shattered
hopes he clings;
Rudely life gave him a shove into the world of
money kings.

Smith, whose coffers overflow, is bitter in his very
bones,
Cursing fate's decree; and so Jones envies Smith,
Smith envies Jones.

Smith is right, and Jones not wrong; the world
needs Jones, and can't spare Smith—
One for work, and one for song. And so we bare
the moral pith:

Life's a very pretty scheme, howe'er fate-saddled
mortals buck;
Each one lives some other's dream, and thus the
balance fair is struck!

Edward N. Teall

HER CHIEF INTEREST

NO beckonings, no smiles from Gwen!
She heeds me not.
She loved me fulsomely, and then
The late lamented Uncle Ben
Bequeathed to her an eight-by-ten
Farm-garden plot!
No beckonings, no smiles from Gwen!
She heeds me not.

Richard Young

THE NEW WOMAN IN THE SHOE

IF food conservation is grievous to you, just
think of the woman who lived in the shoe!
She had ten little kiddies, so I have been told,
and the oldest one scarcely eleven years old. A
fond, doting mother she always had been, and
sparing the rod was her cardinal sin.

If Susy demanded hot pancakes for lunch, why,
mother made pancakes to please "honey-bunch."
If Maggy, at midnight, said "Mama, a drink!"
why, mother brought water as quick as a wink.
If Willy, and Johnny, and Flossy, and Dan, and
Sally, and Peter, and Kitty, and Anne came in
from a squabble with garments awry, they got—
not a whipping, but cookies and pie!

Now, half of this family lived largely on meat,
and the other half relished the products of wheat;
and this very good lady had always, I say, let
each "little angel" have his or her way. Then
came the food orders, and what did she do, this
kindly old lady who lived in a shoe?

She wished in her heart to do right, and con-
serve; but to handle those youngsters took oceans
of nerve—took oceans of courage, decision, and
zest, that no one supposed she had ever possessed.
When 'twas merely a choice between children and
self, she gave them the best that she had on the
shelf; but where is the woman who ever will lag
when it comes to a choice between children and
flag? This kindly old woman, though slack in her
ways, says no with great vigor on all the "less"
days, and, true to her colors, American born, en-
forces a diet of fishes and corn!

J. Edward Tuft

The Roll-Call*

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of "Clayhanger," "These Twain," etc.

THE hero of the story is George Edwin Cannon—the son of Hilda Lessways, born before her marriage to Edwin Clayhanger—who is studying architecture in the office of Lucas & Enwright, in London. At first he lives with Mr. and Mrs. John Orgreave, in Bedford Park—John Orgreave being a partner in the firm and a fellow townsman of the Clayhangers. Later, the young man rents a room from old Mr. Haim, a factotum at Lucas & Enwright's, who owns a house in Alexandra Grove, Chelsea.

Mr. Haim has a young daughter, Marguerite, who is a designer of book-covers. She is an attractive girl, and George finds her a pleasant companion. Their mutual sympathy kindles into love, but they keep their romance secret, and its course is complicated by dissension in the Haim family. The old man, a widower, marries his servant—so much to Marguerite's disgust that she refuses to stay in her father's house, and goes to live with her friend, Celia Agg, an artist. George, however, remains at Mr. Haim's.

One Sunday George lunches with Mrs. John Orgreave, and meets Lois Ingram, an unconventional girl, the daughter of an English journalist in Paris. Lois has a car—lent to her by a friend, Miss Wheeler—and she offers to take George home; but she drives so recklessly that he rather rudely gets out of the car and leaves her.

That same afternoon there is another upheaval at the Haim establishment. Having picked up a letter from his daughter to George, Mr. Haim furiously taxes the young man with treachery in concealing his engagement to Marguerite, and George leaves the house in anger. He takes a room at a small West End club, Pickering's. His engagement lasts for two years longer, but is broken off when, on the sudden death of Mrs. Haim, Marguerite returns to her father, insisting that her first duty is to the old man, and refusing to make any definite promise to marry George when he shall be able to maintain a home.

All this time George has not seen Lois Ingram again, though he hears of her one evening when his friend, Everard Lucas—a fellow pupil at Lucas & Enwright's—invites him to dinner at a restaurant, and he finds that the other guests are Miss Wheeler, who is a celebrated American beauty, and Laurencine Ingram, Lois's younger sister. Later, this dinner is followed by another at Miss Wheeler's flat, where he meets both the Ingram girls. Lois stirs his ambition by urging him to enter the competition for a great municipal building in a northern city, and he decides to do so. He goes straight to Lucas & Enwright's office, and starts work on the plans that same night, sending Lois a note, dated "3.30 A.M.," to tell her what he is doing.

XXXIII

AT the club, on Tuesday morning, Downs brought to George's bedside a letter addressed in a large, striking, and untidy hand. Not until he had generally examined the letter did he realize that it was from Lois Ingram. He remembered having mentioned to her that he lived at his club—Pickering's; but he had laid no stress on the detail, nor had she seemed to notice it. Yet she must have noticed it.

DEAR GEORGE:

I am so glad. Miss Wheeler is going to her bootmaker's in Conduit Street to-morrow afternoon. She's always such a long time there. Come and have tea with me at the new Prosser's in Regent Street, four sharp. I shall have half an hour. L. I.

In his heart he pretended to jeer at this letter. He said it was "like" Lois. She

calmly assumed that at a sign from her he, a busy man, would arrange to be free in the middle of the afternoon! Doubtless the letter was the consequence of putting "3.30 A.M." on his own letter. What could a fellow expect?

All pretense! In reality the letter flattered and excited him. He thought upon the necktie he would wear.

By the same post arrived a small parcel containing a ring, a few other bits of jewelry, and all the letters and notes that he had ever written or scribbled to Marguerite. He did not want the jewelry back; he did not want the letters back. To receive them somehow humiliated him. Surely she might have omitted this nauseous conventionality! She was so exasperatingly conscientious. Her neat, clerklike calligraphy, on the label of the parcel, exasperated him. She had

* Copyright, 1918, by Arnold Bennett—This story began in the April number of MURSEY'S MAGAZINE

carefully kept every scrap of a missive she had received from him.

He hated to look at the letters. What could he do with them except rip them up? And the miserable trinkets—which she had worn, which had been part of her? As for him, he had not kept all her letters—not by any means. There might be a few lying about in drawers. He would have to collect and return them. Odious job! And he could not ask anybody else to do it for him.

He was obliged to question Lucas about the Regent Street Prosser's, of which, regrettably, he had never heard. He did not in so many words request John Orgreave for the favor of an hour off. He was now out of his articles, though still by the force of inertia at the office, and therefore he informed John Orgreave that unless Mr. John had any objection he proposed to take an hour off. Mr. Enwright was not in. Lucas knew vaguely of the rendezvous, having somewhere met Laurencine.

From the outside Prosser's was not distinguishable from any other part of Regent Street; but George could not mistake it, because Miss Wheeler's car was drawn up in front of the establishment, and Lois was waiting for him therein. Strange procedure! She smiled and then frowned, and got out sternly. She said scarcely anything, and he found that he could make only such silly remarks as:

"Hope I'm not late, am I?"

The new Prosser's was a grandiose by-product of chocolate. The firm had taken the leading ideas of the chief tea-shop companies catering for the million in hundreds of establishments arranged according to pattern, and had elaborated them with what it called in its advertisements "cachet." Its prices were not as cheap as those of the popular houses, but they could not be called dear.

George and Lois pushed through a crowded lane of chocolate and confectionery, past a staircase which bore a large notice: "Please keep to the right." The notice was needed. They came at length to the main hall, under a dome, with a gallery between the dome and the ground.

The floor was carpeted. The multitudinous small tables had cloths, flowers, silver, and menus knotted with red-satin ribbon. The place was full of people—people seated at the tables and people walking about. Above the rail of the gallery could be seen

the hats and heads of more people. People were entering all the time and leaving all the time. Scores of waitresses, in pale-green and white, moved to and fro like an alien and mercenary population. The heat, the stir, the hum, and the clatter were terrific, and from on high descended thin, strident music in a rapid and monotonous rhythm.

"No room!" said George, feeling that he had at last got into the true arena of the struggle for life.

"Oh, yes!" said Lois, with superior confidence.

She bore mercilessly across the floor. Round the edge of the huge room, beneath the gallery, were a number of little alcoves framed in fretted Moorish arches of white-enameled wood. Three persons were just emerging from one of these. She sprang within and sank into a wicker armchair.

"There is always a table," she breathed, surveying the whole scene with a smile of conquest.

George sat down opposite to her with his back to the room; he could survey nothing but Lois and the world of the mirror behind her.

"That's one of father's maxims," she said.

"He must be a very wise man."

"He is."

"What's his special line?"

"Don't you know father?" exclaimed Lois. "Hasn't Miss Wheeler told you? Or Mrs. Orgreave?"

"No."

"But you must know father. Father is 'Parisian' in the *Sunday Journal*."

Despite the mention of this ancient and very dignified newspaper, George felt a sense of disappointment. He had little esteem for journalists, at whom Mr. Enwright was continually scoffing, and all of whom he imagined to be poor. He had conceived Mr. Ingram as perhaps a rich cosmopolitan financier, or a rich idler; but at any rate rich, whatever he might be.

"Of course he does lots of other work besides that. He writes for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *St. James's Gazette*. In fact, it's his proud boast that he writes for all the gazettes, and he's the only man who does. That's because he's so liked. Everybody adores him. I adore him myself. He's a great pal of mine; but he's very strict."

"Strict?"

"Yes," she insisted rather defensively. "Why not? I should like a strawberry

ice, a lemon squash, and a millefeuille cake. Don't be alarmed, please. I'm a cave-woman. You've got to get used to it."

"What's a cave-woman?"

"It's something primitive. You must come over to Paris. If father likes you, he'll take you to one of the weekly lunches of the Anglo-American Press Circle. He always does that when he likes any one. He's the treasurer. Haven't you got any millefeuille cakes?" she demanded of the waitress, who had come to renew the table and had deposited a basket of various cakes.

"I'm afraid we haven't, miss," answered the waitress, not comprehending the strange word any better than George did.

"Bit rowdy, isn't it?" George observed, looking around, when the waitress had gone.

Lois said with earnestness:

"I simply love these big, noisy places. They make me feel alive."

He looked at her. She was very well dressed—more stylistic than any other girl that he could see in the mirror. He could not be sure whether her yellow eyes had a slight cast; if they had, it was so slight as to be almost imperceptible. There was no trace of diffidence in them; they commanded. She was not a girl whom you could masculinely protect. On the contrary, she would protect not only herself but others.

"Haven't you cream?" she curtly challenged the waitress, arriving with ice, lemon squash, and George's tea.

The alien mercenary met her glance inimically for a second, and then, shutting her lips together, walked off with the milk. At Prosser's the waitresses did not wear caps, and were, in theory, ladies. Lois would have none of the theory; the waitress was ready to die for it, and carried it away with her intact. George preferred milk to cream, but he said nothing.

"Yes," Lois went on. "You ought to come to Paris. You have been there, haven't you? I remember you told me. We're supposed to go back next week, but if Irene doesn't go, I sha'n't." She frowned.

George said that positively he would come to Paris.

When they had fairly begun the rich, barbaric meal, Lois asked abruptly:

"Why did you write in the middle of the night?"

Sometimes her voice was veiled.

"Why did I write in the middle of the night? Because I thought I would."

He spoke masterfully. He didn't mean to stand any of her cheek.

"Oh!" she laughed nicely. "I didn't mind. I liked it—awfully. It was just the sort of thing I should have done myself. But you might tell me all about it. I think I deserve that much, don't you?"

Thus he told her all about it—how he had arranged everything, got a room, meant to have his name painted on the door, meant to make his parents take their holiday on the northeast coast for a change, so that he could study the site, meant to work like a hundred devils. He saw with much satisfaction that the arrogant, wilful creature was impressed.

"Now listen to me," she said. "You'll win that competition."

"I sha'n't," he replied. "But it's worth trying, for the experience—that's what Enwright says."

"I don't care a fig what Enwright says. You'll win that competition. I'm always right when I sort of feel—you know."

For the moment George believed in the miraculous, inexplicable intuitions of women.

"Oh!" she cried as the invisible orchestra started a new tune. "Do you know that? It's the first time I've heard it in London. It's the *machiche*. It's all over Paris. I think it's the most wonderful tune in the world." Her body swayed; her foot tapped.

George listened. Yes, it was a maddening tune.

"It is," he agreed eagerly.

"Oh, I do love pleasure!" she cried. "And success! And money! Don't you?"

Her eyes had softened; they were liquid with yearning; but there was something frankly sensual in them. This quality, swiftly revealed, attracted George intensely for an instant.

Immediately afterward she asked the time, and said she must go.

"I daren't keep Irene waiting," she said.

Her eyes now had a hard glitter.

In full Regent Street he put the haughty girl into Irene's automobile, which had turned round. He was proud to be seen in the act; he privately enjoyed the glances of common, unsuccessful persons. As he walked away he smiled to himself, to hide from himself his own nervous excitement. She was a handful, she was. Within her life burned and blazed. He remembered Mr. Prince's remark:

"You must have made a considerable impression on her," or words to that effect.

The startling thought visited him:

"I shall marry that woman!"

Then another thought:

"Not if I know it! I don't like her. I do not like her. I don't like her eyes."

She had, however, tremendously intensified his desire for success. He hurried off to work. The days passed too slowly, and yet they were too short for his task. He could not wait for the fulness of time. His life had become a breathless race.

"I shall win. I can't possibly win. The thing's idiotic. I might—Enwright is rather struck."

Yes, it was Mr. Enwright's attitude that inspired him. To have impressed Mr. Enwright—by Jove, it was something!

XXXIV

ON the face of the door on the third floor of the house in Russell Square the words "G. E. Cannon" appeared in dirty white paint and the freshly added initials "A. R. I. B. A." in clean white paint. The addition of the triumphant initials—indicating that George had kissed the rod of the Royal Institute of British Architects in order to conquer—had put the sign as a whole out of center, throwing it considerably to the right on the green door-face.

Within the small and bare room, on an evening of earliest spring in 1904, sat George at the customary large, flat desk of the architect. He had just switched on the electric light over his head. He looked sterner and older; he looked worried, fretful, exhausted. He was thin and pale; his eyes burned, and there were dark patches under the eyes; the discipline of the hair had been rather gravely neglected.

In front of him lay a number of large plans, mounted on thick cardboard whose upper surface had a slight convex curve. There were plans of the basement of the projected town hall, of the ground floor, of the building at a height of twelve feet from the ground, of the mezzanine floor, of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth floors. These plans were colored. Further, in plain black and white, there were a plan of the roof, with tower, a longitudinal section on the central axis, two other sections, three elevations, and a perspective view of the entire edifice—seventeen sheets in all.

The sum of work seemed tremendous. It made the mind dizzy; it made George smile

with terrible satisfaction at his own industry. For he had engaged very little help. He would have been compelled to engage more had not the corporation extended by one month the time for sending in.

The corporation had behaved with singular enlightenment. Its schedules of required accommodation—George's copy was scored over everywhere in pencil and ink and seriously torn—were held to be admirably drawn, and its supplementary circular of answers to questions from competitors had displayed a clarity and a breadth of mind unusual in corporations. Still more to the point, the corporation had appointed a second assessor to act with Sir Hugh Corver. In short, it had shown that it was under no mandarin's thumb, and that what it really and seriously wanted was the best design that the profession could produce.

Mr. Enwright, indeed, had nearly admitted regret at having kept out of the immense affair. John Orgreave had expressed regret with vigor and candor. They had in the main left George alone, though occasionally at night Mr. Enwright in the little room had suggested valuable solutions of certain problems. In detail he was severely critical of George's design, and he would pour delicate satires upon the idiosyncrasy which caused the wilful boy to "impurify"—a word from Enwright's private vocabulary—a Renaissance creation with Saracenic tendencies in the treatment of arches and wall-spaces.

Nevertheless, Mr. Enwright greatly respected the design in its entirety, and both he and John Orgreave—who had collected by the subterranean channels of the profession a large amount of fact and rumor about the efforts of various competitors—opined that it stood a fair chance of being among the selected six or ten whose authors would be invited to submit final designs for the final award.

George tried to be hopeful; but he could not be hopeful by trying. It was impossible to believe that he would succeed; the notion was preposterous; yet at moments, when he was not cultivating optimism, optimism would impregnate all his being and he would be convinced that it was impossible not to win. How inconceivably grand it would be!

His chief rallying thought was that he had undertaken a gigantic task and had accomplished it. Well or ill, he had accomplished it. He said to himself aloud:

"I've done it! I've done it!"

And that he actually had done it was almost incredible. The very sheets of drawings were almost incredible. But they existed there. All was complete. The declaration that the design was G. E. Cannon's personal work, drawn in his own office by his ordinary staff, was there, in the printed envelope officially supplied by the corporation. The estimate of cost and the cubing were there. The explanatory report on the design, duly typewritten, was there. Nothing lacked.

"I've done it! I've done it!"

And then, tired as he was, the conscience of the creative artist and of the competitor began to annoy him and spur him. The perspective drawing did not quite satisfy—and there was still time. The point of view for the perspective drawing was too high up, and the result was a certain marring of the nobility of the lines, and certainly a diminishment of the effect of the tower. He had previously started another perspective drawing with a lower viewpoint, but he had mistakenly cast it aside. He ought to finish the first one and substitute it for the second. The perspective drawing had a moral importance; it had a special influence on the assessors and committees.

Horrid, tiresome labor! Three, four, five, or six hours of highly concentrated tedium. Was it worth while? No, it was not. Mr. Enwright had approved the finished drawing. He, George, could not face a further strain.

Pooh! Who said he could not face a further strain? Of course he could face it. If he did not face it, his conscience would accuse him of cowardice during the rest of his life, and he would never be able to say honestly:

"I did my level best with the thing."

He snapped his fingers lightly, and in one second had decided to finish the original perspective drawing, and in his very finest style. He would complete it some time during the night. In the morning it could be mounted. The drawings were to go off in a case on the morrow by passenger-train, and to be met at their destination by a commissionnaire common to several competitors. This commissionnaire would deliver them to the town clerk in accordance with the conditions.

In a few minutes George was at work, excited, having forgotten all fatigue. He

was saying to himself that he would run out toward eight o'clock for a chop or a steak. As he worked, he perceived that he had been quite right to throw over the second drawing; he wondered that he could have felt any hesitation; the new drawing would be immeasurably superior.

Mr. Haim "stepped up," discreetly knocking, entering with dignity. The relations between these two had little by little resumed their old, purely formal quality. Both seemed to have forgotten that passionate anger had ever separated them and joined them together. George was young, and capable of oblivion. Mr. Haim had beaten him in the struggle and could afford to forget. They conversed politely, as if the old man had no daughter and the youth had never had a *fiancée*.

Mr. Haim had even assisted with the lettering of the sheets—not because George needed his help, but because Mr. Haim's calligraphic pride needed to help. To refuse the stately offer would have been to insult the old man. Mr. Haim had aged, but not greatly.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Mr. Cannon."

"Oh! Dash it! Thanks!"

After all, George was no longer on the staff of Lucas & Enwright, and Mr. Haim was conferring a favor.

Down below, in the big office, everybody had gone except the factotum. George seized the telephone-receiver and called brusquely for attention.

"Is that Mr. Cannon?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"Oh! It's you, George! How nice to hear your voice again!"

He recognized, but not instantly, the voice of Lois Ingram. He was not surprised. Indeed, he had suspected that the disturber of work must be either Lois or Miss Wheeler, or possibly Laurencine. The three had been in London again for several days, and he had known from Lucas that a theater-party had been arranged for that night to witness the irresistible musical comedy, "The Gay Spark." Lucas and M. Defourcambault were to be of the party.

George had not yet seen Lois since her latest return to London; he had only seen her twice since the previous summer; he had not visited Paris in the interval. The tone of her voice, even as transformed by the telephone, was caressing. He had to think of some suitable response to her start-

ling amiability, and to utter it with a show of conviction.

"Do you know," said Lois, "I came to London to celebrate the sending-in of your design. I hear it's marvelous. Aren't you glad you've finished it?"

"Well, I haven't finished it," said George. "I'm on it now."

What did the girl mean by saying she had come to London to celebrate the end of his work? Surely it was an invention on her part! Still, it flattered him. She was very strange.

"But Everard told us you'd finished a bit earlier than you'd expected. We counted on seeing your lordship to-morrow; but now we've got to see you to-night."

"Awfully sorry I can't!"

"But look here, George, you must, really! The party's all broken up. Miss Wheeler's had to go back to Paris to-night, and Jules can't come. Everything's upset. The flat's going to be closed, and Laurencine and I will have to leave to-morrow. It's most frightfully annoying. We've got the box all right, and Everard's coming, and you must make the fourth. We must have a fourth. Laurencine's here at the phone, and she says the same thing."

"Wish I could!" George answered shortly. "Look here! What train are you going by to-morrow? I'll come and see you off. I shall be free then."

"But, George, we *want* you to come to-night." There seemed positively to be tears in the faint voice. "Why can't you come? You must come!"

"I haven't finished one of the drawings. I tell you I'm on it now. It'll take me half the night, or more. I'm just in the thick of it, you see."

He spoke with a slight resentful impatience—less at her overpersuasiveness than at the fact that his mind and the drawing were being more and more separated. Soon he would have lost the right mood, and he would be compelled to recreate it before he could resume work. He had an impulse to throw down the receiver and run off.

The distant, squeaking voice changed to the petulant:

"You are horrid! You could come right enough if you wanted to."

"But don't you understand? It's awfully important for me."

He was astounded, absolutely astounded. She would not understand. She had de-

cided that he must go to the musical comedy, and nothing else mattered. His whole future did not matter.

"Oh! Very well, then," Lois said, undisguisedly vexed. "Of course, if you won't, you won't; but really, when two girls *implore* you like that—and we have to leave to-morrow, and everything's upset! I do think it's— However, good night."

"Here! Hold hard a sec. I'll come for an hour or so. What's the number of the box?"

"Fourteen," said the voice brokenly.

Immediately afterward she rang off. George was hurt and bewildered. The girl was incredibly ruthless. She was mad. Why had he yielded? Only a silly conventional feeling had made him yield; and yet he was a great scorner of convention.

He went up-stairs again to the perspective drawing. He looked at his watch. He might work for half an hour before leaving to dress. No, he could not. The mood had vanished. The perspective had slipped into another universe. He could not even pick up a pen. He despised himself terribly, despairingly, for yielding.

XXXV

IN spite of all this he anticipated the theater-party with pleasure. He wanted to go; he was glad he was going; the memory of Lois in the tea-palace excited him. He could refuse a hearing to his conscience, and could prevent himself from thinking uncomfortably of the future, as well as most young men. His secret, unadmitted eagerness was alloyed only by an apprehension that after the scene over the telephone Lois might be peevish and ungracious.

The fear proved to be baseless. Owing to the imperfections of the club laundry and the erring humanity of Downs, he arrived late. "The Gay Spark" had begun. He found a darkened auditorium and a glowing stage. In the dim box, Lois and Laurencine were sitting in front on gilt chairs. Lucas sat behind Laurencine, and there was an empty chair behind Lois. Her gesture, her smile, her glance, as she turned to George and looked up, were touching. She was delighted to see him; she had the mien of a child who has got what it wanted and has absolutely forgotten that it ever pouted, shrieked, and stamped its foot. She was determined to charm her uttermost. Her eye in the gloom was soft with mysterious invitations.

George looked about the interior of the box. He saw the rich cloaks of the girls hanging up next to glossy masculine hats, the large mirror on the wall, and the mother-of-pearl opera-glasses, chocolates, and flowers on the crimson ledge. He was very close to the powerfully built and yet plastic Lois. He could watch her changing curves as she breathed; the faint scent she used rose to his nostrils. He thought, with contained rapture:

"Nothing in the world is equal to this!"

He did not care a fig for the effect of perspective drawings or the result of the competition.

Lois, her head half turned toward him, her gaze lost in the somber distances of the auditorium, talked in a low tone, ignoring the performance. He gathered that the sudden departure of Irene Wheeler had unusually impressed and disconcerted and, to a certain extent, mortified the sisters, who could not explain what it meant, and who resented the compulsion to go back to Paris at once.

He detected in Lois, not for the first time, a grievance that Irene kept her, Lois, apart from the main current of her apparently grandiose social career. Obviously an evening at which the sole guests were two girls and a youth all quite unknown to newspapers could not be a major item in the life of a woman such as Irene Wheeler. She had left them unceremoniously to themselves at the last moment, as it were, permitting them to do what they liked for one night, and commanding them to return safely home on the morrow.

A red-nosed actor, hands in pockets, waddled self-consciously onto the stage, and the packed audience, emitting murmurs of satisfaction, applauded. Conversations were interrupted. George, expectant, gave his attention to the show. He knew little or nothing of musical comedy, having come under influences which had taught him to despise it. His stepfather, for example, could be very sarcastic about musical comedy, and through both Enwright and John Orgreave George had further cultivated the habit of classical music, already acquired in boyhood in the Five Towns.

In the previous year, despite the calls upon his time of study for examinations, George had attended the Covent Garden performances of the Wagnerian "Ring" as he might have attended high mass. He knew by name a considerable percentage of

the hundred odd themes in the "Ring," and it was his boast that he could identify practically all the forty-seven themes in the "Meistersinger." He raved about Ternina in "Tristan." He had worshiped the Joachim quartet. He was acquainted with all the popular symphonies of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mozart, Glazounov, and Tchaikovsky. He even frequented the Philharmonic concerts, which were then conducted by a composer of sentimental drawing-room ballads, and though he would not class this conductor with Richter or Henry J. Wood, he yet believed that somehow, by the magic of the sacred name of the Philharmonic Society, the ballad-monger in the man expired in the act of raising the baton and was replaced by a serious and sensitive artist.

He was accustomed to hear the same pieces of music again and again and again, and they were all, or nearly all, very fine, indisputably great. It never occurred to him that once they had been unfamiliar, and had had to fight for the notice of persons who indulged in music exactly as he indulged in music. Unfamiliar items on a program displeased him. He had heard compositions by Richard Strauss, but he could make nothing of them, and his timid, untraveled taste feared to like them. Mr. Enwright himself was mainly inimical to Strauss, as to most of modern Germany, perhaps because of the new architecture in Berlin.

George knew that there existed young English composers with such names as Cyril Scott, Balfour Gardiner, Donal Tovey—for he had seen these names recently on the front page of the *Daily Telegraph*—but he had never gone to the extent of listening to their works. He was entirely sure that they could not hold a candle to Wagner, and his subconscious idea was that it was rather like their cheek to compose at all. He had not noticed that Hugo Wolf had just died, nor indeed had he noticed that Hugo Wolf had ever lived.

Nevertheless, this lofty and exclusive adherent of the "best" music was not prejudiced in advance against "The Gay Spark." He was anxious to enjoy it, and he expected to enjoy it. "The Gay Spark" had already an enormous prestige; it bore the agreeable, captivating label of Vienna; and immense sums were being made out of it in all the capitals of the world. George did not hope for immortal strains, but he antici-

pated a distinguished, lilting gaiety, and in the "book" a witty and cosmopolitan flavor that would lift the thing high above such English musical comedies as he had seen. It was impossible that a work of so universal and prodigious a vogue should not have unquestionable virtues.

The sight of the red-nosed comedian rather shocked George, who had supposed that red-nosed comedians belonged to the past. However, the man was atoned for by three extremely beautiful and graceful young girls who followed him. Round about the small group was ranged a semicircle of handsome creatures in long skirts, behind whom was another semicircle of young men in white flannels; the scene was a street in Mandalay.

The red-nosed comedian began by making a joke concerning his mother-in-law, and another concerning mendacious statements to his wife to explain his nocturnal absences from home, and another concerning his intoxicated condition. The three extremely beautiful and graceful young girls laughed deliciously at the red-nosed comedian; they replied in a similar vein; they clasped his neck and kissed him rapturously, and thereupon he sang a song of which the message was that all three extremely beautiful and graceful girls practised professionally the most ancient and stable of feminine vocations. The girls, by means of many refrains, confirmed this definition of their status in society.

Then the four of them danced, and there was enthusiastic applause from every part of the house except the semicircle of European odalisks lost for some unexplained reason in Mandalay. These ladies, the indubitable physical attractions of each of whom were known by the management to fill five or six stalls every night, took no pains whatever to hide that they were acutely bored by the whole proceedings. Self-sufficient in their beauty, deeply aware of the power of their beauty, they deigned to move a lackadaisical arm or leg at intervals in accordance with the respectful suggestions of the conductor.

Soon afterward the *Gay Spark* herself appeared, amid a hysteria of applause. She played the part of the wife of a military officer, and displayed therein a marvelous, a terrifying vitality of tongue, leg, and arm. The young men in white flannels surrounded her, and she could flirt with all of them. She was on intimate terms with the

red-nosed comedian and also with the trio of delightful wantons, and her ideals in life seemed to be identical with theirs. When, through the arrival of certain dandies twirling canes, and the mysterious transformation of the Burmese street into a Parisian café, these ideals seemed to be on the point of realization, there was a great burst of brass in the orchestra, succeeded by a violent chorus, some kicking, and a general wassail, and the curtain fell on the first act. It had to be raised four times before the gratefully appreciative clapping would cease.

The auditorium shone with light; it grew murmurous with ecstatic approval. The virginal face of Laurencine shot its rapture to Lucas as she turned to shake hands with George.

"The thing is well done, isn't it?" said Lucas.

"Yes," said George.

Lucas, who was too well satisfied to notice the perfunctoriness of George's affirmative, went on:

"When you think that they're performing it this very night in St. Petersburg, Berlin, Paris, Brussels, and, I fancy, Rome, but I'm not sure—marvelous, isn't it?"

"It is," said George ambiguously.

Though continuing to like him, he now definitely despised Everard. The fellow had no artistic perceptions; he was a child. By some means he had got through his final examination, and was soon to be a junior partner in Lucas & Enwright. George, however, did not envy Everard the soft situation; he only pitied Lucas & Enwright. Everard had often urged George to go to musical comedies more frequently, hinting that they were frightfully better than George could conceive. "The Gay Spark" gave Lucas away entirely; it gave away his method of existence.

"I don't believe you like it," said sharp Laurencine.

"I adore it," George protested. "Don't you?"

"Oh, I do, of course," said Laurencine. "I knew I should."

"The second act's much better than the first," remarked Lucas, instinctively on the defensive.

George's hopes, dashed but not broken, recovered somewhat. After all, there had been one or two gleams of real jokes, and a catchiness in certain airs; and the *Spark* possessed temperament in profusion. It

was possible that the next act might be diverting.

"You do look tired," said Laurencine.

"Oh, no, darling!" Lois objected. "I think he looks splendid."

She was intensely happy in the theater. The box was very well placed—since Irene had bought it—with a view equally good of the stage and of the semicircle of boxes. Lois's glance wandered blissfully round the boxes, all occupied by gay parties, and over the vivacious stalls. She gazed, and she enjoyed being gazed at. She bathed herself in the glitter and the gaudiness and the opulence and the humanity, as in tonic fluid. She seemed to float sinuously and voluptuously immersed in it, as in tepid water lit with sunshine.

"Do have a choc," she invited eagerly.

George took a chocolate. She took one. They all took one. They all had the unconscious pride of youth that does not know itself young. Each was different from the others. George showed the reserve of the artist; Lucas, the ease of the connoisseur of mundane spectacles; Laurencine, the sturdy, catholic, girlish innocence that nothing can corrupt.

And the sovereign was Lois. She straightened her shoulders; she leaned languorously; she looked up, she looked down; she spoke softly and loudly; she laughed and smiled. And in every movement and in every gesture and tone she symbolized the ecstasy of life. She sought pleasure, and she had found it, and she had no afterthought. She was infectious; she was irresistible, and terrible, too. For it was dismaying, at any rate to George, to dwell on the fierceness of her instinct and on the fierceness of its satisfaction.

To George her burning eyes were wistful, pathetic in their simplicity. He felt a sort of fearful pity for her. He admired her, too. She was something definite; she was something magnificently outright; she lived. Also he liked her; the implications in her glance appealed to him. The peculiar accents in which she referred to the enigma of Irene Wheeler were extraordinarily attractive to that part of his nature which was perverse and sophisticated.

"At least she is not a simpleton," he thought. "And she doesn't pretend to be. Some day I shall talk to her!"

The orchestra resumed; the lights went out. Lois settled herself to fresh enchantment as the curtain rolled up to disclose

the bright halls and staircases of a supper club. The second act was an amplification and inflammation of the themes of the first. As for the music, George listened in vain for an original tune, even for a tune of which he could not foretell the end from the beginning. The one or two engaging bits of melody which enlivened the first act were employed again in the second. The disdainful, lethargic chorus was the same; the same trio of delicious wantons fondled and kissed the same red-nosed comedian, who was still in the same state of inebriety, and the *Gay Spark* flitted roisteringly through the same evolutions, in pursuit of the same simple ideals.

The jocularly pivoted unendingly on the same twin centers of alcohol and concupiscence. Gradually the latter grew to more and more importance, and the piece became a high and candid homage to the impulse by force of which alone one generation succeeds another. No beautiful and graceful young girl on the stage blanched before the salacious witticisms of the tireless comedian; on the contrary, he remained the darling of the stage. And as he was the darling of the stage, so was he the darling of the audience.

And if no beautiful and graceful young girl blanched on the stage, neither did the beautiful and graceful young girls in the audience blench. You could see them sitting happily with their fathers and mothers and cousins and uncles and aunts, savoring the spectacle from dim stalls and boxes in the most perfect atmosphere of respectability. Laurencine, leaning her elbows on the edge of the box, watched with eager, parted lips, and never showed the slightest sign of uneasiness.

George was uneasy; he was distressed. The extraordinary juxtaposition of respectability and a ribald sexual display startled but did not distress him. If the whole audience was ready to stand it, he certainly was. He had no desire to protect people from themselves, nor to blush on behalf of others—whoever they might be.

Had anybody accused him of saintliness, he would have resented the charge, quite justifiably. If the wit of "The Gay Spark" had been witty, he would have enjoyed it without a qualm. What distressed him, what utterly desolated him, was the grossness, the poorness, the cheapness, the dullness, and the uninvective monotony of the interminable entertainment. He yawned,

he could not help yawning; he yawned his soul away.

Lois must have heard him yawning, but she did not move. He looked at her curiously, pitifully, speculating how much of her luxury was due to Irene Wheeler, and how little to "Parisian" of the *Sunday Journal*—for he had been inquiring about the fruits of journalism.

The vision of his own office and of the perspective drawing rose seductively and irresistibly in his mind. He could not stay in the theater; he felt that if he stayed he would be in danger of dropping down dead, suffocated by tedium. The drawing must be finished; it would not wait; it was the most urgent thing in the world. And not a syllable had any person in the box said to him about his great task. Lois's forearm, braceleted, lay on the front of the box. Unceremoniously he took her hand.

"By-by!"

"You aren't going?" Her whisper was incredulous.

"Must!"

He gave her no chance to expostulate. With one movement he had seized his hat and coat and slipped from the box, just as the finale of the act was imminent, and the red-nosed comedian was measuring the *Gay Spark* for new lingerie with a giant property cigar. He had not said good-by to Laurencine. He had not asked about their departure on the morrow; but he was free.

In the foyer a couple—a woman in a rose plush *sortie de bal*, and a blade—were mysteriously talking. The blade looked at him, smiled, and left the lady.

"Hello, old fellow!"

It was Buckingham Smith, who had been getting on in the world. They shook hands.

"You've left Chelsea, haven't you?"

"Yes," said George.

"So've I. Don't see much of the old gang nowadays. Heard anything of old Princey lately?"

George replied that he had not. The colloquy was over in a moment.

"You must come and see my show—next week," Buck Smith called out after the departing George.

"I will," cried George.

He walked quickly up to Russell Square, impatient to steep himself anew in his work. All sense of fatigue had left him. Time seemed to be flying past him, and he to be rushing toward an unknown fate.

On the previous day he had received an enheartening, challenging, sardonic letter from his stepfather, who referred to politics and envisaged a new epoch for the country. Edwin Clayhanger was a Radical of a type found only in the Midlands and the northern counties of England. For many years Clayhanger's party, to which he was passionately faithful, had had no war-cry and no program worthy of its traditions. The increasing success of the campaign against protection, and certain signs that the introduction of Chinese labor into South Africa could be effectively resisted, had excited the middle-aged provincial—now an alderman—and he had managed to communicate fire to George. But in George, though he sturdily shared his stepfather's views, the resulting righteous energy was diverted to architectural creation.

XXXVI

THE circumstances in which, about a month later, George lunched with the Ingram family at their flat in the Rue d'Athènes, near the Gare St. Lazare, Paris, had an appearance of the utmost simplicity and ordinariness. He had been down to Staffordshire for a rest, and had returned unrested. Mr. Enwright had suggested that it would do him good to go to Paris, even to go alone.

He went, with no plan, but having made careful arrangements for the telegraphing to him of the result of the competition, which was daily expected. By this time he was very seriously convinced that there was no hope of him being among the selected six or ten, and he preferred to get the news away from London rather than in it. He felt that he could not face London on the day or the morrow of a defeat which would render his youthful audacity utterly ridiculous.

He arrived in Paris on a Wednesday evening, and took a room in a *maison meublée* of the Rue de Sèze. Every inexperienced traveler in Paris has a friend who knows a lodging in Paris which he alleges is better and cheaper than any other lodging—and which is not. The house in the Rue de Sèze was the economical paradise of Buckingham Smith, whom George had encountered again at the Buckingham Smith exhibition. Buckingham Smith, with over half his pictures bearing the red seal that indicates "sold," felt justified in posing to the younger George as a cosmopolitan ex-

pert—especially as his opinions on modern French art were changing.

George spent three solitary and dejected days in Paris, affecting an interest in museums and architecture and French opera, and committing follies. Near the end of the third day, a Saturday, he suddenly sent a threepenny express note to Lois Ingram. He would have telephoned had he dared to use the French telephone.

On Sunday morning, an aproned valet having informed him that *monsieur* was demanded at the telephone, he had to use it. Lois told him that he must come to lunch, and that afterward he would be escorted to the races. Dejection was instantly transformed into a gay excitation. Proud of having spoken through a French telephone, he began to conceive romantically the interior of a Paris home—he had seen naught but a studio or so with Mr. Enwright—and to thrill at the prospect of Sunday races.

Not merely had George never seen a horse-race on a Sunday, he had never seen a horse-race at all. Perhaps he was conscious of a genuine interest in Lois and her environment, but what most satisfied and flattered him, after his loneliness, was the bare fact of possessing social relations in Paris at all.

The Ingram home was up four flights of naked oaken stairs, fairly swept, in a plain, flat-fronted house. The door of the home was opened by a dark, untidy disheveled, capless, fat girl, with a full apron, dazzling white and rectangularly creased, which had obviously just been taken out of a drawer. Familiarly and amicably smiling, she led him into a small, modest drawing-room, where were Lois and her father and mother.

Lois was enigmatic and taciturn. Mr. and Mrs. Ingram were ingenuous, loquacious, and at ease. Both of them had twinkling eyes. Mrs. Ingram was rather stout and gray and small, and wore a quiet, inexpensive blue dress, embroidered at the neck in the Morrisian manner, of no kind of fashionableness. She spoke in a low voice, smiled to herself with a benevolence that was not without a touch of the sardonic, and often looked at the floor or at the ceiling:

Mr. Ingram, very slim and neat, was quite as small as his wife, and seemed smaller. He talked much and rather amusingly, in a somewhat mincing tone, as it

were apologetically, truly anxious to please. He had an extremely fair complexion, and his youthfulness was quite startling. His golden hair and perfect teeth might have belonged to a boy.

George leaped immediately into familiarity with these two; but nobody could have less resembled his preconceived image of "Parisian" than Mr. Ingram. And he could not understand a bit whence or how such a pair had produced their daughter Lois. Laurencine was a far more comprehensible offspring for them.

The dining-room was even less spacious than the drawing-room, and as unpretentious. The furniture everywhere was sparse, but there were one or two rich knickknacks, and an abundance of signed photographs. The few pictures, too, were signed, and they drew attention. On the table the napkins, save George's, were in rings, and each ring different from the others. George's napkin had the air of a wealthy, stiff, shiny relative of the rest. Evidently in that home the fine art of making both ends meet was daily practised.

George grew light-hearted and happy, despite the supreme preoccupation which only a telegram could allay. He had keenly the sensation of being abroad. The multiplicity of doors, the paneling of the doors, the narrow planking of the oaken floor, the molding of the cornices, the shape of the windows, the view of the courtyard from the dining-room and of attics and chimney cowl from the drawing-room, the closed anthracite stoves in lieu of fires, the crockery, the wine-bottle, the mustard, the gray salt, the unconventional gestures and smiles and exclamations of the unkempt maid—all these strange details enchanted him, and they all set off very vividly the intense, nice, honest, reassuring Englishness of the host and hostess.

It was not until after the others were seated for the meal that Laurencine made her appearance. She was a magnificent and handsome virgin, big-boned, physically a little awkward. How exquisitely and absurdly she flushed in shaking hands with George! With what a delicious mock-furious setting of the teeth and tossing of the head she frowned at her mother's reproaches for being late! This family knew the meaning of intimacy, but not that of ceremony.

Laurencine sat down at her father's left; George was next to her on Mrs. Ingram's

right. Lois had the whole of the opposite side of the table.

"Does he know?" Laurencine asked and, turning to George: "Do you know?"

"Know what?"

"You'd better tell him, dad. You like talking, and he ought to know. I sha'n't be able to eat if he doesn't. It would be so ridiculous sitting here and pretending."

Mrs. Ingram looked upward across the room at a corner of the ceiling, and smiled faintly.

"You might," she said, "begin by asking Mr. Cannon if he particularly wants to be burdened with the weight of your secrets, my dear child."

"Oh, I particularly do," said George.

"There's no secret about it—at least there won't be soon," said Laurencine.

Lois spoke simultaneously:

"My dear mother, please call George George. If we call him George, you can't possibly call him Mr. Cannon."

"I quite admit," Mrs. Ingram replied to her eldest—"I quite admit that you and Laurencine are entitled to criticise my relations with my husband, because he's your father; but I propose to carry on my affairs with other men just according to my own ideas, and any interference will be resented. I've had a bad night, owing to the garage again, and I don't feel equal to calling George George. I've only known him about twenty minutes. Moreover, I might be misunderstood, mightn't I, Mr. Cannon?"

"You might," said George.

"Now, dad!" Laurencine admonished.

Mr. Ingram, addressing George, began:

"Laurencine suffers from a grave form of self-consciousness—"

"I don't, dad."

"It is a disease akin to conceit. Her sufferings are sometimes so acute that she cannot sit up straight, and is obliged to loll and curl her legs round the legs of the chair. We are all very sorry for her. The only treatment is brutal candor, as she herself advocates—"

Laurencine jumped up, towered over her father, and covered his mouth with her hand.

"This simple hand," said Mr. Ingram, seizing it, "will soon bear a ring. Laurencine is engaged to be married."

"I'm not engaged, father!" She sat down again.

"Well, you are not, but you will be, I presume, by post-time to-night. A young

man of the name of Lucas has written to Laurencine this morning in a certain sense, and he has also written to me. Laurencine has seen my letter, and I've seen hers; but my envelope contained only one letter. Whether her envelope contained more than one, whether the epistle which I saw is written in the style usually practised by the present age, whether it was composed for the special purpose of being shown to me, I do not know, and discretion and nice, gentlemanly feeling forbid me to inquire. However—"

At this point, Laurencine snatched her father's napkin off his knees and put it on her own.

"However, my wife and I have met this Mr. Lucas, and as our opinion about him is not wholly unfavorable, the matter was satisfactorily and quickly arranged—even before I had had my bath. Laurencine and I will spend the afternoon in writing suitable communications to Mr. Lucas. I am ready to show her mine for a shilling, but I doubt if five pounds would procure me a sight of hers. Yet she is only an amateur writer, and I'm a professional."

There was a little silence, and then George said awkwardly:

"I congratulate old Lucas."

"This news must have astonished you extremely," observed Mr. Ingram. "It must have come as a complete surprise. In fact, you are doubtless in the condition known to charwomen as capable of being knocked down with a feather."

"Oh, quite!" George agreed.

Nevertheless, in spite of his light tone, he regretted the engagement. He did not think Lucas was worthy of the splendid girl. He felt sorry for her. At that moment she faced him bravely and smiled. Her face had a tremendous deep crimson flush. There was a woman somewhere in the girl! Strange phenomenon!

And another strange phenomenon—if Laurencine had been self-conscious, George also was self-conscious; and he avoided Lois's eyes! Why? He wondered whether the circumstances in which he had come to Paris and entered the Ingram home were as simple and ordinary as they superficially appeared.

"Laurencine," said her mother, "give your father back his serviette."

"Mine's fallen."

"Never mind, my dear," said Mr. Ingram very benevolently, and he bent down

and retrieved Laurencine's napkin, which he kept. "And now," he proceeded, "the serious operation being over and the patient out of danger, shall we talk about something else for a few moments?"

"I should think so, indeed!" Laurencine exclaimed, suddenly gay. "George, when shall you know about the competition?"

"Any minute, I might," said he.

They all talked sympathetically to George on the new subject.

After lunch Lois disappeared. She came back resplendent for the races, when coffee had long been finished in the drawing-room.

"Why aren't you ready, Laure?" she demanded.

"I'm not going, darling."

"Lois," Mr. Ingram exhorted, "don't forget the afternoon is to be spent in literary composition."

"It isn't," Laurencine contradicted. "I may as well tell you that I've written all I mean to write in the way of letters for one day. But I don't want to go, really, Lois darling."

"No, she wants to think," Mrs. Ingram explained.

Lois set her lips together, and then glimpsed herself in the large mirror over the anthracite stove. She looked too rich and complicated for that simple drawing-room.

A performance on a horn made itself heard in the street below.

"There he is!" said Laurencine.

She opened a window, ran out upon the balcony, and leaned over; then glanced within the room and nodded. George had assumed that Irene Wheeler was the author and hostess of the race-party, and he was not mistaken. Irene's automobile had been sent to embark him and the girls. Mrs. Ingram urged him to come again the next day, and he said ardently that he would. Mrs. Ingram's affair with him was progressing rapidly.

"But I hope you'll call me George, then," he added.

"I may," she said. "I may! I may go even further."

Lois and George descended the stairs in silence. He had not seen her, or written to her, since the night of the comedy, when he had so abruptly left the box. Once or twice at the Ingrams' he had fancied that she might be vexed with him for that unceremonious departure; but she was not. The frank sigh of relief which she gave on

reaching the foot of the interminable stairs, and her equally frank smile, had no reserve whatever.

The chauffeur's welcoming grin seemed to indicate that he was much attached to Miss Ingram. He touched his cap, bowed, and spoke to her at some length in French. Lois frowned.

"It seems Miss Wheeler doesn't feel equal to going out this afternoon," she translated to George. "But she insists that we shall use the car all the same."

"Is she ill?"

"She's lying down, trying to sleep."

"Well, then, I suppose we'd better use the car, hadn't we?"

"If you don't object, I don't," Lois said seriously.

XXXVII

At Longchamps the sun most candidly and lovingly blessed the elaborate desecration of the English Sabbath. The delicately ornamented grand stands, the flags, the swards, the terraces, the alleys, the booths, the notice-boards, the vast dappled sea of hats and faces in the distant cheaper parts of the Hippodrome were laved in the descending, caressing floods of voluptuous, warm sunshine. The air itself seemed luminous. The enchantment of the sun was irresistible; it stunned apprehensions and sad memories, obliterating for a moment all that was or might be unhappy in the past or in the future.

George yielded to it. He abandoned his preoccupations about the unsatisfactoriness of using somebody else's car in the absence of the owner, about Mr. and Mrs. Ingram's ignorance of the fact that their daughter had gone off alone with him, about Lois's perfect indifference to this fact, about the engagement of Laurencine to a man not her equal in worth, about the strange, uncomfortable effect of Laurencine's engagement upon his attitude toward Lois, and, finally and supremely, about the competition. He gave himself up to the bright warmth like an animal, and forgot. He became part of the marvelous and complicated splendor of the scene, took pride in it, and gradually passed from insular astonishment to a bland, calm acceptance of the miracles of sensuous beatitude which civilization had to offer.

After all, he was born to such experiences. They were his right, and he was equal to them. Nevertheless, his conviction of the

miraculous was not impaired. What was impaired was his conviction of his own culture. He was constantly thinking that he knew everything or could imagine everything, and constantly undergoing the shock of undeception; but the shock of the Long-champs Sunday was excessive.

He had quite failed to imagine the race-meeting. He had imagined an organism brilliant, perhaps, but barbaric and without form and style. He had imagined grotesque contrasts of squalor, rascality, and fashion. He had imagined an affair predominantly equine and masculine. The reality did not correspond; it transcended his imagination; it painfully demonstrated his jejune crudity. The Hippodrome was as formalized and stylistic as an Italian garden. The only contrasts were those of one elegance with another. Horses were not to be seen, except occasionally in the distance when under their riders they shot past some dark background, a flitting blur of primary colors, with a rumble of muffled thunder. Women, not men, predominated.

On entering the Hippodrome, George and Lois had met a group of fashionably attired women, and he had thought:

"There's a bunch of jolly well-dressed ones."

As the reserved precincts opened out before him, he saw none but fashionably attired women. They were there not in hundreds but in thousands. They sat in rows on the grand stands; they jostled each other on the staircases; they thronged the alleys and the swards. The men were negligible beside them. And they were not only fashionably attired—all their frocks and all their hats and all their parasols and all their boots were new, glittering, spick and span, complex, and expensive.

The conception of what those innumerable chromatic *toilettes* had cost in the toil, stitch by stitch, of malodorous workrooms and in the fatigue of pale, industrious creatures was really formidable. But it could not detract from the scenic triumph. The scenic triumph dazzlingly justified itself, and proved beyond any caviling that earth was a grand, intoxicating place, and Long-champs an unequalled paradise of the senses. Ah, these women were finished—finished to the least detail of coiffure, sunshade handle, hatpin, jewelry, hand-bag, boot-lace, glove, stocking, lingerie. Each was the product of many arts in coordination. Each was of great price. And there were thou-

sands of them. They were as cheap as periwinkles.

"This is Paris," George thought. "Seems to be a fine lot of new clothes knocking about," he said aloud.

For Lois his tone was evidently too impressed, not sufficiently casual. She replied, in her condescending manner, which he detested:

"My poor George, considering that this is the opening of the spring season, and the place where all the new spring fashions are tried out, what did you expect?"

The dolt had not known that he was assisting at a solemnity recognized as such by experts throughout the clothed world; but Lois knew all those things. She herself was trying out a new *toilette*, for which doubtless Irene Wheeler was partly sponsor. She could hold her own on the terraces with the rest. She was staggeringly different, now, from the daughter of the simple home in the Rue d'Athènes.

The eyes of the splendid women aroused George's antipathy, because he seemed to detect antipathy in them—not against himself, but against the male in him. These women, though by their glances they largely mistrusted and despised one another, had the air of having combined sexually against a whole sex. The situation was very contradictory. They had beautified and ornamented themselves in order to attract a whole sex, and yet they appeared to resent the necessity and instinct to attract. They submitted with a secret repugnance to the mysterious and supreme bond which kept the sexes inexorably together.

And while stooping to fascinate, while deliberately seeking attention, they still had the assured mien of conquerors. Their eyes said that they knew they were indispensable, that they had a transcendent rôle to play, that no concealed baseness of the inimical sex was hidden from them, and that they meant to exploit their position to the full.

These Latin women exhibited a logic, an elegance, and a frankness beyond the reach of the Anglo-Saxon. Their eyes said not that they had been disillusioned, but rather that they had never had illusions. They admitted the facts; they admitted everything—economic dependence, chicane, the intention to seize every advantage, ruthless egotism. They had no shame for a depravity which they shared equally with the inescapable and cherished enemy. And it

was the youngest who, beneath the languishing and the softness and the invitation deceitful and irresistible, gazed out most triumphantly to the enemy:

"You are the victims—we have tried our strength and your infirmity."

They were heroic. There was a feeling in the bright air of melancholy and doom as the two hostile forces, inseparable, inextricably involved together, surveyed the opponent in the everlasting conflict. George felt its influence upon himself, upon Lois, upon the whole scene. The eyes of the most feminine women in the world, denying their smiles and their lure, had discovered to him something which marked a definite change in his philosophy of certain ultimate earthly values.

"Perhaps a telegram is waiting for you at the hotel," Lois said.

"Well, I can wait till I get back," he replied stoutly.

He thought, looking at her by his side:

"She is just like these Frenchwomen!"

And for some reason he felt proud.

"You needn't," said Lois. "We can telephone from under the grand stand if you like."

"But I don't know the number."

"We can get that out of the book, of course."

"I don't reckon I can use these French telephones."

"My poor boy, I'll telephone for you—unless you prefer not to risk knowing the worst."

Yes, her tone was the tone of a strange woman. It was she who thirsted for the result of the competition.

Controlling himself, submissively he asked her to telephone for him, and she agreed in a delightfully agreeable voice. She seemed to know the entire geography of the Hippodrome. She secured a telephone-cabin in a very businesslike manner. As she entered the cabin she said to George:

"I'll ask them if a telegram has come, and if it has I'll ask them to open it and read it to me—or spell it, as of course it'll be in English—eh?"

Through the half-open door of the cabin he watched her and listened. She rapidly turned over the foul and torn pages of the telephone-book with her thumb. She spoke into the instrument very clearly, curtly, and authoritatively. George could translate in his mind what she said—his great resolve to learn French had carried him so far.

"On the part of M. Cannon, one of your clients—M. Cannon, of London. Has there arrived a telegram for him?"

She waited. The squalor of the public box increased the effect of her young and proud stylishness and of her perfume. George waited, humbled by her superior skill in the arts of life, and saying anxiously to himself:

"Perhaps in a moment I shall know the result."

She hung up the instrument, and with a glance at George shook her head.

"There isn't anything," she murmured.

"It's very queer, isn't it?" he said.

"However—"

As they emerged from the arena of the grand stand, Lois was stopped by a tall, rather handsome Jew, who, saluting her with what George esteemed to be French exaggeration of gesture, nevertheless addressed her in a confidential tone in English. George, having with British restraint acknowledged the salute, stood aside and gazed discreetly away from the pair. He could not hear what was being said.

After several minutes Lois rejoined George, and they went back into the crowds and the sun. She did not speak. She did not utter one word. Only, when the numbers went up for a race, she remarked:

"This is the Prix du Cadran. It's the principal race of the afternoon."

When that was over, amid cheering that ran about the field like fire through dried bush, she added:

"I think I ought to go back now. I told the chauffeur to be here after the Prix du Cadran. What time is it exactly?"

They sat side by side in the long, open car, facing the chauffeur's creaseless back. After passing the cascade, the car swerved into the Allée de Longchamps, which led in an absolutely straight line two miles long to the Port Maillot and the city.

Spring decorated the magnificent wooded thoroughfare. The side alleys, aisles of an interminable nave, were sprinkled with revelers and lovers and the most respectable families half hidden amid black branches and gleams of tender green. Automobiles and carriages threaded the main alley at varying speeds. The number of ancient horse-cabs gradually increased until, after the intersection of the Allée de la Reine Marguerite, they thronged the vast road. All the humble and shabby-genteel people in Paris who could possibly afford a cab

seemed to have taken a cab. Nearly every cab was overloaded.

The sight of this vast, pathetic effort of the disinherited toward gaiety and distraction and the mood of spring intensified the vague sadness in George due to the race crowd, Lois's silence, and the lack of news about the competition.

At length Lois said, scowling—no doubt involuntarily:

"I think I'd better tell you now. Irene Wheeler has committed suicide. She shot herself."

She pressed her lips together and looked at the road. George gave a startled exclamation. He could not for an instant credit the astounding news.

"But how do you know? Who told you?"

"The man who spoke to me in the grand stand. He's correspondent of the *London Courier*—friend of father's, of course."

"Then why on earth didn't you tell me before?" George protested. "Shot herself? What for?"

"I didn't tell you before because I couldn't."

All the violence of George's nature came to the surface as he said brutally:

"Of course you could!"

"I tell you I couldn't!" she cried. "I knew the car wouldn't be there for us until after the *Prix du Cadran*; and if I'd told you I couldn't have borne to be walking about that place three-quarters of an hour. We should have had to talk about it. I couldn't have borne that. And so you needn't be cross, please."

But her voice did not break, nor her eyes shine.

"I was wondering whether I should tell the chauffeur at once, or let him find it out."

"I should let him find it out," said George. "He doesn't know that you know. Besides, it might upset his driving."

"Oh, I shouldn't mind about his driving," Lois murmured disdainfully.

XXXVIII

WHEN the uniformed chauffeur drove the car with a grand sweep under the marquise of the ostentatious pale-yellow block in the Avenue Hoche where Irene Wheeler had had her flat, Mr. Ingram and a police-agent were standing on the steps, but nobody else was near.

Little Mr. Ingram came forward anx-

iously, his eyes humid and his face drawn with pain and distress.

"We know," said Lois. "I met Mr. Cardow at Longchamps. He knew."

Mr. Ingram's pain and distress seemed to increase. He said, after a moment:

"Alfred will drive you home, dear, at once. *Alfred, vous seriez gentil de reconduire mademoiselle à la rue d'Athènes.*" He had the air of supplicating the amiable chauffeur. "Mr. Cannon, I particularly want a few words with you."

"But, father, I must come in!" said Lois. "I must—"

"You will go home immediately. Please, please do not add to my difficulties. I shall come home myself as quickly as possible. You can do nothing here. The seals have been affixed."

Lois raised her chin in silence.

Then Mr. Ingram turned to the police-agent, spoke to him in French, and pointed to the car persuasively; and the police-agent permissively nodded. The chauffeur, with an affectation of detachment worthy of the greatest days of valetry, drove off, leaving George behind. Mr. Ingram descended the steps.

"I think perhaps we might go to a café," said he in a tone which dispersed George's fear of a discussion as to the propriety of the unchaperoned visit to the races.

They sat down on the *terrasse* of a large café near the Place des Ternes, a few hundred yards away from the Avenue Hoche. The café was nearly empty, citizens being either in the Bois or on the main boulevards. Mr. Ingram sadly ordered *bocks*. The waiter, flapping his long apron, called out in a loud voice as he went within:

"*Deux blonds, deux!*"

George supplied cigarettes.

"Mr. Cannon," began Mr. Ingram, "it is advisable for me to tell you a most marvelous and painful story. I have only just heard it. It has overwhelmed me, but I must do my duty." He paused.

"Certainly," said George, self-consciously, not knowing what to say.

He nearly blushed as, in an attempt to seem at ease, he gazed negligently round at the rows of chairs and marble tables, and at the sparse traffic of the somnolent street.

"When I first knew Irene Wheeler," Mr. Ingram proceeded, "she was an art student here. So was I; but I was already married, of course, and older than she. Exactly what her age was I should not care to say. I

can, however, say quite truthfully that her appearance has scarcely altered in those nineteen years. She always affirmed that her relatives, in Indianapolis, were wealthy—or at least had money—but that they were very mean with her. She lived in the simplest way. As for me, I had to give up art for something less capricious, but capricious enough in all conscience. Miss Wheeler went to America and was away for some time—a year or two. When she came back to Paris, she told us that she had made peace with her people at home, and that her uncle, whom for present purposes I will call Mr. X, a very celebrated railway magnate in Indianapolis, had adopted her. Her new manner of life amply confirmed these statements."

"*Deux bocks!*" cried the waiter, slapping down on the table two saucers and two stout glass mugs filled with frothing golden liquid.

George, unaccustomed to the ritual of cafés, began at once to sip, but Mr. Ingram, aware that the true *boulevardier* always ignores his *bock* for several minutes, behaved accordingly.

"She was evidently extremely rich. I have had some experience, and I estimate that she had the handling of at least half a million francs a year. She seemed to be absolutely her own mistress. You have had an opportunity of judging her style of existence. However, her attitude toward ourselves was entirely unchanged. She remained intimate with my wife, who I may say is an excellent judge of character, and she was exceedingly kind to our girls, especially Lois—but Laurencine, too. As they grew up, she treated them like sisters. Now, Mr. Cannon, I shall be perfectly frank with you. I shall not pretend that I was not rather useful to Miss Wheeler—I mean in the press. She had social ambitions. And why not? One may condescend toward them, but do they not serve a purpose in the structure of society? Of course, rich as she was, it was easy for me to be useful to her. And at worst her pleasure in publicity was quite innocent. Indeed, it was so innocent as to be charming. Naive, shall we call it?"

Here Mr. Ingram smiled rather sadly, tasted his *bock*, and threw away the end of a cigarette.

"Well," he resumed, "I am coming to the point. This is the point, which I have learned scarcely an hour ago—I was called

up on the telephone immediately after you and Lois had gone. This is the point. Mr. X was not poor Irene's uncle, and he had not adopted her; but it was his money that she was spending." Mr. Ingram gazed fixedly at George.

"I see," said George calmly, rising to the rôle of man of the world. "I see." He had strange, mixed sensations of pleasure, pride, and confusion. "And you've just found this out?"

"I have just found it out from Mr. X himself, whom I met for the first time today, in poor Irene's flat. I never assisted at such a scene. Never! It positively unnerved me. Mr. X is a man of fifty-five, fabulously wealthy, used to command, autocratic, famous in all the stock-exchanges of the world. When I tell you that he cried like a child—oh, I never had such an experience! His infatuation for Irene—indescribable! Indescribable! She had made her own terms with him. He told me himself. Astounding terms, but for him it was those terms or nothing. He accepted them—had to. She was to be quite free. The most absolute discretion was to be observed. He came to Paris or London every year, and sometimes she went to America. She utterly refused to live in America."

"Why didn't she marry him?"

"He has a wife. I have no doubt in my own mind that one of his reasons for accepting her extraordinary terms was to keep in close touch with her at all costs, in case his wife should die. Otherwise he might have lost her altogether. He told me many things about poor Irene's family in Indianapolis which I will not repeat. It was true that they had money, as Irene said; but as for anything else! The real name was not Wheeler."

"Has he been over here long?"

"He landed at Cherbourg last night. Just arrived."

"And she killed herself at once?"

"Whether the deed was done immediately before or immediately after his arrival is not yet established. And I need hardly tell you that Mr. X has already fixed up arrangements not to appear in the case at all. But one thing is sure—she had made all the preparations for suicide, made them with the greatest care. The girls saw her yesterday, and both Lois and I spoke to her on the telephone this morning. Not a trace of anything in her voice. I assume she had given a message for Lois to the chauffeur."

"Yes," said George. "We never dreamed—"

"Of course not. Of course not!"

"But why did she—"

"Another man, my dear sir! Another man! It was a young man named Jules Defourcambault, in the French Embassy in London."

"Oh, him!" George burst out. "I know him," he added fiercely.

"You do? Yes, I remember Laurencine saying so. Poor Irene, I fear, was very deeply in love with him. She had written to Mr. X about Defourcambault. He showed me the letter—most touching, really most touching. His answer to it was to come to Europe at once; but poor Irene's death had nothing to do with his coming. She did not know he was coming. She shot herself as she lay in bed, and on the pillow was a letter from this man Defourcambault—well, saying good-by to her. I saw the letter. Not a letter that I should wish to remember. Perhaps she had told him something of her life. I much fear that Defourcambault will be fetched from London, though I hope not. There would be no object. No, thank you—I will not smoke again. I only wanted to say this to you. All Paris knows that my daughters were intimate with poor Irene. Now, if anything comes out, if anything *should* come out, if there's any talk—you see my fear. I wish to assure you, Mr. Cannon, that I had not the slightest suspicion, not the slightest. And yet we journalists cannot exactly be called ingenuous! But I had not the slightest suspicion, nor had my wife. You know the situation between Laurencine and your friend Lucas. You and he are very intimate, I believe. May I count on you to explain everything from my point of view to Mr. Lucas? I could not bear that the least cloud should rest upon my little Laurencine."

"You needn't trouble about Lucas," said George positively. "Lucas will be all right. Still, I'll talk to him."

"Thank you very much. Thank you very much. I knew I could rely on you. I've kept you a long time, but I'm sure you understand. I'm thinking only of my girls. Not for anything would I have them know the truth about the affair."

"But aren't they bound to know it?" George asked.

Mr. Ingram was wounded.

"I hope not. I hope not," he said

gravely. "It is not right that young girls should know such things."

"But surely, sooner or later—"

"Ah, after they are married, conceivably. That would be quite different," he admitted with cheerfulness. "And now," he smiled, "I'm afraid I've got to go and write the case up for London. I can catch the mail, I think. If not, I must cable. But of course they hate to have me cable when it is possible to catch the mail. Can I drop you anywhere?"

Simultaneously he signaled to a taxi and knocked on the window for the attendance of the waiter.

"Thanks. If you're going anywhere near the Place de l'Opéra," said George.

He was excited, rather than saddened, by the tragic event. He was indeed very much excited; and he had a deep satisfaction, because it seemed to him that he had at last been truly admitted into the great secret fellowship of adult males. The initiation flattered his pride.

He left Mr. Ingram at the door of an English newspaper-office in the Boulevard des Italiens, and, after vainly asking for telegrams at the hotel, walked away, aimlessly at first, along broad pavements encumbered with the chairs and tables of vast, crowded cafés, and with bright Sunday idlers and sinister street-vendors. But in a moment he had decided that he must and ought to pay a call in the Rue d'Athènes.

Mr. Ingram had said nothing about his seeing Lois again, had not referred to Mrs. Ingram's invitation to repeat his visit, might even vaguely object to an immediate interview between him and Lois. Yet he could not, as a man of the world, abandon Lois so unceremoniously. He owed something to Lois and he owed something to himself. And he was a free adult. The call was natural and necessary, and if Mr. Ingram did not like it he must, in the Five Towns phrase, lump it.

George set off to find the Rue d'Athènes unguided. It was pleasurable to think that there was a private abode in the city of cafés, hotels, and museums to which he had the social right of entry.

The watching *concierge* of the house nodded to him politely as he began to mount the stairs. The Ingrams' servant smiled upon him as upon an old and familiarly respected friend.

"Mlle. Lois?" he said with directness.

The slatternly, benevolent girl widened her mouth still further in a smile still more cordial, and led him to the drawing-room. As she did so, she picked up a newspaper packet that lay on a table in the tiny hall, and, without putting it on a salver, deposited it in front of Lois, who was alone in the drawing-room. George wondered what Lois would have thought of such an outrage upon established ritual had it happened to her in the home of Irene Wheeler instead of in her own; and then the imagined vision of Irene lying dead in the sumptuous home in the Avenue Hoche seemed to render all established ritual absurd.

"So you've come!" exclaimed Lois harshly. "Mother's quite knocked over, and Laurencine's looking after her. All the usual *eau de Cologne* business. And I should say father's not much better. My poor parents! What did dad want you for?"

The servant had closed the door. Lois had got up from her chair and was walking about the room, pulling aside a curtain and looking out, tapping the mantelpiece with her hand, tapping the base of the stove with her feet. George had the sensation of being locked in a cage with a mysterious, incalculable, and powerful animal. He was fascinated.

"I wanted to see her alone, and I am seeing her alone," he thought.

"Well?" she insisted. "What did dad want you for?"

"Oh, he told me a few things about Miss Wheeler."

"I suppose he told you about Jules, and I suppose he told you I wasn't to know on any account. Poor old dad! Instead of feeling he's my father, d'you know what I feel? I feel as if I was his mother. He's so clever; he's frightfully clever; but he was never meant for this world. He's just a beautiful child. How in Heaven's name could he think that a girl like me could be intimate with Irene, and not know about the things that were in her mind? How could he? Why, I've talked for hours with Irene about Jules! She'd much sooner talk with me even than with mother. She's cried in front of me. But I never cried. I always told her she was making a mistake about Jules. I detested the little worm, but she couldn't see it. She'd have quarreled with me, if I'd let her quarrel. However, I wouldn't let her. Fancy quarreling—over a man! She couldn't help being mad over

Jules. I told her she couldn't—that was why I bore with her. I always told her he was only playing with her. The one thing that I didn't tell her was that she was too old for him. She really believed she never got any older. When I say too old for him, I mean for her sake, not for his. He didn't think she was too old. He couldn't—with that complexion of hers. I never envied her anything else except her complexion and her money. But he wouldn't marry an American. His people wouldn't let him. He's got to marry into a family like his own, and there are only about ten for him to choose from. I know she wrote to him on Thursday. She must have had the answer this morning. Of course she had a revolver. I've got one myself. She went to bed and did it. She used to say to me that if ever she did it, that was how she would do it. And father tells me not to add to his difficulties! Don't you think it's comic? But she never told me everything. I knew that. I accused her of it. She admitted it. However—"

Lois spoke in a low, regular murmur, experimentally aware that privacy in a Paris flat is relative. There were four doors in the walls of the drawing-room, and a bedroom on either side. At moments George could scarcely catch her words. He had never heard her say so much at once, for she was taciturn by habit, even awkward in conversation. She glowered at him darkly. The idea flashed through his mind:

"There can't be another girl like her. She's unique."

He almost trembled at the revelation. He was afraid, and yet courageous, challenging, combative. She had grandeur. It might be moral, or not; but it was grandeur. And—that touch about the complexion!—she could remember her freckles!

She might, in her hard egotism, in the rushing impulses of her appetites—she might be an enemy, an enemy to close with whom would be terrible rapture; and the war of the sexes was a sublime war, infinitely superior in emotions to tame peace. And yet had she not been certified an angel? Had he not himself seen the angel in her?

She dwarfed her father and mother. The conception, especially, of Mr. Ingram at lunch, deliciously playful and dominating, and now with the adroit wit crushed out of him and only a naive sentimentality left, was comic, as she had ruthlessly characterized it. She alone towered formidably

over the devastated ruins of Irene's earthly splendor.

He said nothing.

She rang the bell by the mantelpiece. He heard it ring. No answer. She rang again.

"*Arrivez donc, jeune fille!*" she exclaimed impatiently.

The servant came.

"*Apportez du thé, Séraphine.*"

"*Oui, mademoiselle.*"

Then Lois lounged toward the table and tore the wrapper of the newspaper. George was still standing.

"He's probably got something in about her this week—about her *soirée* last Tuesday. We weren't invited. Of course he went."

George saw the name of the *Sunday Journal*. The paper had come by the afternoon mail, and had been delivered, according to weekly custom, by messenger from Mr. Ingram's office. Lois's tone and attitude tore fatally the whole factitious "Parisian" tradition, as her hand had torn the wrapper.

"See here," she said quietly, after a few seconds, and gave him the newspaper with her thumb indicating a paragraph.

He could hardly read the heading, because it unnerved him; nor the opening lines. But he read this:

The following six architects have been selected by the assessors and will be immediately requested by the corporation to submit final designs for the town hall: Mr. Whinburn, Mr. —, Mr. —, Mr. George E. Cannon—

"What did I always tell you?" she said. "Your telegram must have been addressed wrong or something."

He sat down. Once again he was afraid. He was afraid of winning in the final competition. A vista of mayors, corporations, town clerks, committees, contractors, clerks-of-works, frightened him. He was afraid of his immaturity, of his inexperience. He could not carry out the enterprise; he would reap only ignominy. His greatest desire had been granted. He had expected, in the event, to be wildly happy; but he was not happy.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he exclaimed.

Lois, who had resumed the newspaper, read out:

In accordance with the conditions of the competition, each of the above-named will receive an honorarium of one hundred guineas.

She looked at him.

"You'll get that town hall to do," she said positively. "You're bound to get it. You'll see!"

Her incomprehensible but convincing faith passed mysteriously into him. A holy dew relieved him. He began to feel happy.

Lois glanced again at the paper, which with arms outstretched she held in front of her like a man—like the men at Pickering's. Suddenly it fell rustling to the floor, and she burst into tears.

"The last thing she did was for my pleasure—sending the car," she murmured indistinctly.

George jumped up, animated by an inexpressible tenderness for her. She had weakened. He moved toward her. He did not consider what he was doing; he had naught to say; but his instinctive arms were about to clasp her. He was unimaginably disturbed.

She straightened and stiffened in a second.

"But of course you've not got it yet," she said harshly, with apparent irrelevance.

Séraphine entered bouncingly with the tea. Lois regarded the tray, and remarked the absence of the strainer.

"*Et la passoire?*" she demanded with implacable sternness.

Séraphine replied with a careless, apologetic gesture.

XXXIX

It was late in September, when most people had returned to London after the holidays. John Orgreave mounted to the upper floor of the house in Russell Square where George had his office. Underneath George's name on the door had been newly painted the word "Inquiries," and on another door, opposite, the word "Private." John Orgreave knocked with exaggerated noise at this second door and went into what was now George's private room.

"I suppose one ought to knock," he said in his hearty voice.

"Hello, Mr. Orgreave!" George exclaimed, jumping up.

"If the mountain doesn't come to Mohammed, Mohammed must come to the mountain," said John Orgreave.

"Come in," said George.

He noticed, and ignored, the touch of sarcasm in John Orgreave's attitude. He had noticed a similar phenomenon in the attitude of various people within the last four days, since architectural circles and

even the world in general had begun to resound with the echoing news that the competition for the northern town hall had been won by a youth not twenty-three years of age. Mr. Enwright had been almost cross, asserting that the victory was perhaps a fluke, as the design of another competitor was in reality superior to George's.

"You'll soon cut me now," Mr. Enwright had said in his crabbed way, and, George protesting, had gone on: "Oh, yes, you will. I've been through this sort of thing before. I know what I'm talking about. You're no different from the rest."

Whereupon George, impatient and genuinely annoyed, had retorted upon him quite curtly, and had remembered what many persons had said about Mr. Enwright's wrong-headed, jealous sensitiveness—animadversions which he, as a worshiper of Mr. Enwright, had been accustomed to rebut.

Further, Lucas himself had not erred by the extravagance of his enthusiasm for George's earth-shaking success. For example, Lucas had said:

"Don't go and get above yourself, old chap. They may decide not to build it after all. You never know with these corporations."

It was a remark extremely undeserved, for George considered that the modesty and simplicity of his own demeanor under the stress of an inordinate triumph were rather notable. Still, he had his dignity to maintain against the satiric Lucas, and his position was such that he could well afford to maintain it.

Anyhow, he preferred the sardonic bearing of his professional intimates to the sycophancy of certain acquaintances and of eager snobs unknown to him. Among sundry telegrams received was one composed regardless of cost and signed Turnbull. He could not discover who Turnbull might be until John Orgreave had reminded him of the wigged, brown, conversational gentleman whom he had met, on one occasion only, at Adela's. In addition to telegrams, he had had letters, some of which contained requests for money—demanded even as a right by the unlucky from the lucky—and an assortment of charity circulars, money-lenders' circulars, and bucket-shop lures.

His mother's great, sprawling letter had pleased him better than any save one. The exception was his stepfather's. Edwin Clayhanger, duly passing on to the next

generation the benevolent Midland gibe which he had inherited, wrote:

DEAR GEORGE:

It's better than a bat in the eye with a burnt stick.

Yours affectionately,

NUNKS.

As a boy George had at one period called his stepfather "Nunks," but he had not used the appellation for years. He was touched now.

The newspapers had been hot after him, and he knew not how to defend himself. His photograph was implored. He was waylaid by journalists shabby and by journalists spruce, and the resulting interviews made him squirm. He became a man of mark at Pickering's. Photographers entreated him to sit free of charge.

What irritated him in the whole vast affair was the continual insistence upon his lack of years. Nobody seemed to be interested in his design for the town hall; everybody had the air of regarding him as a youthful prodigy, a performing animal. Personally he did not consider that he was so very young. Nevertheless, he did consider that he was a youthful prodigy. He could recall no architect in history who had done what he had done at his age.

The town clerk who traveled from the north to see him treated his age in a different manner—the patronizing. George did not care for the town clerk.

However, the town clerk was atoned for by the chairman of the committee, a true human being named Souther, with a terrific accent and a taste for architecture, pictures, and music. Mr. Souther, though at least forty-five, treated George, without any appearance of effort, as a coeval. George immediately liked him, and the mere existence of Mr. Souther had the effect of dissipating nearly all George's horrible qualms and apprehensions about his own competence to face the overwhelming job of erection. Mr. Souther was most soothing in the matter of specifications and contractors.

"So you've got into your new room," said John Orgreave.

Never before had he mounted to see George, either in the new room or in the old room. The simple fact of the presence there of one of the partners in the historic firm below compensated for much teasing sarcasm and half-veiled jealousy. It was a sign. It was a seal authenticating renown.

"Yes."

"I only wanted to give you a message from Adela. The Ingram young woman is staying with us—"

"Lois?" The name shot out of him unbidden.

"Yes. You're humbly supplicated to go to tea to-day. Four o'clock. Thank Heaven I've not forgotten it!"

George arrived fifty-five minutes late at Bedford Park. Throughout the journey thither he kept repeating:

"She said I should do it. And I've done it! I've done it! I've done it!" The triumph was still so close behind him that he was constantly realizing it afresh, and saying, wonder-struck: "I've done it."

The miraculous fantasm of the town hall, uplifted in solid stone, formed itself again and again in his enchanted mind, against a background of tremendous new ambitions rising endlessly one behind another like snowy Alps.

"Tell me, is this what you call four o'clock?" twittered Adela, between cajolery and protest.

Mrs. John Orgreave was somewhat older and facially more artificial, but eternally blond. She still held her fair head on one side and sinuously waved a palm.

"Sorry! Sorry! I was kept at the last moment by a journalist johnny."

"Oh, of course!" said Adela, pooh-poohing with her lips. "Of course we expect that story nowadays!"

"Well, it was a chap from the *Builder*, or I wouldn't have seen him. Can't trifle with a trade paper, you know."

George thought:

"She's like the rest of them, as jealous as the devil."

Then Lois came into the room, hatted and gloved, in half-mourning. She was pale, and appreciably thinner; she looked nervous, weak, and weary. As he shook hands with her he felt very self-conscious, as if in winning the competition and fulfilling her prophecy he had done something dubious for which he ought to apologize. This was exceedingly strange, but it was so.

Lois had been ill after the death of Irene Wheeler. Having left Paris for London on the day following the races, he had written to her, about nothing in particular, a letter which meant everything but what it said—and had received an answer from Laurencine, who announced that her sister was in bed, and that her father and mother wished to be remembered to him.

Then he wrote to Laurencine. When the result of the final competition was published he had written again to Lois. It seemed to him that he was bound to do so, for had she not willed and decided his victory? No reply; but there had scarcely been time for a reply.

"Did you get my letter?" he smiled.

"This afternoon," she said gravely. "It followed me here. Now I have to go to Irene's flat. I should have been gone in another minute."

"She *will* go alone," Adela put in.

"I shall be back for dinner," said Lois, and to the stupefaction of George she moved toward the door.

But just as she opened the door, she turned her head and, looking at George with a frown, murmured:

"You can come with me if you like."

"He hasn't had any tea!" Adela burst out.

"I'm not urging him to come, my dear. Good-by."

Adela and George exchanged a glance, each signaling to the other that perhaps this sick, strange girl ought to be humored. He abandoned the tea.

He was in the street with Lois. He was in the train with her. Her ticket was in his pocket. He had explained to her why he was late, and she had smiled, amiably but enigmatically.

"She's no right to go on like this," he thought. "But what does it matter?"

She said nothing about the competition—not a word of congratulation. Indeed, she hardly spoke, beyond telling him that she had to choose some object at the flat.

He was aware of the principal terms of Irene's will, which had caused the last flutter of excitement before oblivion so quickly descended upon the notoriety of the social star. Irene's renown had survived her complexion by only a few short weeks. The will was of a rather romantic nature. Nobody familiar with the intimate circumstances would have been surprised if Irene had divided her fortune between Lois and Laurencine. The bulk of it, however, went back to Indianapolis. The gross total fell far short of popular estimates. Lois and Laurencine received five thousand pounds apiece, and in addition each was requested to select an object from Irene's belongings—Lois out of the London flat, Laurencine out of the Paris flat. Lois had come to London to choose, and she was staying with

Adela, the sole chaperon available. Since the death of Irene, Mrs. Ingram had been excessively strict in the matter of chaperons.

They took a hansom at Victoria. Across the great square, whose leaves were just yellowing, George saw the huge block of flats, and in one story all the blinds were down. Lois marched first into the lift, masterfully, as if she inhabited the block. She asked no one's permission. Characteristically, she had an order from the solicitors, and the keys of the flat.

She opened the door without any trouble. They were inside, within the pale-sheeted interior. Scarcely a thing had yet been moved, for, with the formalities of the judicatures of France, England, and the State of Indiana to be complied with, events marched slowly, under the sticky manipulation of three different legal firms.

Lois and George walked cautiously across the dusty, dulled parquets into the vast drawing-room. George doffed his hat.

"I'd better draw the blinds up," he suggested.

"No, no!" she sharply commanded. "I can see quite well. I don't want any more light."

There was the piano upon which Laurencine had played! The embrasure of the window! The corner in which Irene had sat spellbound by Jules Defourcambault! The portraits of Irene, at least one of which would perpetuate her name! The glazed cases full of her collections!

The chief pieces of furniture and all the chairs were draped in the pale, ghostly sheeting. Suddenly Lois, rushing to the mantelpiece, cried:

"This is what I shall take."

It was a large photograph of Jules Defourcambault, bearing the words:

A Miss Irene Wheeler. Hommages respectueux de J. D. F.

"You won't!" he exclaimed, incredulous, shocked. "She is mad!" he thought.

"Yes, I shall."

There were hundreds of beautiful objects in the place, and she chose a banal photograph of a despicable creature whom she detested.

"Why don't you take one of *her* portraits? Or even a fan? What on earth do you want with a thing like that?" His voice was changing.

"I shall take it and keep it forever. He

was the cause of it all. This photograph was everything to her once."

George revolted utterly, and said with cold, harsh displeasure:

"You're simply being morbid. There's no sense in it."

She dropped down into a chair, and the impress of her body dragged the dust-sheet from its gilt arms, exposing them. She put her face in her hands and sobbed.

"You're awfully cruel!" she murmured thickly.

The sobs continued, shaking her body. She was beautifully dressed. Her shoes were adorable, and the semitransparent hose over her fine ankles. She made a most disturbing, an unbearable figure of compassion. She needed wisdom, protection, guidance, strength. Every bit of her seemed to appeal for these qualities; but at the same time she dismayed.

George moved nearer to her. Yes, she had grandeur. All the costly and valuable objects in the drawing-room she had rejected in favor of the satisfaction of a morbid and terrible whim. Who could have foreseen it?

He moved still nearer. He stood over her. He seized her yielding wrists. He lifted her veil. Tears were running down her cheeks from the yellow eyes. She looked at him through her tears.

"You're frightfully cruel," she feebly repeated.

"And what if I am?" he said solemnly.

Did she really think him hard, had she always thought him hard—she, the hard one? How strange! Yet no doubt he was hard.

"She had faith in me," was his paramount idea.

It was as if her faith had created the man he was. She was passionately ambitious; so was he. And when he kissed her wet mouth, and stroked with incredible delicacy those streaming cheeks, he felt himself full of foreboding; but he was proud and confident.

He took her back to Bedford Park. She carried the photograph unwrapped; but he ventured no comment. She went straight up to her room.

"You must tell Mrs. Orgreave," she said on the stairs.

Adela made a strange remark:

"Oh, but we always intended you to marry Lois!"

(To be continued in the September number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)



NORMA TALMADGE, STAR IN SELECT PICTURES—HER MOST RECENT SUCCESSES ARE "DE LUXE ANNIE" AND "THE SAFETY CURTAIN"

From a photograph by Charlotte Fairchild, New York

THE STAGE

CONCLUDING THE REVIEW OF LAST SEASON'S ACTIVITIES, AND CHRONICLING THE ADVENT OF THE SUMMER SHOWS ON BROADWAY

By Lawrence Reamer

THE end of the theater's annual catalogue is luckily not tinged with that suggestion of melancholy likely to reside in the closing of any period of pleasure. The managers see to that. In the keen struggle to give the public what it

wants, the last of the serious plays has not been seen before the sounds of the summer gaiety are heard. They make a kind of music designed to lure man into the playhouse when he might, in accordance with natural conditions, be expected to enjoy

EDITORIAL NOTE—Owing to Mr. White's illness, our Stage Department is supplied this month by Mr. Reamer, dramatic editor of the New York Sun.



IRENE CASTLE, THE CELEBRATED DANCER, WHO HAS VOLUNTEERED TO GO TO FRANCE TO TAKE PART IN VAUDEVILLE ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE SOLDIERS OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



ROSHANARA, WHO MAKES HER INDIAN DANCES A FEATURE OF "SINBAD," IN WHICH AL JOLSON
WAS SEEN SO SUCCESSFULLY AT THE WINTER GARDEN

From a photograph by Abbe, New York



TERESA VALERIO, TO APPEAR IN BOSTON AND CHICAGO
WITH FRED STONE IN "JACK O' LANTERN"

From a photograph by Geisler & Andrews, New York

himself better in the street, or at least out of doors. But the long slide of the jazz band, the syncopation of the songs and dances—these are the accompaniments of fun and beauty that mark the beginning of summer in the playhouse. So the muse of the serious drama slams shut the door of her temple and in patience awaits the return of the playgoer's thoughts to her works. The theater year thus ends in merriment—or at least it should, if it would correspond to the intentions of the managers.

There were some spring-tide dramas, however, without the aid of music or the dance. One of them ended the long engagement of Ethel Barrymore at the Empire Theater. This popular actress had almost as much cause for satisfaction as Laurette Taylor, since both were sufficiently in demand to remain throughout the season before the New York public. Miss Barrymore, to be sure, did not appear at the Empire until Christmas. Then her touching performance of some of the scenes in the new version of Alexandre Dumas's historic "Lady of the Camellias" began an engagement of several months, which ended in spring-time comedy. Indeed, "Belinda" was very light comedy. When Irene Vanbrugh played the piece in London, A. A. Milne called it "an April folly." But follies of all kinds on the American stage belong to Mr. Ziegfeld; so there was no such description on the program at the Empire.

Mr. Milne, who had written but one previous play, was in the audience that witnessed the first performance of "Belinda" in this country. He is an admired London humorist attached to various journals of his own land. Inevitably his fun was rather verbal than otherwise, and just as much was its decline in point and effectiveness to be expected during the progress of the three short acts.

Although the author had little



A. H. VAN BUREN AND KATHERINE KÆLRÆD, WHO WERE IN "THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME" DURING ITS LONG RUN AT THE FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATER

From a photograph by White, New York

story to tell, he posed Miss Barrymore most charmingly between two suitors who were determined to win the hand of this irresistible widow. She, however, was not at all the sort of widow they thought. Her long estrangement from her husband was founded on nothing more irreconcilable than her rooted objection to the way he cut his beard. On his part, he could not for the life of him abide the manner in which she would wear her hair.

During the long separation, their daughter had grown to young womanhood in a Paris school. The girl came back to find the fascinating *Belinda* still listening to the declarations of her lovers, who in the final adjustment of her emotions were a young poet and a middle-aged statistician. As a matter of course, when the husband of her youth turned up, the lady gave up both of them for him. One of her admirers—the poet, naturally—consoled himself with the

daughter, who had been posing as a niece, while there was nothing left for the other suitor but to resume his professional search for statistics on all kinds of uninteresting subjects. It was the happiness of *Belinda*, however, which was the single concern of all who witnessed Miss Barrymore's delightful performance.

Her playing was high comedy of a brilliant kind, overflowing with vitality and humor, and always held in check by the direction of a sound and discerning artistic method. Fascinating as Miss Barrymore made this frivolous heroine—for she was undeniably frivolous, alluring as she may have been in every way—she attempted nothing that lay in the least outside the gamut of her talents, or that was unsuited to her physical powers of expression.

Miss Barrymore is just now in the golden zenith of her talents. Like her brother Lionel, and, for that matter, her brother John,



CONSTANCE TALMADGE, OF SELECT PICTURES, ONE OF THE YOUNGEST OF THE STELLAR LIGHTS—HER LATEST PICTURES ARE "THE LESSON" AND "GOOD NIGHT, PAUL"

From a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York

she has fulfilled every promise of her youth. She made "Belinda" worth while, even if the foolish lovers, the husband who could not recognize the wife he had left eighteen years before, and the masking daughter, seemed to render the whole play like a middle-aged fairy story.

HENRY MILLER AND BILLIE BURKE

Henry Miller earned the gratitude of New York theatergoers when he dedicated the beautiful playhouse which bears his name. He did not, however, gain their literary respect by his selection of a play for this important occasion. It was his desire to show his theater to a larger public than could ever be persuaded to sit through Louis Shipman's "The Fountain of Youth." He thought of Alexandre Dumas's famous old comedy, "A Marriage under Louis XV," which Sydney Grundy made popular in English a score of years ago as "A Marriage of Convenience." So the drama of the wig and slipper, the patch and the snuff-box, has flitted before the eyes of a generation that has had little opportunity to learn its charm.

It was not for his realization of the beauties of the modes and manners of the period of Louis XV—although, as a matter of fact, they were thoroughly and tastefully recalled—that the gratitude of the public went out to the popular actor-manager after seeing "A Marriage of Convenience" in the appropriate frame of his theater. It was altogether for his skill in bringing out the dramatic talents of Billie Burke in an entirely new light. Before Miss Burke acted the *Comtesse de Candule*, she was a beloved young beauty who pleased many theatergoers with her blond locks, her bird-like pecks and nods, and her irresistible manner of shrugging her shoulders as a means of expressing the most complete delight that ever possessed a girlish soul. There was undeniably a large company of faithful followers who found undisguised pleasure in contemplating this rarely pretty young actress.

Mr. Miller found all these gifts at his hand; but he sent before the audience that gathered in his theater to revive its memories of the Dumas play—John Drew acted it here some twenty years ago—a poised, skilful, and resourceful actress. Miss Burke had every one of her old allurements to beguile her admirers; but all that was merely the rather extravagant expression of

her personality was lacking. Instead there was the ability to make a real and living character out of this young *grande dame* of the days of the fifteenth Louis.

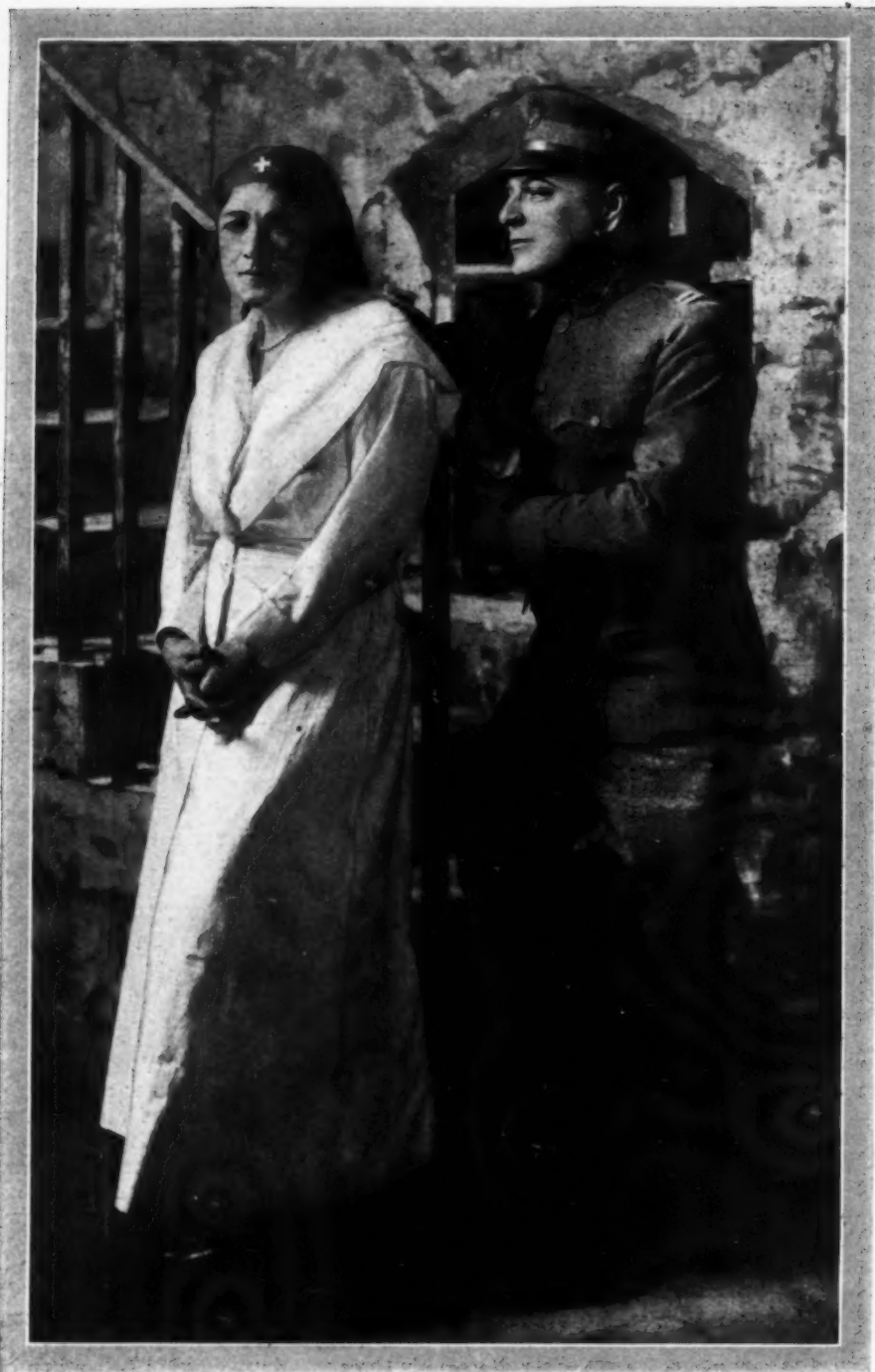
Of course, Miss Burke's charm was immeasurably increased by her restraint. Certainly this unexpected view of her talents, which was the result of Mr. Miller's experience and skill as a stage-manager, will attract new admirers for the actress, while none of her old ones will be chilled by such an attractive change. Mr. Miller was polished and courtly as the experienced husband of a young bride already interested in another. Lowell Sherman assumed the becoming dress of artificial comedy with as much success as its manner, which is foreign to his recent experiences.

It is not to the elder Dumas that the world looks for plays of such skill that they endure long after his time; but this simple little intrigue of the bride who is induced to give her heart to her courtier husband, rather than to her lover of her convent days, is made continuously interesting. When one realizes that there are practically but four characters, with no change of scene to impress the impatient theatergoers of this troubled age, it seems as if Alexandre Dumas, *filis*, had really inherited his so much greater talents as a playwright from his father. Certainly both this play and "Mlle. de Belle Isle" would seem to prove that the genius for the theater existed in the father as well as the son.

THE ACTORS AND AUTHORS EXPERIMENT

Rarely do the efforts of actors and authors prove successful when they are not guided by the skill of the manager—the commercial manager—but they are always interesting. Any effort to impart originality or any other uncommon quality to the achievements of the theater is sure to attract the attention of the thousands who follow every tendency of the playhouse with concern. Well, one of these cooperative unions between the actors on one side and the authors on the other came to mark the early summer season in New York.

The little Fulton Theater was the place in which the authors and actors settled for their first experiments. Two plays were acted. "Her Honor the Mayor," a comedy in three acts, introduced in Arline Van Ness Hines a hitherto unknown playwright. "The Good Men Do," a one-act play dealing with the death of Shakespeare, was the



BLANCHE BATES AND HOLBROOK BLINN IN "GET TOGETHER," THE WAR PLAY SENT OVER THE COUNTRY TO AID THE PROPAGANDA OF THE BRITISH RECRUITING MISSION

From a photograph by White, New York



MARILYN MILLER, WHO HAS SECEDED TO THE CURRENT ZIEGFELD FOLLIES AT THE NEW
AMSTERDAM THEATER

From a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York

work of Hubert Osborne, author of "April," briefly disclosed at the Punch and Judy Theater.

The long play proved to be a more or less smoothly written story of a woman in politics who might have held the Governorship of her State if she had not been persuaded that as the old-fashioned wife of a

masculine Governor she could make herself still more useful. Miss Hines writes with evident knowledge of the theater, and, had there been some greater illusion of life about her personages, "Her Honor the Mayor" might have enjoyed more than its scant fortnight of life. The three acts could boast the possession of a framework of altogether admirable technique without the stimulating life-blood of humanity and character.

Mr. Osborne's study of Shakespeare's relatives ashamed of the great dramatist's record on earth, from which he is about to depart, is quite in the mood of the little theaters, and should easily have found a place in their repertory.

The divinely tall Laura Nelson Hall played the heroine of "Her Honor the Mayor," and helped, with her associates, to establish the superior success of the actors over the authors in their first attempt to show what both can accomplish when their efforts are untrammelled by the commercial restraint of the managers.

FAY BAINTER IN "THE KISS BURGLAR"

The first heroine of the musical plays, which were to come in serried ranks, happened to be a young woman known to the metropolis altogether as an actress, and not in the least as a performer in this field; but Fay Bainter bears on her fair shoulders all the burden of "The Kiss Burglar," since the other participants in that surprising success at the Cohan Theater are but little known to fame.

Miss Bainter came to the knowledge of most New York theatergoers



MRS. SIDNEY DREW, WIDELY POPULAR AS A SCREEN ACTRESS, NOW TO APPEAR WITH HER HUSBAND IN "KEEP HER SMILING"

From a photograph by Lewis-Smith, Chicago



RUTH CHATTERTON, TO APPEAR NEXT SEASON IN A NEW PLAY UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
HENRY MILLER

From a photograph by Lewis-Smith, Chicago

when she appeared as the heroine of "Arms and the Girl," at the Fulton Theater, a little more than a year ago. There had been reports from outlying cities of the skill she had exhibited in various stock companies. She proved to be an accomplished young woman, with the technique of her art at her finger-tips. Her complete self-possession and her ability to play

any scene with theatrical effectiveness were surprising in one so young and so engaging physically.

These qualities were still more strikingly exhibited in "The Willow Tree," when Miss Bainter was for half the play an ancient Japanese spirit and for the other half an English reincarnation of the same being. Perhaps it was excess of apparent

artifice that prevented the young actress from earning in either play the full measure of success which has been her reward in "The Kiss Burglar."

Of course musical farce demands no illusion of reality; so that in her singing with little but appealing quality of voice, in her dancing with much less than the skill of the ordinary stage performer, and in her piquant playing, there is the full effectiveness of a personality which has never before been allowed to show its power under such circumstances.

One of the wise men of the theater has recalled that Miss Bainter had previously been seen in New York in a musical play. Some six or more years ago she sang in "The Rose of Panama," which John Cort gave at Daly's Theater. It was an adaptation of "Kreolenblut," a popular Viennese work.

"The Kiss Burglar," which is attributed to Glen MacDonough on the program of the Cohan Theater, vaguely suggests a Continental origin. An American has found refuge from a gambling raid in the boudoir of a youthful duchess. He refuses the jewels which she offers him as the price of her safety, gallantly contenting himself with a gentle kiss. This happens in Trieste. The travesty of the sentimental incident which follows in this country is by no means so romantic. A provider of social publicity pursues the same duchess into her New York apartment—here she is apparently a war refugee—and there is again a kiss; but it is for business reasons, and its exploitation is intended to help a climber up the social hill.

Raymond Hubbard, who has been putting success of melody and rhythm to his credit rapidly during the past two years, is named as the composer of the score. Yet it is the piquant personality of Miss Bainter that animates the atmosphere of "The Kiss Burglar."

A MUSICAL VERSION OF "BABY MINE"

Nowadays the successful farce rarely escapes a reincarnation, with music and lyrics to prepare it for this species of canonization. Of course, the process is not new. Johann Strauss's librettists founded such an immortal work as "Die Fledermaus" on "Le Réveillon" of Meilhac and Halévy, and a lot of water has flowed under the bridges since that day. Nevertheless, it is customary to attribute to our con-

temporary eagerness for the musical play the tendency to trig out with rimes and music the farces that have ceased to amuse with merely spoken text.

Such transformations have often been fortunate, although not all of them have enjoyed the long popularity of "Very Good Eddie"—which, as the spoken "Over Night," was not nearly so entertaining as other plays that enjoyed much less favor when set to verse and music. This process of making over the farce into what is commonly known as the musical comedy is a process that demands more or less expertness. It has become evident that the successful skeleton and the haunting tune are not enough to result in the most popular kind of a musical play. It is the expert blend of the two that counts.

Margaret Mayo wrote one of the most successful of contemporaneous farces in "Baby Mine," and now she has called in Edgar Allen Wolf for some unspecified purpose, Jerome Kern for the music, and Herbert Reynolds for the lyrics, in converting this piece into "Rock-a-Bye Baby," which has settled at the Astor Theater for the summer. Jerome Kern, composer of so many of the tunes that have helped to add vitality to the musical plays of the winter, shows that he is capable of putting his popular melodic and rhythmical gifts to the service of still more playwrights without exhausting their fertile source.

Mr. Kern's compositions undeniably bear a strong family resemblance one to the other; but it never was a disadvantage to a popular song that it sounded very much like some other popular song that had gone before it. So what might be considered by some of Mr. Kern's critics a fault is indeed a virtue. There are some tasteful dresses at the Astor, backgrounds of Urbanesque beauty, and a chorus limited in numbers only that it might be quite incomparable in the matter of looks. Indeed, a numerous chorus of such appearance might be an impossibility.

That it is possible for a farce to be too good as a drama to fit perfectly into the scheme of the musical play, this use of "Baby Mine" well shows. It is, of course, no advantage to have a comedy so amusing that the spectators resent its interruption for the sake of a song or a dance by some person, or more probably by two or three persons, who are not at all concerned in the development of the story, and who



IRENE BORDONI, WHO IS THE PRINCIPAL FEMININE FIGURE IN RAYMOND HITCHCOCK'S NEW SUMMER REVUE, "HITCHY KOO, 1918" AT THE GLOBE THEATER

From a photograph by Campbell, New York

enter merely that they may deliver this contribution to the play as a musical work. Even when the graceful Dorothy Dickson floats into compelling view just as a scene is growing quite irresistibly comic, and arrests the progress of the story until her lovely bit has been gracefully done, there is some degree of irritation on the part of spectators who are too much interested in the play to follow any interruption with enthusiasm.

So it is the best kind of a farce, rather than the mediocre specimen, that is likely to yield less pliantly to the ministrations of the music-maker, the versifier, and the little syndicate of workers associated with every effort of this kind. There is beauty in abundance in "Rock-a-Bye Baby," however, and it will probably be one of the "summer shows" destined to remain here until autumn.

There are actors of well-proved popularity, too—such as Walter Jones, who is just as apoplectically laughable now as he was in the original performance of the piece at Daly's, and Louise Dresser, whose blond beauty is not eclipsed in the drive of newer rivals. For the rôle of the youthful wife, Selwyn & Co. found in Edna Hibbard an actress all but unknown to New York. She is of the demure school associated with their heroines of farce, and belongs to that small army of actresses who took their first steps on the ladder of fame by way of "Fair and Warmer." The most promising in a class of dramatic-school graduates, she was sent to this firm of managers, who, perceiving her talents, engaged the youthful applicant and kept her for two years in Avery Hopwood's successful farce. There was always before her eyes the promise of Broadway as the fruition of this artistic apprenticeship, and Miss Hibbard is enjoying her reward in the present play.

Dorothy Dickson is another recent arrival in the metropolitan theater who seems destined to advance in the affection of playgoers. She is Mrs. Carl Hyson, and her husband, who is usually her dancing-partner, also has his name on the program of "Rock-a-Bye Baby."

It was at the first performance of "Oh, Boy," at the Princess Theater, that this youthful couple made their bow to New Yorkers. They were merely incidental dancers, just as Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle were in "The Lady of the Slipper" and in "The Sunshine Girl." The Castles,

of course, did not long remain incidental figures of any kind, and in the same way Mrs. Hyson, as Dorothy Dickson, is rapidly increasing her popularity in New York. She and her husband, who danced for the love of it in Chicago, gained so much praise from their friends that the thought of a professional career entered their minds. They tried the effectiveness of their steps before a strange public in a near-by town. So great was their success that within a short time they were the applauded entertainers in a large hall in which they had previously danced for their own amusement.

To see Miss Dickson now is to realize that any spectator who watched her irresistible spirit and grace and failed to be delighted must indeed be indifferent. It is not her dancing alone that makes her share in "Rock-a-Bye Baby" important. Indeed, the style in which she excels is beyond question now on the decline. Luckily Miss Dickson shows in this play that she can act with promise an unexacting rôle; so Broadway may continue to enjoy her charms long after she ceases to be a mere dancing feature of a summer show.

"HITCHY KOO" THE SECOND

Raymond Hitchcock has evidently begun to feel the same family pride that Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., enjoys when contemplating the annual Follies, which have now attained the ripe age of twelve years; so there is a second edition of "Hitchy Koo" at the Globe Theater. The youngster is sprightly enough in the trying period of his second summer to give promise of longevity.

It is not easy to maintain a summer show year after year. Standards of humor change, and the public is intolerant of repetition of idea or theme. The Shuberts, in the successive summer reviews called "The Passing Show" of one year or another, frankly burlesque the plays worth that honor. This is in reality the method of the authors of the Follies as well, although there is greater pretense of dealing with other subjects.

Mr. Hitchcock has leaned somewhat on this same support for the lively entertainment at the Globe Theater; but his friends have found the quality of fun in his second brew from the same leaves quite as amusing as the first. He can probably continue the descendants of the first "Hitchy Koo" indefinitely, if the family resemblance remains so strong.

The Lion's Mouse'

BY C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "The Shop-Girl," etc.

XXXIX

"IS this heaven?" Clo asked wonderingly.

"No, you darling, it's not. It's our same poor old world; but it 'll be near heaven if you'll get well and live for me," said Justin O'Reilly.

Then came an odd, choked sort of sound, which Clo would have known for a sob if the man had been a woman; and upon her half-parted lips fell a drop of something warm. She tasted it, and found it salt.

"You—you can't be crying?" she mumbled. "No, of course you're not!"

"Of course I am," O'Reilly said. "I'm crying with joy. I don't remember doing it before—in joy or sorrow. Here goes another tear! Sorry—I couldn't help spilling it on you. Sha'n't happen again."

This drop fell on her cheek. Clo was going to put up her hand and wipe it away; but she did not—partly because she felt too weak, partly because, on second thoughts, she liked the drop to stay where it was.

A queer fancy about it drifted into her head. She recalled a fairy tale the French sister in the convent school of the orphanage had told her when she was a child—a tale about an enchanted princess who was slowly turning to marble when a prince, who had fallen in love with her, shed a hot tear on her face and melted her back to life. Clo had not thought of the story from that day to this; but now a glow stole through her weary body, as if she, too, were an enchanted princess.

O'Reilly's face was close to hers. She smiled up at him. Everything seemed strange, except that he should call her "darling." That, somehow, was not strange at all.

When she opened her eyes, to look straight into his, she had asked if she was

in heaven. After the horrors that mingled confusedly in her mind, and after going down to the door of death, it could only be in heaven that O'Reilly was kneeling beside her, her head on his arm, his head bent over her upturned face. Yet he said it was the same poor old world!

"I thought I was dead," she explained.

"I thought so, too, for a minute, and it was the worst minute and the worst thought I ever had; but you're alive, and you're going to live. I tell you that on the doctor's authority. He and the nurse are having a confab in the next room. In fact, when we saw you coming to all right after the anesthetic—a bullet had to come out of your poor little shoulder—I asked them to leave me alone with you. I wanted to be the first one your eyes saw. You're going to live for *me*, aren't you? Because I adore you!"

"I know," the girl echoed, floating on a strange, bright wave of joy.

"You know I adore you?"

"Something told me it would come out like that," she said. "In those long days, when I had to lie still and listen to Kit and Churn, another voice—so different from theirs—seemed to say it in my ear. Perhaps, too, it was suddenly finding your message for me in the newspaper—I was sure it was for *me*—that put it in my head. I couldn't think of a way to answer; but the message was the greatest comfort! I didn't feel alone, after that."

"Precious one! You're a star heroine, and a martyr, and a saint, and I don't know what not; but, most of all, you are my life—my very life! I've had a big disappointment since I parted from you. I've lost a thing I'd wanted for years—lost it to Roger Sands. His revenge for—I hardly know what! Yet finding you and holding you like this shows me that nothing else matters. What's a house, anyhow, ex-

cept this darling house not made with hands—your little body, house of your soul? When you know me better, could you learn to love me, do you think, if I try hard to teach you?"

"Oh, but I do love you already!" said Clo, as a matter of course. "Even that first night—there was something about you—I hated to cheat and rob you the way I did. It made me sick. And it was wonderful hearing your voice in the telephone, there in Peterson's dreadful room. It wasn't only that I hoped you'd help me, though that was all I thought of then; but afterward I knew it was because it was *you*—because you were different, for me, from anybody else, different even from Angel—"

"Good Lord, I should hope so!"

"And I've wanted you dreadfully ever since. That's why I thought it must be heaven when—"

"When—what?"

"When I woke up just now and saw you."

"You angel!"

"How funny you should call me that! Oh, I've almost forgotten my poor Angel! I must get to her, somehow." Clo looked around hastily, and realized that she was lying on a bed in a peculiarly unattractive room, and that O'Reilly was kneeling on the floor by the bedside. "How wicked of me to think more about you than her!"

"If you mean Mrs. Sands, you shall go to her when you're able; but not yet, or you might die after all, and we mightn't get into the same heaven," O'Reilly warned her. "Mrs. Sands is all right. Why shouldn't she be? You sent her something rather important by Miss Blackburne, the pearl-stringer you described to me, and told me about that night in the taxi and in Krantz's Keller. I talked to the woman—and cursed myself afterward for stopping, when I found you and saw how every instant had counted. I oughtn't to have waited even for a second; but I did it for you. I didn't want any sacrifice you'd made to be in vain. You see, I didn't quite realize that you had been ready to give yourself to certain death for your friend."

"Oh, you couldn't have saved me if you had come without speaking to Ellen! The shot was fired before I threw out the bag with the pearls," Clo broke in. "I remember now. Some one fired through the hole

in the door. It was Chuff, I'm sure. It didn't hurt much. It was like a heavy blow, and I couldn't help dropping on my knees at the window. I felt weak and queer, but I called to Ellen. Then somebody picked me up—Kit, I think. She spoke to me in a fierce sort of whisper. I didn't answer; I couldn't. I could hear them arguing, though, what to do with me. I thought of *you* then—and that's the last I remember till now."

"I must have been in the house by that time," O'Reilly soothed her, "thinking of you. I had come for you! I was sure you'd be where Kit was, because of the pearls; and Denham and I had been trying to track Kit—Churn and Kit and Chuff—all the lot you told me about—ever since you turned me down in Krantz's Keller."

"I didn't turn you down!" Clo faintly protested.

"No, I didn't mean that! I understood. You were a brave little soldier going into battle on your own."

The girl laughed in his arms.

"A soldier? No, I was only a mouse."

"I know—the lion's mouse; and to gnaw the net the lion was caught in, you had to stick your head into another lion's den. Some memoranda you'd picked up and left for us put Denham on the right trail. He doesn't need much of a pointer, that chap! He got on to the track of a fellow named Isaacs—at least Isaacs is his *alias*—a man who's been suspected for a long time as a receiver of stolen goods—a fence. Isaacs came to New York from Los Angeles a little before the dynamiting of a big newspaper building there, and he was vaguely suspected of being in with the gang that did it, but nothing could be proved. He was in Chicago just now, when Denham and I paid a visit to his shop here—he has a little place away uptown, where ostensibly he repairs watches and clocks. His old mother was on the spot, and we—well, we shook her up a bit. We began pretending to be wiser than we were—talked about Kit and Churn and Chuff and Jake, till she made a break or two. Then we jumped on her, so to speak. She simply caved in and gave the whole show away. Isaacs's private books will be a haul for the police! But don't look frightened. The police will never get on to that part of the business where Mrs. Sands comes in. Isaacs and his mother

know nothing about it, so they couldn't split if they wanted to. It wasn't directly through them we spotted Cheffinsky. Churn happened along while we were there. He came hunting Isaacs. I recognized him as the singer at Krantz's. He was shy, and tried to dodge us; but we shadowed him to a house not a mile from here. Whether he guessed we were after him and tried to shake us, or meant to call on his pal anyhow, I don't know, but it was at Jake's lodgings he took cover. We got hold of Jake that way—a mean little cur! We scared him blue, and made him think we knew a lot we didn't know. We owed all our tips to you, till the plot suddenly thickened, and it occurred to us that Chuff, or Cheffinsky, might be no other than the notorious Carl Schmelzer. Perhaps you never heard of Schmelzer, the man who slipped out of W. J. Burns's fingers—one of the very few he missed in his haul of dynamiters? What we didn't know, but only suspected, we got gradually out of this worm, Loomie Jacobs. Piecing one thing and another together, Denham stumbled on something big. Schmelzer, *alias* Cheffinsky, it appeared, had taken a trip abroad for his health, and had disappeared from public view. He had threatened that if he ever came back, it would be for nothing else than to 'get' Burns. A rumor went round that he was dead. It seems, however, that some high personage in his native land offered him a bribe big enough to tempt him to this country again on a new errand. He was smart enough to change his appearance radically. This time he has been helping to blow up munition-works and Allied ships, instead of bridges and newspaper buildings. Jake wouldn't have brought us within shooting distance of this house for ten thousand dollars, he's so much afraid of his boss; but he told us where to come, and at what hour, if we wanted to catch Chuff. When I got the tip that Kit and Churn were staying in the house where we were to spot Chuff, I was sure I had the clue to you. I wish we had been five minutes earlier, but I thank God we weren't five minutes too late!"

"What has become of them all?" Clo wanted to know.

"The gang? Jake will go free—reward of the informer; but the men he's betrayed will probably bag him some day. Schmelzer and Kit—Kate Hornby, of San Fran-

cisco and Los Angeles—and Czerny have been handed over to the police—of course not on a charge to touch Mrs. Sands or you. I promised, didn't I? You trusted me then, and you've got to go on trusting me. Denham will win some laurels by this haul. Schmelzer in his double rôle has been badly wanted; and Kit and Churn are mixed up, under his directions, in two munition-factory explosions. Denham won't make any attempt to connect them with the Westmorland Hotel murder, and certainly they won't incriminate themselves. If the police eventually bring the crime home to Kit—and that's improbable, Denham thinks—there's nothing to link up the story with the name of Mrs. Sands."

"Oh, I'm not sure!" breathed Clo. "Kit knows about her. She told Churn."

"She won't tell any one else, you may depend on that. If she's accused of the murder, she won't confess to stealing somebody's pearls as her motive. She'll say that Peterson insulted her, and she feared him—some sob-sister yarn of that sort."

"She did complain to Churn that Pete was horrible to her, and that if Churn had been there to hear what he said, he'd have killed him quick," Clo remembered.

"You see, she wanted to clear herself in the eyes of her best young man! How much more anxious she would be to keep the same line if it came to saving herself from the chair! It would be hard to get any jury to convict a young woman of murder in the first degree, if she could make them believe she'd been grossly insulted by a cowardly cad. You can make your mind easy about your friend Mrs. Sands. I won't say a word against her to you—or any one else, for that matter; but you know I was against her till you intervened. That was because—well, I thought her ideas of gratitude to friends of hers and friends of mine differed. I acted as I did to help them, not to hurt her; but now I would stand between her and harm if it were to cost me my life. Do you know why?"

"Because you see now that you were wrong about her."

"Not at all! I see nothing of the kind. The only reason I have to change my opinion of her character and conduct is because you love her. For you she's an angel. You may be right, and I may be wrong. I'm growing humble. I don't set my judg-

ment against yours, even though I know some things about the lady which it's probable you don't know. But apparently she's been good to you. That makes all the difference to the man you've turned me into. You've given the word that she's to be saved from the consequences of things which you'll never hear from my lips. You'll have to hear them from hers, if you ever hear them. Saved she shall be, if it depends at all on yours ever. But you've done so much that little more remains."

"Then you'll give her the papers?"

"The papers you returned to me that Sunday night?"

"It wasn't I who returned them. I don't know who did. It's the greatest mystery! But if you love me, you'll hand them back."

O'Reilly looked grave.

"I love you," he said, "more than I ever thought it was in me to love, though I had an idea it might go hard with me when my time came; but the papers are no longer in my care. I couldn't return them if I would. I gave them to Heron, whose property they were—and are. I was only keeping them for him because he had reason to think they weren't safe in his possession. You—well, you annexed them from me. When they came to me again—through you, as I supposed—it seemed as if the danger for John Heron was past."

"John Heron!" Clo echoed. A thought had suddenly started out from the background of her mind, pushing in front of her fears for Beverley. "Yes, of course, he's a friend of yours; but he's in worse danger than his papers ever were. From things those people said, I believe Pete came East on purpose to kill him. Of course there were the papers to get as well; but he wanted to kill John Heron. It was Chuff who ordered him to get the papers. They all knew John Heron was in New York, and that now was the time, or maybe never. Pete had some grudge of his own against Mr. Heron, so he made a good cat-paw. He believed it was Heron who got them caught in Chicago and put in prison. When Pete was killed, Chuff had to find some one else. I feel sure he did find some one. I don't actually know anything to speak of about John Heron, and never saw him in my life—"

"There you're mistaken," O'Reilly corrected her. "I've heard about what hap-

pened—not from him, but from his wife; and what I didn't hear in so many words, I deduced. Did you notice any one coming out of a room next to my suite when you were letting yourself in with my key which you had—er—found?"

"Yes!" cried Clo. "A beautiful woman in a black dress, with gorgeous jewelry, and a tall man with reddish hair and beard and—oh, eyes! Great dark eyes that looked at me in a strange way. They went right through me. I felt them in my spine!"

"That was the first time you saw John Heron, the man whom his enemies still call the Oil Trust king—though thanks to Roger Sands they daren't call him that out loud. The second time must have been in Heron's own room. But you shall judge for yourself. He had been down-stairs with his wife. He went up to his rooms again for something, and in the hall outside his own door—which he had just unlocked—he fell down in a sort of fainting-fit. Well, putting two and two together, after you told me your adventure on the ledge, it occurred to me that there had been a cause for the seizure. If a man saw a ghostly figure coming in at his window, on the fifteenth floor of a hotel, as he opened the door of his room, he would be pretty badly surprised, at least. I didn't think Heron was the man to keel over in a faint, even for a thing like that. All the same, it would account for his attack. He never mentioned even to his wife, still less to me, any reason for his attack; but what you told me on the way to Krantz's Keller—"

"I see!" said Clo. "Yes, I must have frightened him. I saw he was astonished; but—it's queer—that first time at the door, when he was with his wife, he didn't look at me as if I was a stranger. It was as if he knew me, and was surprised to see me again. That was the feeling I had. Perhaps it was only my imagination. I was—a little excited."

"Most girls would have been corpses!"

"I felt like a live coal. But we mustn't let them make a corpse of Mr. Heron, must we? Let's warn him of his danger. Where are we, anyhow?"

"Same house you were in. Doctor said it wouldn't be safe to move you. We disinfected the best we could in a hurry, and he extracted the bullet from your poor little shoulder. You're all right now, or will

be with a little rest, and we'll get you into a nursing-home. As for Heron, he and his wife have gone to Narragansett. That's close to Newport, you know, where Mrs. Sands is."

"Angel in Newport already! Then the pearls—but I told Ellen Blackburne to take them there, if she had to. Do you think she will?"

"Sure! She'll catch the first train."

"No, she won't do that. She thinks of her mother before everything; but—I saw it in the paper—the ball's not till to-morrow. Angel won't need the pearls till then. Oh, if I could be sure she'll get them! I can't rest till I'm sure. I must go to Newport—I must!"

"When you're strong enough."

"I'm strong enough now. Is it late?"

"Getting on toward evening. You were a long time coming to yourself. Presently the doctor will say whether you can be moved to-night to that nursing-home."

"If I can be moved to a nursing-home I can be moved to Newport. Tell the doctor I shall burst if I can't go!"

"You may tell him yourself. He'll be back—only too soon; but I'm sure he'll say no."

"He won't dare, unless he wants me to die. You see, I daren't send any more messages to Angel about anything, by anybody; but I must know if all goes right with the pearls. I must know if it's better or worse for her that Stephen's dead—"

"Stephen's dead!"

"Yes. Did you know him?"

"I know of him. He is—was—"

"Don't tell me. She mightn't want me to know. I don't know anything, except that Kit and Churn talked about his having died, and said Angel had been cheated."

"By Jove, I begin to see light!" cried O'Reilly. "That infernal brute Schmelzer! What a game!"

"Will he—give her away to the police?"

"Not he! No fear."

"Now you are beginning to see that I must go to her! And maybe you've forgotten what I told you about Mr. Heron. If he's near Newport, I—"

"Look here, darling, if the doctor says you can be taken there to-morrow—oh, in time to arrive before the famous ball—let's say in a comfortable motor-car, traveling slowly, banked up on cushions, will you go as my wife?"

Clo stared as if O'Reilly had broken into some strange language, which he expected her to understand.

"Your wife?"

"Well, don't you expect to marry me? That's what happens when a girl and a man love each other."

"Oh—some day—if you're sure you really want an ignorant little girl like me, brought up in an orphan asylum, who's worked in a shop, and hasn't a penny in the world—except a dollar or two that's left of Mrs. Sands's money. A long time from now, perhaps, when you've thought about it—"

"I've thought of nothing else since we met and parted, and I realized that you were my life and soul. If you can make up your mind to 'some day,' that day might just as well be to-morrow. Don't you want to console me for the loss of the only other thing, besides you, that I've ever wanted with all my heart? You do if you love me. The dear old house that was my father's! You know, when you sent up your name at the Dietz as Miss O'Reilly, I believed you were my cranky Cousin Theresa come to tell me that she'd changed her mind. If you care for me, you owe it to me to make up for that. Your Angel's husband has bribed Theresa to sell him the house, and it has passed away from me forever; but if you'll marry me to-night I sha'n't care. In the joy of being husband—and nurse—to the bravest and dearest mouse in the world, I'll forget everything and be the happiest man on God's earth."

"People don't get married at a few hours' notice."

"Don't they? How long have you lived in the United States, my Irish colleen?"

"Months—over a year; but I never discussed marriage."

"I'm mighty glad you didn't! But you'll hear of nothing else till the knot's tied. We do things quickly over here!"

Then the door opened, and the doctor came in.

XL

FOR many days Roger Sands had hardly known himself. He loved Beverley passionately—even more, in a savage, tigerish way, than he had ever loved her; but all the sweetness was gone from his love, the sweetness which had made a hard man of the world gentle and chivalrous.

She read him aright. At times he was purposely cruel. At times it seemed as if he wished to see how much she could bear and not break. Yet, if she had broken, he felt that he could not have helped seizing her in his arms and forgiving her.

While he dressed that night, he hoped that she would send for him or come to him, and confess that the pearls were gone; that she had given them to O'Reilly, whom she had once loved, but whom she loved no more. Roger could almost be happy again with that little remnant of past joy!

But she neither sent nor came. She was bluffing it out to the last! He might have known she would do that, although he had taken her to her room, to give her one more chance.

At half past seven he was ready, but he waited quietly ten minutes longer. Then he went to his door, meaning—as he said to himself roughly—to “get the thing over.” He paused with his hand on the knob. Walls and doors were thick and well-made at Gull's Rest, but he thought he heard a woman's voice saying:

“May I come in?”

His muttered comment upon one of his and Beverley's guests, whom he supposed the intruder to be, was far from flattering. Perhaps, however, it would be well not to find his wife alone. He would give Beverley a few minutes more, to be sure that her dress was on, before he went to interrupt the chorus of mutual admiration; but no woman's presence should prevent him from asking the short, sharp question he meant to ask:

“Where are your pearls?”

If they two had been alone, he—well, as the moment came he was not sure he could have trusted himself. Control would be easier with some woman's eyes and ears wide open to listen and stare.

At exactly eight minutes to eight o'clock Roger ceased his restless tramp up and down the room, and stopped again at the door. Before he could open it, however, there was a light tap—a tap like Beverley's in happier days.

“Can she mean, after all, to tell me the truth?” he wondered, and he heard his voice saying mechanically: “Come in!”

Beverley came in. Roger's room was full of light, and as his wife entered she faced it. She glittered from head to foot like an ice maiden under a blazing sun. She wore a wreath of diamond roses; round

her waist was a girdle of diamonds, with long, tasseled ends; on her white-satin shoes were diamond buckles; and over her white neck and her gauze-enfolded bosom hung the rope of the queen's pearls.

“I thought you were coming in to see me dressed,” she said calmly. “Did you forget?”

For answer Roger stared. The long strain of his iron restraint suddenly snapped. He stepped back into the room and let Beverley shut the door. She stood before him smiling, though if he had analyzed her smile he would have seen that it was sad.

“How do you think I look?” she asked, as he did not speak. “I hope you're not disappointed?”

But all conventionalities had broken down with Roger. He spoke out what was in his mind, not deliberately, but because the words burst from him.

“You have had them copied!” he flung at her.

Beverley blushed bright crimson. She instantly understood what he meant and thought, but she had not gone through tortures and been relieved at the last moment to be beaten down now.

“What do you mean?” she asked, her eyes steady, her head up.

“The pearls,” he answered. “You thought I didn't know, but I have known from the first. I found out by accident. I always hoped you'd some day tell me the truth. This is a cowardly thing you've done!”

Beverley was ivory-pale again.

“Are you a judge of pearls, Roger?” she coldly inquired.

“Yes,” he said. “If I were not, I shouldn't have paid—no matter how much, but a good sum, to buy you the best in the market.”

She lifted the rope over her head and thrust it, against his will, into his hands.

“Make any test you wish, and decide whether these are the pearls you gave me or an imitation.”

Hardly knowing what he did, he walked to a table, on which stood a tall lamp that gave a brilliant light. Beverley watched him. There was no emotion whatever on her face. After a moment he spoke.

“These are genuine pearls,” he said; “and I have reason to believe from certain marks that they are the pearls I bought for you—the queen's pearls. If you give

me your word that since I put them into your hands you did not part with them to Justin O'Reilly, as I have believed, I will beg your forgiveness on my knees. I will confess to you, as I expected you to confess to me. I will tell you why I thought you had given him the pearls. I will tell you more than that—I will give you the whole history of the Sunday afternoon and night when—"

"Hush! There's some one at the door!" Beverley cut him short.

She was still calm, with the dead calmness which the pearls had brought her. She was making up her mind to answer, when the time came, that she would give her word—Justin O'Reilly had never touched the pearls. Had she not a right to say this, and exonerate herself, since it was the truth?

Yet no happiness had come with the relief that Ellen Blackburne's arrival had given—Ellen's arrival in haste, with explanations and a hundred apologies for being late—her mother's illness, and her failure to catch a train she had meant to take. No happiness had come to Beverley, and she felt that it would break her heart to hear a confession from Roger, and his prayers for pardon, when she could give him no confidence in return. Yet what could she do? The most sacred of promises stood like a wall between her and the love surging from Roger's soul to hers. She ought never to have married him!

It was Léontine who knocked and paused on the threshold.

"Will *madame* have the kindness to step into the hall?" she asked, evidently embarrassed.

As her mistress moved toward her, she retired, and it was not until they both stood at some distance from the door that the Frenchwoman spoke again.

"I beg *madame's* pardon for disturbing her," she apologized, "but I dared not delay, in case this were pressing. The lady who just came from town—Mees Blackburne, if that is her name—returned to *madame's* room the moment *madame* went out. She was about to start back to town, as *madame* knows, I believe, but remembered a commission given to her at the apartment, to bring a telegram for me. I opened it, to find that for me there is no sense. I thought it must be some mistake, for I know no Stephen; but—"

"Stephen!"

Beverley gasped the name, and snatched an open telegram from the maid's hand. She read it, and then, without a word or sigh, collapsed in a dead faint.

With a cry, Léontine tried to catch the swaying figure, but she was too weak. The best she could do was to break its fall; and when Roger reached the door it was to find Beverley in a white heap on the floor, with the maid kneeling by her side. He caught his wife up, and, carrying her back into his room, laid her on the bed.

"Let everybody be told that dinner will be delayed half an hour," he said, and shut the door in Léontine's face.

She stared for an instant, then gathered herself together, snatched the dropped telegram—best, perhaps, that *monsieur* should not see it—and whisked off to obey the master's command.

XLI

As Roger stood looking down at Beverley, uncertain what to do, yet not wishing to call for help, she opened her eyes.

"Stephen is dead!" she muttered. "Stephen—is dead."

"Who is Stephen?" Roger asked shortly.

She had been unconscious of his presence till he spoke.

"Oh, Roger!" she appealed to him, breaking into sobs. "My poor Stephen! He is gone. I shall never see him again. All my sacrifices—in vain!"

"Who is Stephen?" Roger repeated, a shade of coldness in his tone.

She held up her arms without answering his questions.

"Roger, comfort me!" she wept.

And for all his life, no matter how many years he may live, Roger Sands will be glad that he did not hold back from Beverley then. Without another word he clasped her tightly, while she cried against his cheek, and rocked her back and forth as if she had been a child. Both had forgotten that there were guests; that this was the great night of which all the newspapers were talking; that already dinner was late, and people wondering; that the ball was to begin at half past ten; and that the Russian dancers who were to open it, as the surprise of the evening, would soon be in the house.

When Beverley had sobbed silently until exhaustion came, she spoke in a tiny voice, like that of a tired little girl.

"I can tell you everything now," she said; "all the things I thought I might never be allowed to tell. Will you listen, Roger, to the end—whether you can forgive me or no?"

"Yes," Roger answered. "But just this before you begin—I love you so much, Beverley, that if there's something to forgive, it's forgiven already."

She pressed her body close to his.

"Stephen was my brother," she said; "the one person who belonged to me, after father died. Mother I don't remember, but the picture of her that father had was beautiful. Their marriage was a romance. She came of a high Russian family which was banished to Siberia for some political offense. She was only sixteen, and father saved her by making her his wife. Perhaps you noticed a ring I wore on the day we met? I had forgotten to take it off, but I remembered suddenly that it might be recognized, and put it away. I've never worn it since. That ring was my mother's. I was named Olga, after her; but for that journey from Albuquerque I had to have some name that wouldn't give me away when my ticket was bought. Stephen and I were called Bevan, because father used that name for his business in Russia. It was simpler and easier to pronounce than his own name of Beverley. Many people in California knew that we were Beverleys, not Bevans. For traveling that day I was 'Miss B. White.' The name was chosen for me. Once I had told you that I was Beverley, I had always to be Beverley for you."

"Stephen—or Stepan, his Russian name—and I were born in Russia, where father superintended a tract of oil land for Mr. Heron. He must have been a valuable man, for when he was killed in an explosion—I was fourteen and Stephen thirteen—Mr. Heron felt it his duty to look after our future. He wanted to provide for us, but he didn't quite see how. He had just married at that time. I've never heard whether you've known Mrs. Heron long; but you must know her well enough to understand that she wouldn't like to have two half-grown-up children thrust upon her. Why, she used to be jealous even of her husband's first wife, an Irish girl who died years and years ago, in Ireland! It seems Mr. Heron hadn't told her about his old love-story before they married, and she found out by accident. She came across a

picture of him taken with the girl, and some letters—not from her, but from people whom Mr. Heron employed to search for his wife after he had quarreled with her and left her. I was staying at their house when Dolores discovered the photograph and letters. I remember the day well. She came rushing into the room where I was with Mr. Heron. He had to seize her hands to keep her from tearing the picture in pieces; and he held them while he told her the sad story that he never could bear to tell before. He had been visiting Ireland, it seemed, years before, and had met a girl, very poor but very lovely, and married her when they had known each other a few weeks. It seemed she had been engaged to some one else; and the other man took cruel revenge on Heron for stealing his love. By a plot which he confessed afterward, when it was too late, he made it appear that the girl had been his mistress—that she had married Heron only for his money. The evidence was so strong that Heron could hardly help believing it, so he came back to America and tried to forget. Years after—three or four, perhaps—the other man was dying of typhoid and confessed to a priest that he had lied and forged letters. He told the priest to write to Heron. But the poor deserted girl had died, and all that Heron could learn, when he dashed back to Ireland to find her, was that a baby girl had been born a few months after he left his wife. He tried for years to trace the child, but failed; and it was only after he'd given up all hope that he married Dolores Moreno. I tell you this now, Roger, only because it may partly account for his attitude toward Stephen and me, and for Mrs. Heron's, too. I think he felt tender over all children, because of that lost little one of his.

"After leaving us in Russia at school for a while, and a year in England, to learn the language better than we knew it, and another year in France and Italy—always with families that he paid to educate and take care of us—he must have wanted to see what we were like. We had written him many letters, beginning 'Dear guardian.' He and Dolores came abroad and brought us back to America with them—much against Mrs. Heron's will, I know. I was sixteen—nearly seventeen—and I realized the first minute we met that she was going to hate me. It was worse when we got over to this side. We went straight

to a house near Albuquerque, which belongs to Mrs. Heron. Her brother Louis always lived there. He was an invalid, you know, about a year younger than Dolores—something wrong with his heart, and almost a hunchback—but oh, what a handsome face! Dolores adored him in her way, so when he took a violent fancy to me, her one thought was to get me out of his way.

"Louis had money of his own. He was rich, and I suppose Dolores was afraid I might try to marry him, as I hadn't a penny. It was bad enough for her that Mr. Heron should have a tenderness for me, because of his dead child; but that Louis should love me was more than she could tolerate. She insisted that I should be sent to a boarding-school, and that when I was too old to be a scholar I should begin to teach. She didn't like Stephen, either, because he saw how she treated me and resented it. She grudged every penny her husband spent for us. He isn't a weak man—far from that—but he was very busy, and he wanted peace at home. After all, poor Stephen and I weren't of much importance to him personally, and Dolores was his wife.

"Stephen was tired of school. He had always hated study, except the history of our mother's country. He said he felt more Russian than American, and more anarchist than either. You see, all mother's people had been banished to Siberia. Stephen used to say that when he was a man he would somehow revenge them. In Russia, if he had talked like that, it would have been dangerous, even for a boy, but in California it didn't so much matter. He was so handsome and charming—and people only laughed. Mr. Heron used his influence and got Stephen work in Los Angeles, as a reporter on a newspaper. He was only seventeen, but he was so tall that he could pass for two years older at least. I was at school in the country, a long way off from all the places where the Herons were likely to be; but I was happy, because Stephen came to see me whenever he could, and seemed to be getting on well. Two or three times, though, a horrid thing happened. Louis Moreno came, and he was allowed to see me because he posed as the brother of my guardian. Dolores found out that he was paying these visits, and thought—or pretended to think—that it was my fault. He used to write to me,

too; but I didn't answer or even open his letters.

"When I was nineteen I began teaching in the same school where I had studied for three years. I was no longer happy, for I had begun to worry about Stephen. He had changed a great deal. I was sure he was keeping some secret from me; but I found out nothing till the crash came. Oh, Roger, it was horrible! He had fallen under the influence of those anarchists—those dynamiters who had been terrorizing all America for years. They had persuaded him—he was only a boy—that they were noble reformers, out to revolutionize society. Poor Stephen was a useful tool—good-looking, and a gentleman. He was in most of their secrets, if not all. He never did any of the dynamiting with his own hands, but he used to make bombs and carry them from place to place, and take letters which it wasn't thought safe to send through the post. It was that terrible explosion in Los Angeles, when all those innocent men were killed, that sickened him, as he confessed afterward, when at last he opened his heart to me. Still, he stuck to his friends, and he was too deeply in to free himself. It's not two years ago that the break happened—and all our life collapsed, Stephen's and mine.

"Most of the dynamiters with whom he had worked were caught, but a few of them managed to keep clear. A man named Carl Schmelzer was the cleverest. He went abroad, and was supposed to have died in Germany. But he didn't die; and he always managed to correspond with the comrades who hadn't been suspected. By that time they were engaged in new enterprises, as the old ones had become too risky; but they always pretended to be working for labor against capital. They got money that way—and the help of deluded men and boys like my poor Stephen. About two years ago John Heron was their target. I think it was a case of pure blackmail. If he had been a coward, and had paid them tribute, they'd have let him alone; but the war-cry was that he was a tyrant, a plutocrat ruthlessly crushing the weak. The comrades knew our history—Stephen's and mine—and they tried to inflame Steve against Mr. Heron, because of his failure to do for us what our father's services and death had merited. Possibly they succeeded to a certain extent. Stephen couldn't bear to see me buried, as he called

it, teaching school on a small salary, wearing shabby clothes, while Dolores Heron's dress and jewels gave the newspapers something to talk about. But they made a big mistake when they ordered Steve to dynamite a railway bridge just as a train with Heron's private car was due to pass over it. He refused, and threatened to warn Heron unless they abandoned all their schemes against him. That gave the gang a fearful fright! They thought their one chance of safety was to suppress Steve. A friend of his who lived at Home Colony warned him that there was a plot to kill him. He came straight to me and told me the story—this story about himself which I've been telling you now. I begged him to leave the country at once, and gave him what money I had; yet neither of us had much hope. We thought the comrades were sure to get him in the end.

"But then a wonderful thing happened, almost a miracle; at least we thought it so. The train Stephen took, after his visit to me, was wrecked. Everybody in the car with Stephen was killed except himself. It was a long time before help could come, for the thing had happened far from any town. An idea came to Stephen. He put a silver cigarette-case with his name on it into the pocket of a man who was burned past recognition—a man of about his own size. Then he crept away, and hid for many days. When he hoped it might be fairly safe, he wrote to me, knowing that I mourned for him as dead. He asked me if I would risk going with him to Russia, to begin a new life there under another name. Of course I said yes. Stephen was the whole world to me! I lived only for him—till I loved you.

"I left the school, and some jewelry I had kept us going for a while, till there was a ship that we could take for Japan, and so get back to Russia through Siberia. He had to sail from San Francisco, so presently we went to Oakland, traveling at night, by local trains. We hoped that in that way we should not be seen by any one we knew.

"Whether some one did see us or not, I can't tell. Anyhow, from the day Stephen left me to buy our passage to Japan, I've never seen him again. Presumably he was kidnaped by the gang; and then began my martyrdom. They gave me a week of suspense. Then I got a letter. It told me that Stephen had been caught, and would

be punished by death for his treachery, unless I agreed to buy his life. I was warned that if I went to the police it would be known, and Stephen would be instantly killed. If I consented to bargain, I must put a personal in a San Francisco newspaper—'Steve's sister says yes.' In that case an appointment would be made with a man who would tell me what to do to save Stephen.

"Of course I obeyed. Next day the same paper told 'Steve's sister' where to go for instructions, and at what time. I think the man who met me must have been Schmelzer himself, just back from Europe. In looks he wasn't like Steve's description of Schmelzer, but he had the authoritative manner of which Steve had spoken, and a great deal of gesture. I've always felt sure it was Schmelzer, disguised. He didn't give himself any name then, but afterward I knew him as Cheffinsky. He told me that he and his comrades were ready to 'do business' with me for my brother's life, though Steve deserved to die. To save him I had only to get certain papers which were in the possession of John Heron. They were known to exist, and the place where they were was known, too. They were at Albuquerque, in Mrs. Heron's house. Heron kept them there because he believed that no one would suspect it; but a spy whom the comrades had sent there as a gardener had overheard a conversation, and knew the hiding-place. Unfortunately he couldn't put his hand on the papers without killing a man to get at them, and neither he nor anybody else was anxious to risk such a serious crime as that. For me, however, it would be simple, because Louis Moreno was in love with me. He had charge of the papers, and would let me see them if I 'treated him the right way.' How Cheffinsky found out about Louis and me I never heard—perhaps he learned it from Stephen.

"At first I refused; but the man made the most horrible threats of what would happen to Steve unless I consented. I was allowed a day to think the matter over; then there was to be another meeting in the same place. When I went to the rendezvous for the second time—it was in a park—still I hadn't made up my mind. But, oh, Roger, the wretch showed me a snap-shot of Stephen! The poor boy was standing in a room with a rope around his neck—standing on tiptoe. The rope was

fastened to a ring in the ceiling, where a chandelier had once been. If Stephen had dropped from fatigue, he would have choked to death.

"Six hours a day of this medicine," Cheffinsky said, 'till you've handed us the papers we want!'

"I promised to go to Albuquerque and get them, somehow—I didn't care how. I thought perhaps I should have to say I would marry Louis; but I could have killed myself after I had made sure that Stephen was safe. What the papers were I wasn't told, and I had no curiosity to know. Afterward I heard more about them from Louis himself. That day—the day of the second meeting in the park—I received instructions what to do; but they were changed in a hurry. I had been led to suppose that Steve was in Chinatown. Perhaps it was true at the time; but the comrades got warning to clear out and go East as quick as they could. A telegram reached me only a few hours before I was to start for Albuquerque.

"Delay journey—writing," it said. That same night a letter came to the quiet little boarding-house where I stayed. It gave me news, in veiled sort of language, that my brother had been taken East, where I should meet him when I handed over the papers. I was told what train to take to Albuquerque, and what train to leave in—the Santa Fe Limited. I was to find reservations on board for 'Miss B. White.' At Chicago I was to get out of the train and find a man waiting for me. You know all about that part of my journey—and what happened. There was money in the envelope, enough to see me through to Chicago, otherwise I couldn't have started.

"There was one thing the comrades hadn't calculated upon—that the Herons would be at Albuquerque. When the plan was made they were at Los Angeles, and were expecting to stay there. You must have been with them—just after the great case was decided in John Heron's favor, thanks to you. But Louis had been seized with one of his heart attacks—he had angina pectoris—and had wired for his sister. Dolores didn't wish to travel without her husband, so both decided to go. As for Justin O'Reilly, I had never met him then, or heard his name. It was at Albuquerque I first saw him. It came out that he was taking a short holiday in California—I

don't know where, but I heard talk about his visiting some place where he and his father had lived. I got the impression of his being a California man. I think his politics and Mr. Heron's are different, but for some personal reason—friendship with the dead father, I fancy—Mr. Heron had helped O'Reilly to get into Congress. They weren't intimate, but Mr. Heron wanted to see O'Reilly before he went East, and telegraphed him to meet them at Albuquerque. When I arrived, expecting to find only Louis in the house, they were all there. I suppose, as you had been helping Heron, and he knew that you and Justin O'Reilly weren't friends, he didn't tell you he had wired to O'Reilly, for fear you might be offended.

"It was a shock and blow to me to find the Herons. I'd meant to lie and tell Louis that I had come to see him because I'd changed my mind, and liked him better than I thought; but to account to Dolores, who hated me, for my sudden appearance, uninvited, was another matter!

"She and her husband thought I was living quietly at school, mourning for my dead brother. I had to make up a story quickly. I said that I had lost my position, and thought they would put me up at Albuquerque until I could get another. It must have sounded impudent—and untrue. They must have realized that I had come because I expected to find Louis alone. However, they couldn't turn me out that night.

"Louis was fairly well again by that time, and he, at any rate, was glad to see me. I made the most of his welcome—for Stephen's sake. You see, I *had* to succeed! I wrote a note, and slipped it into Louis's hand. In it I hinted that I had something very particular to say to him. He must pretend that he wished to be alone, and go to his own rooms as soon as he could—he had a whole suite to himself, which he could shut off from the rest of the house. It was on the ground floor. I said I would go to him there—I, who would never speak to him except in a room full of people, if I could help it!

"Now comes the most terrible part of my story. Roger, so far, perhaps you haven't blamed me much; but I'm afraid that you may hate me when you've heard the rest!

"I went to Louis's rooms. No one saw me go. He let me in. I told him that I had

changed my mind, and would marry him if he wanted me to, but only on one condition. I said I had heard from friends of Stephen's that Mr. Heron was keeping papers which concerned our dead father; that they were with other private papers in the Albuquerque house, and in Louis's charge. If he would give the whole bundle to me to look over, and choose what I wished to take away, I would be his wife whenever he wanted me.

"He tried to seize me in his arms, but I said I would go away at once unless he kept quiet and did as I told him. There was a packet of papers, he admitted, but he was sure there was nothing in it concerning Stephen or me. His sister had talked to him about the 'documents,' as he called them, and warned him that they were very important. It was her suggestion that they should be kept in the house at Albuquerque. She felt sure that no one would ever dream of looking for them there. Louis vowed to me that they were only business papers. They were compromising to John Heron, and would do him immense harm—worse than ever, now that he had just come successfully through the courts—if they passed into enemy hands; but it wouldn't be prudent to destroy them, because they were equally compromising to other men whom Heron wished to have in his power.

"That explained to me why the comrades were so anxious to get those documents! I insisted that there *must* be something about my father, and that unless Louis would let me look, I would never marry him. He still objected, arguing that all the papers were in one envelope, sealed with three seals, which must not be broken, or his sister and her husband would never forgive him. He couldn't imitate the seals, he said, because they had Dolores's monogram on them. I seemed hardly to listen, though I was listening with all my ears. I shook my head, and would not yield an inch. If he didn't love me enough to risk such a trifle as Dolores's anger and Mr. Heron's, I would never see him again, I said. I felt sure he would give in, and I determined to steal the envelope, instead of letting him open it and search among the papers. It was disgusting to deceive him so, but it was for Stephen's life; and Louis Moreno certainly wasn't a man to stick at deceiving others. He was bad—bad—all through! I began to hope I might escape,

and not have to sacrifice myself to him, after all.

"It turned out like that, but not in the easy way I hoped. Louis went to his desk—we were in his sitting-room—and showed me a secret drawer, between two other drawers. He took out an envelope—you've seen it.

"'I'll try to cut off the seals with a sharp knife,' he said, 'and then perhaps I can stick them on again.'

"While he spoke, he began looking for the knife he wanted. I snatched at the envelope, but I wasn't quick enough. His fingers closed down on it, and he turned and laughed in my face.

"'So that's your game!' he said. 'I'm not so soft as you thought!'

"I struggled with him. I felt no mercy in me. I was strong, and he was an invalid. He had just been ill. When he realized that I was more than his match, his face looked like a devil's. I shall never forget it.

"'You'll pay for this!' he screamed at the top of his voice—an awful scream. 'Help! Murder!'

"Overhead was what they called the living-room. I knew he would be heard; people would come. I wrenched the envelope from him and ran for the window. I dared not go to the door; I should meet some one and be caught. Louis grabbed my dress, shouting 'Murder!' Then I seemed to go mad. I gave him a push, and he fell over a chair. I hardly looked, yet I knew, somehow, that he lay on the floor, suddenly quite still. I didn't believe he was even fainting. I thought he wanted to frighten me, to make me stop, and then he would seize my dress again to hold me back. I rushed to the door, locked it, and took the key, to make a few minutes' delay. Then I jumped out of the window—I told you Louis's rooms were on the ground floor—and ran very fast.

"At first my one idea was to put miles between me and that hateful place; but as I ran through the garden, taking a short cut to the road, I passed near an old summer-house, or rather, a playhouse, built for Dolores and Louis when they were children. An inspiration came to me—to slip in there and let the chase go by. Every one would believe I had hurried away as fast as I could.

"It was lucky I thought of that. It saved me, perhaps. I won't stop now to

tell you the adventures I had before I managed to dash into the Albuquerque railway station, at the last minute, after the train was in. For hours I expected each moment to be caught. Louis had been so violent, so threatening, I had forgotten his illness. I expected him to come after me—to make me pay, as he had said; but once in the train, I began to hope that some other trail had been followed. It would have seemed more likely that I would go back West, where I had friends, than travel East, where I was a stranger. Then I caught sight of Justin O'Reilly, and for the first time it occurred to me that Louis might really be suffering. If he had been able, he would have followed me, I knew. He would have sent no one in his place. But even then I didn't dream that he was dead. I imagined him ill, and his sister and brother-in-law staying with him. It was a week later, when you and I were married, that I read in a newspaper about the beautiful Mrs. John Heron losing her brother suddenly, from heart disease. A date was mentioned—the night when I took the envelope. The paragraph said that he died in his sister's arms; but oh, Roger, I felt that I was guilty of his death! Even to save Stephen I could not have killed him. Do you think me a murderess? If you do, just let me go from your arms, and I shall understand. You needn't tell me in words."

For answer, Roger held his wife still more closely.

"No, my darling," he said. "You didn't kill Louis Moreno. He couldn't have lived many weeks. The doctor had warned John Heron. You did for your brother what any loving woman would have done, or tried to do. I love you more than ever for what you've gone through and what you've dared. It's you who should hate me for my cruelty and suspicion. I ought to have known you better; but there were some things that tried me rather hard. Why didn't you tell me this story long ago? Surely you could have trusted me to keep your secret?"

"Yes, I could have trusted you, even though it was Stephen's secret more than mine; but I had taken a double oath not to tell. First, I had promised Stephen himself, when he came back to me from the dead, that never so long as he lived would I speak or give any hint of the truth. Later, when he was kidnaped, I was obliged

to swear another oath, on the memory of our dead parents, and my love for my brother, that I wouldn't betray Cheffinsky and his comrades. Now it's different, for I know that it's they who have betrayed me. Stephen is dead. Such a girl as Clo Riley wouldn't have sent this message unless she knew for certain. I think that he must have died just before that dreadful Sunday when all our unhappiness—yours and mine—began, Roger. But I'm sure he didn't die a violent death. To keep their hold over me, those men would have done all they could to save him till they had the papers they wanted. Soon after you brought me to New York they found out about our marriage, and put personals in the newspapers addressed, like those others in California, to 'Steve's sister.' They knew, of course, that their man who should have met me in Chicago had been prevented from coming—imprisoned on some charge which they called a 'frame-up.' They still had power over me, although I was your wife; but I had a certain power over them, too, because I had the papers. I answered the messages, and refused to give up what I had *unless my brother fetched it*. I hoped that would bring him; but he only wrote me a short letter. He said that he was safe for the time being, and was treated kindly. He would come when he could, but there might be delays, for reasons which he wasn't allowed to explain. Meanwhile, he told me, I must keep the papers and the secret, and wait.

"I felt relieved after that. I dared to let myself be happy. Then, that Sunday, when Clo and I went out in the car, a man was waiting for me in the street. He spoke—he made me understand that he came from Stephen. His name was Peterson. I talked to him in the park. He said the comrades had changed their minds. They wouldn't let Stephen come to me. I must send the papers that night or my brother would die. When I asked the reason for the change, the man pretended not to know; but now I understand. *Stephen had died*. Cheffinsky and the others had at last lost their hold over me, and dared not wait any longer. They had to do something drastic. I sent Clo to the Westmormland Hotel with the envelope for Peterson—yes, the man who was murdered! That has been another horror for me; but we needn't talk of it now. It was when I was getting the envelope for Clo that I broke

the rope of pearls, and dared not even stop to pick them up! I hoped Stephen was saved; but, Roger, it was not the envelope that you took care of for me in the train. It had been changed. Inside, when Peterson opened it before Clo, he found only blank paper—writing-paper of the Santa Fe Limited. It seemed like some dreadful witchcraft; but Clo puzzled the mystery out, and explained what might have happened when you and I left the train in Chicago—what *must* have happened. It was a clever trick of Justin O'Reilly's, working for the Herons."

"Justin O'Reilly? Curse him!" Roger broke out; but Beverley covered his lips with her hand.

"No, he wasn't to blame. We must be fair. I didn't blame him even then. He must have thought me a monster of ingratitude and treachery to the Herons. He may have believed that I knew Louis was dead; for, of course, the moment they saw the secret drawer open, they would all have guessed that I had stolen the sealed envelope. It was the only thing kept there. If John Heron told O'Reilly what the contents were, he must have supposed I meant to make money by blackmailing. I was afraid, afterward, that he and the Herons might think you and I knew each other already; that we had *arranged* to meet in the train, and that I had been acting for you—to give you some power over Heron for the future. I used to lie awake at night fearing trouble for you, Roger; but when nothing happened, I told myself that they dared take no steps—that they had decided to let sleeping dogs lie. Of course, the real reason for their silence was that O'Reilly had changed the right envelope for another, just like it, given him by Dolores, with her seal and gold wax; so the Herons were safe. But I have lost you their friendship, for they could never be sure whether you were in the affair with me or not."

"As if I cared!"

"And Justin O'Reilly has doubted you, and detested me; but in spite of all that, and all he did against me, I don't complain. He has been splendid to Clo, who went to his hotel, stole the real envelope out of his private safe, and brought it here—"

"So that was it!" said Roger. "And I found the envelope, *addressed to him at his bank*, and sent it to him at the Dietz that very night."

"Roger! It was *you*?"

"Yes. You are not the only one with a confession to make. There are many things I—"

"I don't want a confession from you. Whatever you did was right. Even before you told me, I *felt* you knew about the pearls being gone."

"Though I knew, I ought to have trusted you. I ought to have trusted you when I heard you telephone O'Reilly—"

"So you did hear! Well, I was sure of that, too. I telephoned about Clo. He was helping her—and so, indirectly, helping me, though I had seen him only when he brought her here that Sunday night, half fainting, after she had been to his hotel. Oh, Roger, you don't know half or a quarter, yet, of what that child has done for me! Not only did she get back the envelope, and now the pearls—which Peterson stole—but she has gone through an ordeal terrible enough to kill most women, or drive them mad—that delicate girl! She may be in danger still, for she dropped the pearls in a bag out of a window in a shabby boarding-house, Miss Blackburne has just told me. My one comfort is that a man answering the description of Justin O'Reilly got out of a car in front of the house just as Miss Blackburne came away. Clo tricked O'Reilly, and stole from him, and yet I think she bewitched him. I think he would risk his life to keep her from harm. I pray that he may bring her here, safe and sound!"

"He's not likely to come to my house," Roger said. "I've just caused him the greatest disappointment of his life. I wanted to hurt him, and I found a way. By this time he must know what I've done. There's an old mansion in Gramercy Park built by O'Reilly's great-grandfather. Years ago the family had to sell it; and ever since Justin O'Reilly was a boy he has wanted to buy it back. I have bought it. I wish to Heaven he would fall in love with this Clo of yours and marry her! I'd give them the deed of sale as a wedding-present."

Roger had sprung up, released by Beverley, and almost shouted his last words. He had forgotten everything and everybody in the world except his wife, the girl who had helped her, and his own late enemy, whom he would now gladly welcome as his friend. A knock at the door brought him back to realities with a start;

yet he felt half dazed as he opened it to face Léontine.

"The butler begged of me to come to *madame's* door," the Frenchwoman apologized. "He does not know what should be done. Pray, is it the wish of *monsieur* and *madame* that dinner should be still longer delayed?"

Roger turned and looked at Beverley, his hand on the door.

"What shall we say?" he asked. "Shall I go down without you? Shall I explain that you have a headache—"

"No!" Beverley answered. She stood up, tall and very beautiful, the color rising to her face, which had been pale. "I have no headache. I am quite well. Léontine, tell Johnson dinner may be served."

XLII

THROUGH the blue dusk of the June night a big gray limousine car bowled swiftly over the smooth road, with the moon overhead and the music of the sea within hearing. Turning a corner with a swing, it came upon another car, stationary and in trouble. A man in evening dress was holding an electric lamp for the chauffeur to peer under the bonnet. Standing beside him was a woman in black, wearing a filmy purple cloak.

"Want any help?" O'Reilly called from the window, while his chauffeur slowed down.

"No, thank you! We shall soon be all right again," answered the man with the lamp.

The light shone on his face, which was strange to O'Reilly, and on that of the woman, which, to his surprise, was familiar.

"You can go on," Justin said to his chauffeur in a low voice.

"Why, Mr. O'Reilly, it was *Mrs. Heron!*" Clo cried, sinking back reluctantly upon her improvised bed, after a long stare through the window.

"Good Heavens, girl, what was that you called me? 'Mr. O'Reilly,' indeed! Don't you realize that I'm your husband?" Justin laughed at her.

"I'd forgotten," said Clo. "It's only since this morning, and we've had so many things to think of."

"I've thought of nothing but you. You seem to have thought of nothing but your Angel—and these Herons!"

"It's the Herons I'm thinking of now," Clo confessed. "Why did you tell the

man to go on? Why didn't you stop when you saw it was she?"

"Why, I like old John Heron, but I'm not a spoil-sport."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm wondering if Mrs. Heron and that chap are on their way to the Sandes' ball. If Heron doesn't mind letting them enjoy each other's company, why in the world should I butt in?"

"Mr. Heron was in the car," Clo insisted gravely. "It was dark inside, but I saw his face at the window."

"You must have sharp eyes," said Justin. "The window looked black as a pocket to me."

"You think I imagined it, but I'm sure—sure! Oh, Mr.—Justin, do let's go back and warn him! I feel as if we must. I have a presentiment that if we don't, it will be too late."

"Whatever you feel as if you must do shall be done, especially on your wedding-trip—even if it is a queer sort of wedding-trip," said Justin, with a tenderness in his voice of which few people would have believed him capable. "The doctor humored you, and told *me* to; so here goes!" He called through the speaking-tube and directed the chauffeur to turn. "Go back till you get within a few yards of that car we passed hung up on the road," he added.

"Astonishing, the interest you take in the Herons!" he teased the girl, both her hands in his.

"Not in them—in *him*. I don't think I like Mrs. Heron," she explained.

"You've worried about him ever since you came to yourself yesterday—a lot more than I have; but then I'm used to John Heron's life being threatened. It used to happen on an average once a week, and here he is alive yet."

"I wonder at myself," said Clo. "I don't know why I care so much, unless it's because I somehow feel responsible. You see, I heard Kit and Churn talking of the plot, and saying that Chuff was sure to have found some one else, after Pete died. That's some time ago, and he hasn't been properly warned."

"I tried to get him three times on long-distance yesterday," said O'Reilly; "and when they always said he was out, I wired. If that isn't warning him properly—"

"You couldn't explain clearly in a telegram. You must have left it rather ambiguous—"

"Ambiguous, my colleen. But if you really saw him in the car, he's all right up to date. There it is, still stranded. We shall soon know."

"Will you get out and talk to him seriously?" Clo urged.

"Yes—if it was he, and not his ghost, that you saw. I'll get him to walk along the road with me, out of ear-shot from his wife."

The gray limousine slowed and carefully stopped. The chauffeur had been told that for his life he must not let the car jolt or jerk.

Justin kissed his bride of a few hours good-bye for a few minutes, and jumped out. When he had gone, Clo pinched her arm hard.

"Is it real? Am I real?" she asked herself. "Oh, I do hope above all that *he* is! What should I do now, if I woke up and found there wasn't such a person? It would be an empty world. Yet three weeks ago I didn't know he existed; and when I did know, I called him a brute because he dared to have a name like mine! I said that if he didn't spell it differently I'd need to change! Now I have changed—to spell mine like his! Oh, no, it *can't* be real, what's happened to me now! Yet I felt the same about Angel when I woke up and found out how kind she'd been. No, not *quite* the same! This is even more important, and he—Justin, my Justin—is more than kind!"

While Clo pinched herself, and kissed her hand, almost timidly, because Justin had kissed it, Justin himself walked on to the other car.

"You!" exclaimed Dolores Heron. "So it was you in the limousine that hailed us? Funny I didn't recognize your voice when you called out; but the chauffeur's tinkering made such a noise—"

"I didn't quite realize myself who it was until I had passed," said O'Reilly.

He was about to ask for Heron when Dolores introduced him to Mr. Hammersley-Fisher.

"He's our host at Narragansett, and he's taking us over to Roger Sands's," she said, pleased that Justin should fancy such an important person as Hammersley-Fisher a victim to her dark charms. "Jack's in the car, very bored. I believe he's gone to sleep."

"No, he hasn't!" Heron's voice answered rather testily, for he secretly dis-

liked Dolores's habit of calling him "Jack." "He was only waiting for a chance to speak."

O'Reilly went to the window of the car and shook hands with his friend.

"It's not possible that *you're* going to the Sandeses?" Heron said.

"I should have made the same remark about you, a few days ago," retorted O'Reilly; "but circumstances have altered cases with us both."

"My wife is the circumstance that has altered my case," Heron replied, in the tone of a man with a grievance.

"So is mine!" returned Justin in a very different tone, but a purposely subdued one.

"Your *what*?"

"My wife. But let's take a walk. Your friend's car won't be ready to move for some time, I should judge."

The elder man, who had been feeling ill and tired, sprang out of the car with a sudden increase of liveliness. Dolores and Hammersley-Fisher, who stood with their backs to O'Reilly and Heron, turned for a glance, but let the two men walk away without a question. Dolores was flirting with her host, and was delighted that O'Reilly, who had never been attentive enough, should notice it.

"I dislike Mrs. Roger Sands intensely," she was saying to Hammersley-Fisher. "I wouldn't dream of going to her house if her husband hadn't at one time done quite a service—legally, I mean—to mine; and I must admit that I wonder what is the 'surprise' that every one is talking about. I'm not a *cat*, you know. I don't often speak like this about people I'm going to visit; but if I could tell you the things this woman has done, you wouldn't blame me. I should like to tell you and all the world, for she deserves it; but my husband won't let me."

"Your wife, did you say?" Heron was repeating.

"I did," replied O'Reilly. "But before I go on, I have a question or so to ask of you, Heron. You got my wire yesterday, advising you to be careful, and hinting that some of the old lot had bobbed up on your life-line?"

"Yes. We were out all the afternoon at a beastly country club. Country life, supposed to be good for my health! I found the wire this evening when we got back to Hammersley-Fisher's place to dress for

dinner, and for this show at Roger Sands's. Now will you tell me—"

"I'll tell you this—that my opinion of Mrs. Roger Sands has changed. You shall hear why presently, and then you'll change yours in the same way. I rather think it will give you pleasure to change it, when you can do so conscientiously. As for Sands himself, I've learned that we have both done him an injustice, in so far as ever thinking he might have instigated the taking of those papers."

"How have you learned all this?"

"From the same person who wished me to put you on your guard—who made me call you up at Narragansett, and wire when I couldn't reach you by phone."

"Who is this person?"

"My wife. And if you want to know who *she* is—"

"I most certainly do!"

"I could introduce you to her in about two minutes, if I weren't afraid of her giving you another shock."

"Another shock?"

"As she did on the Sunday night at our hotel when you had your—little attack. *Heron, I've married that girl*—the most wonderful girl in the world, where I am at this present moment the happiest man!"

Heron stopped short in the middle of the road and turned to face his companion. Once more he echoed O'Reilly's words.

"*That girl!* You—have—married—*that girl?*"

"Yes," said Justin, with an air of lightness foreign to his feelings at the moment. "I married her this morning. So, if you've thought of forbidding the bans, you're too late!"

For an instant Heron did not speak; but when words came, he seemed to fling them at his friend.

"You're not joking when you say that, O'Reilly. You have a meaning. What's in your mind?"

"Perhaps the same thing that's in yours, Heron."

"Speak out plainly."

"I'm not prepared to do that without encouragement. I've always had a fear of being one of those fools who rush in where angels fear to tread. My imagination may have run away with me. You and I are both of Irish blood, Heron, so you know as well as I do that the steed gets out of hand now and then with us Celtic folk. We sometimes flatter ourselves that it's second

sight, whereas it may be—just nothing at all."

"I give you leave to tread where the angels stand back."

"Well, then—long ago, when I first knew you, while my father was still alive, and before you married Miss Moreno, you once came to stop with us. You were run down and ill. My father thought we could do you good. One day you spoke rather frankly about a certain incident in your past. It appealed to all the romance in me, and I pitied you with all my heart. Never since then have we mentioned that conversation, and I never expected to do so again; but yesterday I heard the story of another incident which matched it curiously—and about as perfectly as the two bits of a broken coin fit together. This second incident concerned two Irish girls. The first died years ago. The second—is my wife."

"And the first was mine!"

"I was wondering. You see, that collapse of yours on that Sunday night wasn't like you in the normal course of things. It had to be accounted for, and so—"

"The girl told you!"

"She told me that she met outside my door a tall man with red hair and beard and extraordinary eyes that pierced her through and through. She told me that after she walked on a narrow stone ledge from my window to yours, and climbed in there—"

"Good Heavens!" Heron murmured.

"I mentioned that she was the most wonderful girl in the world. She had a good reason for what she was doing, and some day you shall hear the whole story. She didn't know who you were then. When she learned, although she wasn't conscious of having heard your name in the past, it affected her strangely. She seemed to associate it with wakeful nights in her early childhood, and the sound of a woman's sobs in the dark."

"Don't, Justin! I can't stand any more—now. The sight of her face that Sunday at the Dietz—the ghostliness of her, in my locked room—I thought I was haunted. Since then I've been utterly unnerved."

"Would you like to see her again, and judge for yourself whether—"

"Take me to her!" Heron broke in.

They started on again toward the gray limousine drawn up at the roadside only a few yards away; but before they had

gone a dozen steps, Heron stopped O'Reilly once more.

"Does she know?" he asked abruptly.

"I have said nothing to her," Justin assured him. "She cannot *know*; yet I think that—well, what one might call her subconscious self is aware of a tie. She's Celtic, too! She hasn't been able to rest since she learned—in a way you shall hear about later—that your life was threatened. I'm certain that fate, or something above fate, has brought us three together on the road to-night. I didn't see you in the car, but she saw you, and made me turn back."

Without another word Heron began to walk very fast. Justin kept at his side, but did not speak until they had nearly reached the car which contained Clo. Then he warned Heron hastily that the girl had had an accident.

"That is," he corrected himself, "she was shot by the leader of the band that's after you. If you want to tell her here and now what you think you are to each other, I don't forbid it. Happy news—such as finding a long-lost relative—seldom hurts. By the bye, she tells me she came over to America because she thought the States looked small on the map, and she might meet her American father! Go gently with her, Heron, that's all I ask."

"You give me leave to talk to her—as I wish?"

"Yes, but—what about Mrs. Heron? Is she—"

"Oh, later, I must tell her. To-night I want it to rest between ourselves. But, good Heavens, O'Reilly, I can't go on with my wife and that fellow Hammersley-Fisher to the Sandeses'—after this! What am I to do? Think for me. I can think only of one thing."

"When I've introduced you to my wife"—each time O'Reilly spoke those two words it was with tenderness and pride—"I'll go back to Hammersley-Fisher's car and suggest that he might take Mrs. Heron on and let us follow later, if you like."

"For Heaven's sake, do!"

They had reached the gray limousine. Justin opened the door.

"Clo, here is my old friend John Heron come to see you," he announced.

"Clo! Her name's not *Clodagh*, is it?" The question leaped from Heron's lips.

"It was one of my mother's names, Mr. Heron," the girl said.

"And your voice is her voice!" he exclaimed. "Your face is her face!" He had not meant to begin in this way, but the moment was too big for him when Clo switched on an electric lamp, and the light framed her in silver. This was not "going gently," perhaps; yet Justin had no reprimand to utter. Indeed, he uttered no word at all. Silently he moved away, leaving the two to make acquaintance as fate led.

Next morning the newspapers all over the country were head-lined with a new sensation. This had to do with the ball at the Sandeses' Newport cottage, but it was not the ball that directly supplied the sensation.

It appeared that Mrs. John Heron, of California, had arrived rather late, owing to an accident to the car of Mr. Hammersley-Fisher, who had been entertaining the Herons at Narragansett. Mr. Heron, owing to indisposition, had remained behind, and only the lady's host had accompanied her to the ball. At the moment of their entrance, the surprise promised for the evening had revealed itself and was nearly ended—a dance given by a quartet of famous Russian professionals.

An extra dancer had accompanied the party, as an understudy for one of the men in case of a breakdown. Such, at least, was the story told by a fifth Russian who had appeared shortly after the original four. He had taken up his station near the door, and must have known Mrs. John Heron by sight, though not her husband. When she came in accompanied by Hammersley-Fisher, the supposed understudy shot the latter through the breast, calling out with a foreign accent:

"Take that, John Heron, for your sins against the comrades!"

So great was the general astonishment and horror that unfortunately the Russian or pretended Russian was allowed to escape. Hope was entertained, however, that he would yet be caught. Mr. Hammersley-Fisher was seriously but not fatally injured, and was being treated at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Sands, all of whose guests, with the exception of three, had departed.

These three privileged individuals were John Heron, Justin O'Reilly, and Justin O'Reilly's wife—formerly Miss Clodagh Heron, also known as Clo Riley.

THE END